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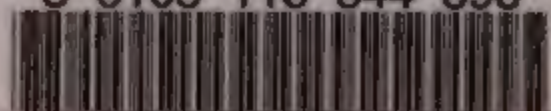
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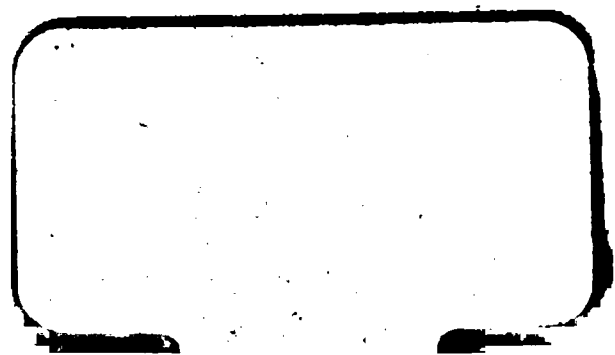
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THE
BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH
PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL,
AND CRITICAL,

BY THE

REV. LIONEL THOMAS BERGUER,

LATE OF ST. MARY HALL, OXON: FELLOW EXTRAORDINARY OF THE
ROYAL MEDICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.

IN FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. XV.

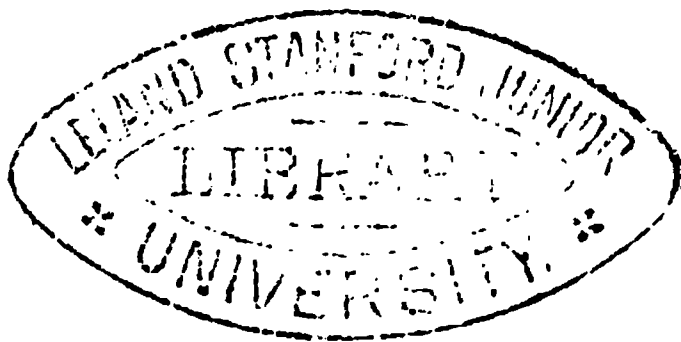
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SPECTATOR.



No. 567—635.

THE
SPECTATOR.

Nº 567. WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1714.

——Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 493.

——The weak voice deceives their gasping throats.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run, I should take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The reader generally casts his eye upon a new book, and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up and peruses it with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*^{*}, with a short line between them, has sold many an insipid pamphlet. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well-written &c——s.

A sprinkling of the words ‘faction, Frenchman, papist, plunderer,’ and the like significant terms, in an Italic character, have also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention ‘scribbler, liar, rogue, rascal, knave, and villain,’ with-

* *M* and *h* mean Marlborough, and *T* and an *r* mean Treasurer.

out which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Our party writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an inuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P——t at length, though they speak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to a peruser of these mysterious works, that he is able to decipher them without help, and, by the strength of his own natural parts, to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter to it.

Some of our authors indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by T—m Br—wn*, of facetious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger of the statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration will find a great deal of concealed satire, and, if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

‘If there are four persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Engl-shm-n ought to be upon his guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me who hears me name*** with his first friend and favourite.*** not to mention *** nor ***. These people may cry ch-rch, ch-rch,

* Tom Brown.

as long as they please; but, to make use of a homely proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." — This I am sure of, that if a certain prince should concur with a certain prelate (and we have Monsieur Z——n's word for it), our posterity would be in a sweet pickle. Must the British nation suffer, forsooth, because my lady Q-p-t-s has been disobliged? Or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a ——? I love to speak out, and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man, though he were a B——y or a T——t. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a politician a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a Bl-nd-rb-ss, &c. &c.'

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the meanwhile I shall leave this with my curious reader, as some ingenious writers do their enigmas: and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my readers it is not for want of abilities that I avoid state tracts, and that, if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a master of the political scratch as any the most eminent writer of the age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all the modern race of syncopists, and thoroughly content my English readers, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator that shall not have a single vowel in it.

N° 568. FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1714.

— Cum recitas, incipit esse tuns.—MART. Epig. i. 39.

Reciting makes it thine.

I WAS yesterday in a coffee-house not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that stood before them; and, after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon among brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it, 'The Spectator,' says I, 'is very witty to-day:' upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which he had been collecting for some time before, 'Ay,' says he, 'more witty than wise, I am afraid.' His neighbour, who sat at his right hand immediately coloured, and, being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and, looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: 'This fellow,' says he, 'cannot for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here?' I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were repre-

sented by asterisks. ‘Asterisks,’ says he, ‘do you call them? they are all of them stars—he might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines. Ch-rch and p-dd-ing in the same sentence! Our clergy are very much beholden to him!’ Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the Spectator neither; ‘for,’ says he, ‘you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding.’—‘A fig for his dash,’ says the angry politician; ‘in his next sentence he gives a plain inuendo that our posterity will be in a sweet p-ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does not he write it at length, if he means honestly?’—‘I have read over the whole sentence,’ says I; ‘but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold. But who,’ says I, ‘is my lady Q-p-t-s?’—‘Ay, answer that if you can, Sir,’ says the furious statesman to the poor whig that sat over against him. But without giving him time to reply, ‘I do assure you,’ says he, ‘were I my lady Q-p-t-s, I would sue him for *scandalum magnatum*. What is the world come to? Must every body be allowed to’—? He had by this time filled a new pipe, and, applying it to his lips, when we expected the last word of his sentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in writing so many letters of my lady Q-p-t-s’s name; ‘but, however,’ says I, ‘he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us. I mean,’ says I, ‘after those words, “the fleet that used to be

the terror of the ocean, should be wind-bound for the sake of a —— ;” after which ensues a chasm, that, in my opinion, looks modest enough.’—‘ Sir,’ says my antagonist, ‘ you may easily know his meaning by his gaping : I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for a hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great officers of state, the B—y’s and T—t’s, treated after so scurrilous a manner?’—‘ I can’t for my life,’ says I, ‘ imagine who they are the Spectator means.’—‘ No !’ says he :—‘ Your humble servant, Sir !’ Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic gentleman on his left hand, who I found was his great admirer. The whig however had begun to conceive a good-will towards me, and, seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box ; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with myself upon that gross tribe of fools who may be termed the over-wise, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious age which a weak head may not construe into private satire and personal reflection.

A man who has a good nose at an inuendo smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put together, and never sees a vice or folly stigmatized but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatistical fellow in the country, who, upon reading over *The Whole Duty of Man*, had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author ; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the

'squire, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the 'squire and the whole parish. The minister of the place, having at that time a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tithes, was under some suspicion of being the author, until the good man set his people right, by shewing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was written against all the sinners in England.



Nº 569. MONDAY, JULY 19, 1714.



*Reges dicantur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent,
An sit amicitia dignus.*—————

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 434.

Wise were the kings who never chose a friend
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.

ROSCOMMON.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anacharsis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; 'for,' says he, 'when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is entitled to the reward;'

on the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will Funnel, the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four ton of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glasses of champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnel, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature: but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids; especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But, however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made: as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being

defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man, but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune, of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and shew itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome, 'Put less water in your wine,' says the philosopher, 'and you will quickly make her so.' Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce but discover faults. Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the pret-

tiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus, *Qui, ebrium ludificat, lædit absentem*: 'He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.'

Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

N° 570. WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1714.

———Nugæque canoræ.—HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 322.

Chiming trifles.—ROSCOMMON.

THERE is scarcely a man living who is not actuated by ambition. When this principle meets with an honest mind and great abilities, it does infinite service to the world; on the contrary, when a man only thinks of distinguishing himself without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous creature. I shall here confine myself to that petty kind of ambition, by which some men grow eminent for odd accomplishments and

trivial performances. How many are there whose whole reputation depends upon a pun or a quibble? You may often see an artist in the streets gain a circle of admirers by carrying a long pole upon his chin or forehead in a perpendicular posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their feet, and others to walk upon their hands. Some tumble into fame, others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a hoop.

*Cætera de genere hoc (aded sunt multa), loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium.*—— *HOR. 1. Sat. i. 13.*

With thousands more of this ambitious race
Would tire ev'n Fabius to relate each case.—*HORNBLK.*

I am led into this train of thought by an adventure I lately met with.

I was the other day at a tavern, where the master of the house* accommodating us himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a discourse with him; and talking of a certain great man, who shall be nameless, he told me that he had sometimes the honour to treat him with a whistle; adding (by the way of parenthesis), 'for you must know, gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any man in Europe.' This naturally put me upon desiring him to give us a sample of his art; upon which he called for a case-knife, and applying the edge of it to his mouth, converted it into a musical instrument, and entertained me with an Italian solo. Upon laying down the knife, he took up a pair of clean tobacco pipes; and after having slid the small end of them over the table in a most melodious trill, he fetched a tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in concert. In short, the tobacco-pipes became musical pipes in the hands of our virtuoso, who confessed to me, ingenuously, he had broken such quantities of

* This man's name was Daintry. He was in the trade of bands, and commonly known by the name of Captain Daintry.

them, that he had almost broke himself before he had brought this piece of music to any tolerable perfection. I then told him I would bring a company of friends to dine with him the next week, as an encouragement to his ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying that he would provide himself with a new frying-pan against that day. I replied, that it was no matter; roast and boiled would serve our turn. He smiled at my simplicity, and told me that it was his design to give us a tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a promise, he sent for an old frying-pan, and grating it upon the board, whistled to it in such a melodious manner, that you could scarcely distinguish it from a bass-viol. He then took his seat with us at the table, and, hearing my friend that was with me hum over a tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out, he would accompany his voice with a tobacco-pipe. As my friend has an agreeable bass, he chose rather to sing to the frying-pan, and indeed between them they made a most extraordinary concert. Finding our landlord so great a proficient in kitchen music, I asked him if he was master of the tongs and key. He told me that he had laid it down some years since, as a little unfashionable: but that, if I pleased, he would give me a lesson upon the gridiron. He then informed me, that he had added two bars to the gridiron, in order to give it a greater compass of sound; and I perceived he was as well pleased with the invention, as Sappho could have been upon adding two strings to the lute. To be short, I found that his whole kitchen was furnished with musical instruments: and could not but look upon this artist as a kind of burlesque musician.

He afterward, of his own accord, fell into the imitation of several singing birds. My friend and I toasted our mistresses to the nightingale, when all

of a sudden we were surprised with the music of the thrush. He next proceeded to the sky-lark, mounting up by a proper scale of notes, and afterward falling to the ground with a very easy and regular descent. He then contracted his whistle to the voice of several birds of the smallest size. As he is a man of a larger bulk and higher stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a giant when you looked upon him, and a tom-tit when you shut your eyes. I must not omit acquainting my reader that this accomplished person was formerly the master of a toy-shop near Temple-bar; and that the famous Charles Mathers was bred up under him. I am told that the misfortunes which he has met with in the world are chiefly owing to his great application to his music; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my readers as one who deserves their favour, and may afford them great diversion over a bottle of wine, which he sells at the Queen's arms, near the end of the little piazza in Covent-garden.

N° 571. FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1714.

— Cœlum quid quærimus ultra?—Luc.

What seek we beyond heaven?

As the work I have engaged in will not only consist of papers of humour and learning, but of several essays moral and divine, I shall publish the following one which is founded on a former Spectator, and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my readers as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

‘SIR,

‘In your paper of Friday the 9th instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to shew, that, as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but, as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

‘First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

‘Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

‘Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker’s presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

‘First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts,

in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this Holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an Infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For in this sense he may cast us away from his presence, and take his Holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

‘ We may assure ourselves that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of the former behold him only in his

wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

‘ But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who in this life lies under the displeasure of him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for the trial of his patience he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! “ Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?” But thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker’s presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

‘ The blessed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes. There is, doubtless, a faculty in spirits by which they apprehend one another as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the Divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the effects which he produces in us. Our outward senses are too gross to comprehend him; we may, however, taste and see how gracious

he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt he attends to that Being who whispers better things to his soul, whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul and the sight of that Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

‘If he would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker’s presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch

over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the Scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his Holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles: "*Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, et observator, et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.*" "There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner that we treat him." But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation, "If a man love me he will keep my word; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

N° 572. MONDAY, JULY 26, 1714.

————— Quod medicorum est,
Promittunt medici—————

HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 115.

Physicians only boast the healing art.

I AM the more pleased with these my papers, since I find they have encouraged several men of learning and wit to become my correspondents: I yesterday received the following essay against quacks, which I shall here communicate to my readers for the good of the public, begging the writer's pardon for those additions and retrenchments which I have made in it.

'The desire of life is so natural and strong a pas-

sion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great encouragement which the practice of physic finds among us. Well-constituted governments have always made the profession of a physician both honourable and advantageous. Homer's Machaon and Virgil's Iapis were men of renown, heroes in war, and made at least as much havoc among their enemies as among their friends. Those who have little or no faith in the abilities of a quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell health at a reasonable profit, or because the patient, like a drowning man, catches at every twig, and hopes for relief from the most ignorant, when the most able physicians give him none. Though impudence and many words are as necessary to these itinerary Galens, as a laced hat to a merry-andrew, yet they would turn very little to the advantage of the owner, if there were not some inward disposition in the sick man to favour the pretensions of the mountebank. Love of life in the one, and of money in the other, creates a good correspondence between them.

'There is scarcely a city in Great Britain but has one of this tribe who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of these public-spirited artists at Hammersmith, who told his audience, that he had been born and bred there, and that, having a special regard for the place of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept of it. The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word: when putting his hand into a long bag, as ever was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out a

ful of little packets, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold at five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no foreigners among them, but they were all Hammer-smith men.

‘There is another branch of pretenders to this art, who, without either horse or pickle-herring, lie snug in a garret, and send down notice to the world of their extraordinary parts and abilities by printed bills and advertisements. These seem to have derived their custom from an eastern nation which Herodotus speaks of, among whom it was a law, that whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure, and an account of the distemper, should be fixed in some public place; but, as customs will corrupt, these our moderns provide themselves of persons to attest the cure before they publish or make an experiment of the prescription. I have heard of a porter, who serves as a knight of the post under one of these operators, and though he was never sick in his life, has been cured of all the diseases in the dispensary. These are the men whose sagacity has invented elixirs of all sorts, pills, and lozenges, and take it as an affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body else. Their medicines are infallible, and never fail of success—that is, of enriching the doctor, and setting the patient effectually at rest.

‘I lately dropped into a coffee-house at Westminster, where I found the room hung round with ornaments of this nature. There were elixirs, tinctures, the Anodyne Fetus, English pills, electuaries, and in short more remedies than I believe there are diseases.

At the sight of so many inventions, I could not but imagine myself in a kind of arsenal or magazine where store of arms was repositied against any sudden invasion. Should you be attacked by the enemy sideways, here was an infallible piece of defensive armour to cure the pleurisy : should a distemper beat up your head-quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable helmet, or, in the language of the artist, a cephalic tincture ; if your main body be assaulted, here are various kinds of armour in cases of various onsets. I began to congratulate the present age upon the happiness men might reasonably hope for in life, when death was thus in a manner defeated, and when pain itself would be of so short a duration, that it would but just serve to enhance the value of pleasure. While I was in these thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a story of an ingenious gentleman of the last age, who lying violently afflicted with the gout, a person came and offered his services to cure him by a method which he assured him was infallible ; the servant who received the message carried it up to his master, who inquiring whether the person came on foot or in a chariot, and being informed that he was on foot ; “Go,” says he, “send the knave about his business : was his method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his coach and six.” In like manner I concluded that, had all these advertisers arrived to that skill they pretend to, they would have had no need for so many years successively to publish to the world the place of their abode and the virtues of their medicines. One of these gentleman indeed pretends to an effectual cure for leanness : what effects it may have upon those who have tried it, I cannot tell ; but I am credibly informed that the call for it has been so great, that it has effectually cured the doctor himself of that distemper. Could each of them produce so good an

instance of the success of his medicines, they might soon persuade the world into an opinion of them.

‘ I observe that most of the bills agree in one expression, viz. that “ with God’s blessing ” they perform such and such cures ; this expression is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a cure is performed on a patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater share in it than Virgil’s Iapis in the curing of Æneas ; he tried his skill, was very assiduous about the wound, and indeed was the only visible means that relieved the hero ; but the poet assures us it was the particular assistance of a deity that speeded the operation. An English reader may see the whole story in Mr. Dryden’s translation :

Propp’d on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard and saw, unmov’d, the mourning crowd.
The fam’d physician tucks his robes around,
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heavenly art.
All soft’ning simples, known of sov’reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice :
These first infus’d to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray’d ;
The patron of his art refus’d his aid.

But now the goddess mother, mov’d with grief,
And pierc’d with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought ;
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround ;
The leaves with flow’rs, the flow’rs with purple crown’d ;
Well known to wounded goats ; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv’d ; and brews
Th’ extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,
And od’rous panacee : unseen she stands,
Temp’ring the mixture with her heav’nly hands ;
And pours it in a bowl already crown’d
With juice of med’cinal herbs, prepar’d to bathe the wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art,
 Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
 And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
 Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands
 The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands.
 Moves up and follows of its own accord;
 And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
 Iapis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
 And first the footsteps of a god he found:
 'Arms, arms!' he cries: 'the sword and shield prepare,
 And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
 This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
 Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.'

VIRG. *Æn.* lib. xii. 391, &c.

N° 573. WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1714.

—Castigata remordent.—Juv. Sat. ii. 35.

Chastised, the accusation they retort.

My paper on the club of widows has brought me in several letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows:

'SMART SIR,

'You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us widows: and you seem to ground your satire on our receiving consolation so soon after the death of our dears, and the number we are pleased to admit for our companions; but you never reflect what husbands we have buried, and how short a sorrow the loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own part, Mrs. President, as you call me, my first husband I was married to at fourteen by my uncle and guardian (as I afterward discovered) by way of sale, for the third part of my fortune. This fellow looked upon me as

a mere child he might breed up after his own fancy: if he kissed my chambermaid before my face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any hurt in it? When he came home roaring drunk at five in the morning, it was the custom of all men that live in the world. I was not to see a penny of money, for, poor thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome cousin of his into the house (as he said) to be my housekeeper, and to govern my servants; for how should I know how to rule a family? While she had what money she pleased, which was but reasonable for the trouble she was at for my good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike familiarity and kindness between near relations. I was too great a coward to contend, but not so ignorant a child to be thus imposed upon. I resented this contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor, passive, blinded wives do, until it pleased Heaven to take away my tyrant, who left me free possession of my own land, and a large jointure. My youth and money brought me many lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an interest in my heart, while my husband was in his last sickness: the honourable Edward Waitfort was one of the first who addressed me, advised to it by a cousin of his that was my intimate friend, and knew to a penny what I was worth. Mr. Waitfort is a very agreeable man, and every body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his esteem and love is all taken up, and by such an object as it is impossible to get the better of; I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within four or five months, and began to proceed with such an assured easy air, that piqued my pride not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure malice, I heard his first declaration with so much innocent surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very heart, and he

thought me the best-natured, silly, poor thing on earth. When a man has such a notion of a woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was overjoyed to be thus revenged on him for designing on my fortune; and finding it was in my power to make his heart ache, I resolved to complete my conquest, and entertained several other pretenders. The first impression of my undesigning innocence was so strong in his head, he attributed all my followers to the inevitable force of my charms: and, from several blushes and side-glances, concluded himself the favourite; and when I used him like a dog for my diversion, he thought it was all prudence and fear; and pftied the violence I did my own inclinations to comply with my friends, when I married Sir Nicholas Fribble of sixty years of age. You know, Sir, the case of Mrs. Medlar. I hope you would not have had me cry out my eyes for such a husband. I shed tears enough for my widowhood a week after my marriage; and when he was put in his grave, reckoning he had been two years dead, and myself a widow of that standing, I married three weeks afterward John Sturdy, Esq. his next heir. I had indeed some thoughts of taking Mr. Waitfort, but I found he could stay; and besides, he thought it indecent to ask me to marry again until my year was out; so, privately resolving him for my fourth, I took Mr. Sturdy for the present. Would you believe it, Sir, Mr. Sturdy was just five-and-twenty, about six feet high, and the stoutest fox-hunter in the country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for my old Fribble again; he was following his dogs all the day, and all the night keeping them up at table with him and his companions; however, I think myself obliged to them for leading him a chase in which he broke his neck. Mr. Waitfort began his addresses anew; and I verily believe I had mar-

ried him now, but there was a young officer in the guards that had debauched two or three of my acquaintance, and I could not forbear being a little vain of his courtship. Mr. Waitfort heard of it, and read me such an insolent lecture upon the conduct of women, I married the officer that very day, out of pure spite to him. Half an hour after I was married I received a penitential letter from the honourable Mr. Edward Waitfort, in which he begged pardon for his passion, as proceeding from the violence of his love. I triumphed when I read, and could not help, out of the pride of my heart, shewing it to my new spouse; and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! my mirth lasted a short time; my young husband was very much in debt when I married him, and his first action afterward was to set up a gilt chariot and six in fine trappings before and behind. I had married so hastily, I had not the prudence to reserve my estate in my own hands; my ready money was lost in two nights at the Groomporter's; and my diamond necklace, which was stole I did not know how, I met in the street upon Jenny Wheedle's neck. My plate vanished piece by piece: and I had been reduced to downright pewter, if my officer had not been deliciously killed in a duel, by a fellow that had cheated him of five hundred pounds, and afterward, at his own request, satisfied him and me too, by running him through the body. Mr. Waitfort was still in love, and told me so again; and, to prevent all fear of ill usage, he desired me to reserve every thing in my own hands; but now my acquaintance began to wish me joy of his constancy, my charms were declining, and I could not resist the delight I took in shewing the young flirts about town it was yet in my power to give pain to a man of sense; this, and some private hopes he would hang himself, and what a glory would it be for me,

and how I should be envied, made me accept of being third wife to my Lord Friday. I proposed, from my rank and his estate, to live in all the joys of pride ; but how was I mistaken ! he was neither extravagant, nor ill-natured, nor debauched. I suffered however more with him than with all my others. He was splenetic. I was forced to sit whole days hearkening to his imaginary ails ; it was impossible to tell what would please him ; what he liked when the sun shined made him sick when it rained ; he had no distemper, but lived in constant fear of them all ; my good genius dictated to me to bring him acquainted with Dr. Gruel : from that day he was always contented, because he had names for all his complaints ; the good doctor furnished him with reasons for all his pains, and prescriptions for every fancy that troubled him ; in hot weather he lived upon juleps, and let blood to prevent fevers ; when it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a consumption ; to shorten the history of this wretched part of my life, he ruined a good constitution by endeavouring to mend it ; and took several medicines, which ended in taking the grand remedy which cured both him and me of all our uneasinesses. After his death I did not expect to hear any more of Mr. Waitfort. I knew he had renounced me to all his friends, and been very witty upon my choice, which he affected to talk of with great indifferency. I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was engaged with a pretty woman and a great fortune ; it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect the advice of my cousin Wishwell, that came to see me the day my lord went into the country with Russel ; she told me experimentally, nothing put an unfaithful lover and a dear husband so soon out of one's head as a new one, and at the same time proposed to me a kinsman of hers. “ You understand enough of the

world," said she, "to know money is the most valuable consideration; he is very rich, and I am sure cannot live long; he has a cough that must carry him off soon." I knew afterward she had given the selfsame character of me to him; but however I was so much persuaded by her, I hastened on the match for fear he should die before the time came; he had the same fears, and was so pressing, I married him in a fortnight, resolving to keep it private a fortnight longer. During this fortnight Mr. Waitfort came to make me a visit: he told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that respect for me, he would not interrupt me in the first day of my affliction for my dear lord; that as soon as he heard I was at liberty to make another choice, he had broke off a match very advantageous for his fortune, just upon the point of conclusion, and was forty times more in love with me than ever. I never received more pleasure in my life than from this declaration; but I composed my face to a grave air, and said the news of his engagement had touched me to the heart, that in a rash jealous fit I had married a man I could never have thought on, if I had not lost all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. Waitfort had liked to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an air as plainly shewed me he had laid all the blame upon himself, and hated those friends that had advised him to the fatal application; he seemed as much touched by my misfortune, as his own, for he had not the least doubt I was still passionately in love with him. The truth of the story is, my new husband gave me reason to repent I had not stayed for him; he had married me for my money, and I soon found he loved money to distraction; there was nothing he would not do to get it: nothing he would not suffer to preserve it; the smallest expense kept him awake whole nights; and when he paid a bill, it was with as

many sighs, and after as many delays, as a man that endures the loss of a limb. I heard nothing but reproofs for extravagancy, whatever I did. I saw very well that he would have starved me, but for losing my jointures; and he suffered agonies between the grief of seeing me have so good a stomach, and the fear that, if he had made me fast, it might prejudice my health. I did not doubt he would have broke my heart, if I did not break his, which was allowable by the law of self-defence. The way was very easy. I resolved to spend as much money as I could; and, before he was aware of the stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand pounds diamond necklace: he said nothing, but went quietly to his chamber, and, as it is thought, composed himself with a dose of opium. I behaved myself so well upon the occasion, that to this day I believe he died of an apoplexy. Mr. Waitfort was resolved not to be too late this time, and I heard from him in two days. I am almost out of my weeds at this present writing, and very doubtful whether I will marry him or no. I do not think of a seventh for the ridiculous reason you mention, but out of pure morality that I think so much constancy should be rewarded, though I may not do it after all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable malice of mankind can give a pretence why I should have been constant to the memory of any of the deceased, or have spent much time in grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, extravagant, splenetic, or covetous, husband;—my first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the sixth would have starved me. If the other ladies you name would thus give in their husbands' pictures at length, you would see they have had as little reason as myself to lose their hours in weeping and wailing.'

N° 574. FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1714.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
 Rectè beatum. Rectiùs occupat
 Nomen beati, qui Deorum
 Muneribus sapienter uti,
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati.—HOR. 4 Od. ix. 45.

Believe not those that lands possess,
 And shining heaps of useless ore,
 The only lords of happiness;
 But rather those that know
 For what kind fates bestow,
 And have the heart to use the store :
 That have the generous skill to bear
 The hated weight of poverty.—CREECH.

I WAS once engaged in discourse with a Rosicrucian about 'the great secret.' As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are overrun with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. 'It gives a lustre,' says he, 'to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory.' He farther added, 'that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls. In short,' says he, 'its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven.' After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but content.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude, towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants: and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: 'Why,' said he, 'I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.' On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For

this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations, but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this silly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the King of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, 'Content is natural wealth,' says Socrates; to which I shall add, 'Luxury is artificial poverty.' I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher; namely, that 'no man has so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness.'

In the second place, every one ought to reflect

how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great elevation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers-by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife, that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: 'Every one,' says he, 'has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.' We find an instance to the same purpose in the Life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing that there was never any system besides that of Christianity which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have hitherto been speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us

is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject: while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: 'It is for that very reason,' said the emperor, 'that I grieve.'

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shews him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

N° 575. MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1714.

— Nec morti esse locum —

VIRG. Georg. iv. 225.

No room is left for death.—DRYDEN.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, 'Father,' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.'— 'True, son,' said the hermit, 'but what is thy condition if there is*?' Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his

* The indicative for the potential mood.

notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years, and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence—when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after

all prove unsuccessful ; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen:—Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years : Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after ? Or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years :—which of these two cases would you make your choice ?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them as a unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very

long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing, what seldom happens; that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose, as it generally happens, that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice, how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

N° 576. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1714.

*Nitor in adversum: nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.*

OVID. Met. ii. 72.

I steer against their motions, nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.—ADDISON.

I REMEMBER a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many amours,

and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed until two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a constable to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one-and-twenty; and so improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five-and-twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniences as the desire of not appearing singular; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first place every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour. In these cases we ought to consider that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far sociable, as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is nevertheless so for not being attended to: and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments? or not dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them

upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance; as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases there is a certain deference due to custom; and, notwithstanding there may be a colour of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes a humourist; but then it unqualifies him from being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England, who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. This humour broke out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not set our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with country gentlemen he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true: he never told any of them that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher; and would rather be thought a malecontent than drink the king's health when he was not dry. He would thrust his head out of his chamber window every morning, and, after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses as loud as he

could bawl them, for the benefit of his lungs: to which end he generally took them out of Homer—the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterward judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our English dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the hussars. In short by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into Bedlam, and have begged his estate: but the judge, being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead. 'The ambitious and the covetous,' says he, 'are madmen to all intents and purposes as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the frenzy of one who is given up for a lunatic is a frenzy *hors d'œuvre*;' that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of a multitude.

The subject of this essay was occasioned by a letter which I received not long since, and which,

for want of room at present, I shall insert in my next paper.

N° 577. FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1714.

———Hoc tolerabile, si non
Et furere incipias——— Juv. Sat. vi. 613.

This might be borne with, if you did not rave.

THE letter mentioned in my last paper is as follows:

‘ SIR,

‘ You have so lately decried that custom, too much in use among most people, of making themselves the subjects of their writings and conversation, that I had some difficulty to persuade myself to give you this trouble, until I had considered that though I should speak in the first person, yet I could not be justly charged with vanity, since I shall not add my name: as also, because what I shall write will not, to say the best, redound to my praise, but is only designed to remove a prejudice conceived against me, as I hope, with very little foundation. My short history is this.

‘ I have lived for some years last past altogether in London, until about a month ago an acquaintance of mine, for whom I have done some small services in town, invited me to pass part of the summer with him at his house in the country. I accepted his invitation, and found a very hearty welcome. My friend, an honest plain man, not being qualified to pass away his time without the reliefs of business, has grafted the farmer upon the gentleman, and brought himself to submit even to the servile parts of that employment, such as inspecting his plough,

and the like. This necessarily takes up some of his hours every day; and, as I have no relish for such diversions, I used at these times to retire either to my chamber, or a shady walk near the house, and entertain myself with some agreeable author. Now, you must know, Mr. Spectator, that when I read, especially if it be poetry, it is very usual with me, when I meet with any passage or expression which strikes me much, to pronounce it aloud, with that tone of the voice which I think agreeable to the sentiments there expressed; and to this I generally add some motion or action of the body. It was not long before I was observed by some of the family in one of these heroic fits, who thereupon received impressions very much to my disadvantage. This, however, I did not soon discover, nor should have done probably, had it not been for the following accident. I had one day shut myself up in my chamber, and was very deeply engaged in the second book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. I walked to and fro with the book in my hand; and, to speak the truth, I fear I made no little noise; when, presently coming to the following lines:

————— On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, &c.

I in great transport threw open the door of my chamber, and found the greatest part of the family standing on the outside in a very great consternation. I was in no less confusion, and begged pardon for having disturbed them; addressing myself particularly to comfort one of the children who received an unlucky fall in this action, while he was too intently surveying my meditations through the key-hole. To be short, after this adventure I easily of that great part of the family, especially the

and children, looked upon me with some apprehensions of fear; and my friend himself, though he still continued his civilities to me, did not seem altogether easy: I took notice that the butler was never after this accident ordered to leave the bottle upon the table after dinner. Add to this, that I frequently overheard the servants mention me by the name of "the crazed gentleman, the gentleman a little touched, the mad Londoner," and the like. This made me think it high time for me to shift my quarters, which I resolved to do the first handsome opportunity; and was confirmed in this resolution by a young lady in the neighbourhood who frequently visited us, and who one day, after having heard all the fine things I was able to say, was pleased with a scornful smile to bid me "go to sleep."

'The first minute I got to my lodgings in town, I set pen to paper to desire your opinion, whether, upon the evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can bring certificates that I behave myself soberly before company, and I hope there is at least some merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look you, Sir, I am contented to be esteemed a little touched as they phrase it, but should be sorry to be madder than my neighbours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my senses as you can afford. I know I could bring yourself as an instance of a man who has confessed talking to himself; but yours is a particular case, and cannot justify me, who have not kept silence any part of my life. What if I should own myself in love? You know lovers are always allowed the comfort of soliloquy——But I will say no more upon this subject, because I have long since observed the ready way to be thought mad is to contend that you are not so; as we generally conclude that man drunk who takes pains to be thought sober. I will therefore leave myself to your

determination; but am the more desirous to be thought in my senses, that it may be no discredit to you when I assure you that I have always been very much

Your admirer.

‘P. S. If I must be mad, I desire the young lady may believe it is for her.’

‘*The humble Petition of John a Nokes and John a Styles.*

‘Sheweth,

‘That your petitioners have had causes depending in Westminster-hall above five hundred years, and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an issue; that your petitioners have not been involved in these lawsuits out of any litigious temper of their own, but by the instigation of contentious persons; that the young lawyers in our Inns of court are continually setting us together by the ears, and think they do us no hurt, because they plead for us without a fee; that many of the gentlemen of the robe have no other clients in the world besides us two; that when they have nothing else to do, they make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they were never retained by either of us; that they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any manner of regard to our reputations and good names in the world. Your petitioners, therefore, being thereunto encouraged by the favourable reception which you lately gave to our kinsman Blank, do humbly pray that you will put an end to the controversies which have been so long depending between us your said petitioners, and that our enmity may not endure from generation to generation; it being our resolution to live hereafter as it becometh men of peaceable dispositions.

‘And your petitioners, as in duty bound, s’
ever pray, &c.’

N° 578. MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1714.

—Eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster.— OVID. Met. xv. 167.

—Th' unbodied spirit flies—
And lodges where it lights in man or beast.—DRYDEN.

THERE has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose personal identity.

Mr. Locke, after having premised that the word person properly signifies a thinking intelligent being that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, concludes, that it is consciousness alone, and not an identity of substance, which makes this personal identity of sameness. 'Had I the same consciousness,' says that author, 'that I saw the ark and Noah's flood, as that I saw an overflowing of the Thames last winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the Thames overflow last winter, and that viewed the flood at the general deluge, was the same self, place that self in what substance you please, than that I who write this am the same myself now while I write, whether I consist of all the same substance, material or immaterial, or no, that I was yesterday; for as to this point of being the same self, it matters not whether this present self be made up of the same or other substances.'

I was mightily pleased with a story in some measure applicable to this piece of philosophy, which I read the other day in the Persian Tales, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. Philips; and with an abridgment whereof I shall here present my readers.

I shall only premise that these stories are writ after the eastern manner, but somewhat more correct.

‘Fadlallah, a prince of great virtue, succeeded his father Bin Ortoc in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with his beauteous consort Queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a young dervis of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so; and, far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

‘Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and, as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of this stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young dervis, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

‘The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation; and though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

‘As they were one day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the company, the dervis entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, “It was in this place,” says he, “that I contracted an acquaintance with an old brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature; he died within my arms, and with his parting

breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his secrets, on condition I should never reveal it to any man." The king immediately, reflecting on his young favourite's having refused the late offers of greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the power of making gold. "No, Sir," says the dervis, "it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the power of reanimating a dead body, by flinging my own soul into it."

While he was yet speaking, a doe came bounding by them, and the king, who had his bow ready, shot her through the heart; telling the dervis, that a fair opportunity now offered for him to shew his art. The young man immediately left his own body breathless on the ground, while at the same instant that of the doe was reanimated. She came to the king, fawned upon him, and, after having played several wanton tricks fell again upon the grass; at the same instant the body of the dervis recovered its life. The king was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an operation, and conjured his friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The dervis at first made some scruple of violating his promise to the dying brachman; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince; after having obliged him therefore by an oath to secrecy, he taught him to repeat two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of which the whole secret consisted. The king, impatient to try the experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He had but little time to contemplate himself in this new being; for the treacherous dervis, shooting his own soul into the royal corpse, and bending the prince's own bow against him, had laid him dead on the spot, had not the king, who perceived his intent, fled swiftly to the woods.

‘The dervis, now triumphant in his villainy, returned to Mousel, and filled the throne and bed of the unhappy Fadlallah.

‘The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of his new-acquired kingdom, was to issue out a proclamation, ordering his subjects to destroy all the deer in the realm. The king had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his pursuers by reanimating the body of a nightingale, which he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In this new shape he winged his way in safety to the palace; where, perching on a tree which stood near his queen’s apartment, he filled the whole place with so many melodious and melancholy notes as drew her to the window. He had the mortification to see that, instead of being pitied, he only moved the mirth of his princess, and of a young female slave who was with her. He continued however to serenade her every morning, until at last the queen, charmed with his harmony, sent for the bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost skill to put that little creature into her possession. The king, pleased with an opportunity of being once more near his beloved consort, easily suffered himself to be taken: and when he was presented to her, though he shewed a fearfulness to be touched by any of the other ladies, flew of his own accord, and hid himself in the queen’s bosom. Zemroude was highly pleased at the unexpected fondness of her new favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open cage in her own apartment. He had there an opportunity of making his court to her every morning, by a thousand little actions, which his shape allowed him. The queen passed away whole hours every day in hearing and playing with him. Fadlallah could even have thought himself happy in this state of life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible torment of seeing

the dervis enter the apartment and caress his queen even in his presence.

‘The usurper, amidst his toying with the princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her nightingale : and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked at him with his bill, beat his wings, and shewed all the marks of an impotent rage, it only afforded his rival and the queen new matter for their diversion.

‘Zemroude was likewise fond of a little lap-dog which she kept in her apartment, and which one night happened to die.

‘The king immediately found himself inclined to quit the shape of the nightingale, and enliven this new body. He did so, and the next morning Zemroude saw her favourite bird lie dead in the cage. It is impossible to express her grief on this occasion ; and when she called to mind all its little actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like reason, she was inconsolable for her loss.

‘Her women immediately sent for the dervis to come and comfort her ; who, after having in vain represented to her the weakness of being grieved at such an accident, touched at last by her repeated complaints, “Well, Madam,” says he, “I will exert the utmost of my art to please you. Your nightingale shall again revive every morning, and serenade you as before.” The queen beheld him with a look which easily shewed she did not believe him ; when, laying himself down on a sofa, he shot his soul into the nightingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see her bird revive.

‘The king, who was a spectator of all that passed, lying under the shape of a lap-dog in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and, running to the cage, with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false nightingale.

‘Zemroude was more than ever amazed and

concerned at this second accident, until the king, entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

‘The body of the dervis which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it; but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy, peculiar to the oriental ladies, she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived with the dervis, that no arguments, even from Fadlallah himself, could compose her mind. She shortly after died with grief, begging his pardon with her latest breath for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted as a crime.

‘The king was so afflicted with her death, that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement.’

N° 579. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1714.

———*Odora canum vis.*—VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 132.

Sagacious hounds.

In the reign of King Charles the First, the company of stationers, into whose hands the printing of the Bible is committed by patent, made a very remarkable erratum or blunder in one of their editions: for instead of ‘Thou shalt not commit adultery,’ they printed off several thousands of copies with, ‘Thou shalt commit adultery.’ Archbishop Laud, to punish this their negligence, laid a considerable fine upon that company in the star-chamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in

this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many young profligates of both sexes are possessed of this spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the commandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers in the first ages of the church were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their lives from bearing a part in Christian assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and all the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among the heathens, which punished this crime with death; and others of the same kind, which are now in force among several governments that have embraced the reformed religion. But, because a subject of this nature may be too serious for my ordinary readers, who are very apt to throw by my papers when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon, I shall here publish the contents of a little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, and which pretends to great antiquity; though by reason of some modern phrases, and other particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the production of a modern sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was a temple upon mount *Ætna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, say the historians, that they could discern whether the persons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They used to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste, caressing them as the friends of their master *Vulcan*; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comment upon this story.

‘ These dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his sister

Diana, the goddess of hunting and of chastity, having bred them out of some of her hounds, in which she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity. It was thought she did it in spite to Venus, who, upon her return home, always found her husband in a good or bad humour, according to the reception which she met with from his dogs. They lived in the temple several years, but were such snappish curs, that they frightened away most of the votaries. The women of Sicily made a solemn deputation to the priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the temple with their annual offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs; and at last compromised the matter with him, that the offering should always be brought by a chorus of young girls, who were none of them above seven years old. It was wonderful, says the author, to see how different the treatment was which the dogs gave to these little misses, from that which they had shewn to their mothers. It is said that the prince of Syracuse, having married a young lady, and being naturally of a jealous temper, made such an interest with the priests of this temple, that he procured a whelp from them of this famous breed. The young puppy was very troublesome to the fair lady at first, inso-much that she solicited her husband to send him away; but the good man cut her short with the old Sicilian proverb, "Love me, love my dog;" from which time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The ladies of Syracuse were very much annoyed with him, and several of very good reputation refused to come to court until he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that defied his sagacity; but it was observed, though he did not actually bite them, he would growl at them most confoundedly. To return to the dogs of the temple; after they had lived here in great repute for several

years, it so happened, that as one of the priests, who had been making a charitable visit to a widow who lived on the promontory of Lilybeum, returned home pretty late in the evening, the dogs flew at him with so much fury, that they would have worried him if his brethren had not come to his assistance; upon which, says my author, the dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original instinct.'

I cannot conclude this paper without wishing that we had some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, which would certainly do justice, I should say honour, to the ladies of our country, and shew the world the difference between pagan women and those who are instructed in sounder principles of virtue and religion.

N° 580. FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1714.

——— Si verbis audacia detur,
Haud timeam magni dixisse palatia cœli.

OVID. Met. i. 175.

This place, the brightest mansion of the sky,
I'll call the palace of the Deity.—DRYDEN.

‘ SIR,

‘ I CONSIDERED in my two last letters that awful and tremendous subject, the ubiquity or omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened heathens, as I might shew at large, were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in

which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory; this is that place which is marked out in scripture under the different appellations of “paradise, the third heaven, the throne of God, and the habitation of his glory.” It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God with hallelujahs and hymns of praise. This is that presence of God which some of the divines call his glorious, and others his majestic presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other places as in this; but it is here where he resides in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst of all those splendours which can affect the imagination of created beings.

‘It is very remarkable that this opinion of God Almighty’s presence in heaven, whether discovered by the light of nature, or by a general tradition from our first parents, prevails among all the nations of the world, whatsoever different notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into Homer, that is, the most ancient of the Greek writers, you see the supreme power seated in the heavens, and encompassed with inferior deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his throne. Who does not here see the main strokes and outlines of this great truth we are speaking of? The same doctrine is shadowed out in many other heathen authors, though at the same time, like several other revealed truths, dashed and adulterated with a mixture of fables and human inventions.—But to pass over the notions of the Greeks and Romans, those more enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find there is scarce a people among the late discovered nations who are not trained up in an opinion that heaven is the habitation of the divinity whom they worship.

‘As in Solomon’s temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible glory appeared among the figures of the cherubims, and into which none but the high-priest himself was permitted to enter, after having made an atonement for the sins of the people : so if we consider the whole creation as one great temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which the High-priest of our salvation entered, and took his place among angels and archangels, after having made a propitiation for the sins of mankind,

‘With how much skill must the throne of God be erected ! With what glorious designs is that habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by him who inspired Hiram with wisdom ! How great must be the majesty of that place, where the whole art of creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to shew himself in the most magnificent manner ? What must be the architecture of infinite power under the direction of infinite wisdom ? A spirit cannot but be transported after an ineffable manner, with the sight of those objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward frame of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret powers and faculties. It is to this majestic presence of God we may apply those beautiful expressions in holy writ : “Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not : yea the stars are not pure in his sight.” The light of the sun, and all the glories of the world in which we live, are but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather darkness itself, in comparison of those splendours which encompass the throne of God.

‘As the glory of this place is transcendent beyond imagination, so probably is the extent of it. There is light behind light, and glory within glory. How far that space may reach, in which God thus appears in perfect majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though it is not infinite, it may be indefi-

nite ; and, though not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard to any created eye or imagination. If he has made these lower regions of matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect ?

‘ This is certain, that our imaginations cannot be raised too high when we think on a place where omnipotence and omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the consummation of all things these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking, and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections : for so the scripture seems to intimate when it speaks of “ new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

‘ I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul than harmony ; and we have great reason to believe, from the description of this place in holy scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those in which is exerted the whole

power of harmony ! The senses are faculties of the human soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper instruments in the body. Why therefore should we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from among those entertainments which are to make up our happiness hereafter ? Why should we suppose that our hearing and seeing will not be gratified with those objects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in these lower regions of nature ; objects, “ which neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive ? I knew a man in Christ (says St. Paul, speaking of himself) above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell ; God knoweth), such a one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man (whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth), how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for man to utter.” By this is meant that what he heard is so infinitely different from any thing which he had heard in this world, that it was impossible to express it in such words as might convey a notion of it to his hearers.

‘ It is very natural for us to take delight in inquiries concerning any foreign country, where we are some time or other to make our abode ; and as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place, it is both a laudable and useful curiosity to get what informations we can of it, whilst we make use of revelation for our guide. When these everlasting doors shall be opened to us, we may be sure that the pleasures and beauties of this place will infinitely transcend our present hopes and expectations, and that the glorious appearance of the throne of God

will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We might here entertain ourselves with many other speculations on this subject, from those several hints which we find of it in the holy Scriptures ; as, whether there may not be different mansions and apartments of glory to beings of different natures ; whether, as they excel one another in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater manifestations of his presence ; whether there are not solemn times and occasions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the presence of their Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise and adoration ; as Adam, though he had continued in a state of innocence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have kept holy the sabbath-day in a more particular manner than any other of the seven. These, and the like speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabitants of this delightful place.

‘I have in this, and in two foregoing letters, treated on the most serious subject that can employ the mind of man—the omnipresence of the Deity ; a subject which, if possible, should never depart from our meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his works, as he is present to the mind of man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious manner among the regions of the blest. Such a consideration should be kept awake in us at all times, and in all places, and possess our minds with a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be interwoven with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become one with the consciousness of our own being. It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest prostration before Him, who is so astonishingly wonderful, and holy.’

N^o 581. MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1714.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,
Quæ legis ————— MART. Epig. i. 17.

Some good, more bad, some neither one nor t'other.

I AM at present sitting with a heap of letters before me, which I have received under the character of Spectator. I have complaints from lovers, schemes from projectors, scandal from ladies, congratulations, compliments, and advice, in abundance.

I have not been thus long an author, to be insensible of the natural fondness every person must have for their own productions; and I begin to think I have treated my correspondents a little too uncivilly in stringing them all together on a file, and letting them lie so long unregarded. I shall, therefore, for the future, think myself at least obliged to take some notice of such letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the end of every month.

In the mean time I intend my present paper as a short answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The public, however, is not to expect I should let them into all my secrets; and, though I appear abstruse to most people, it is sufficient if I am understood by my particular correspondents.

My well-wisher Van Nath is very arch, but not quite enough so to appear in print.

Philadelphus will, in a little time, see his query fully answered by a treatise which is now in the press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. G.

Miss Kitty must excuse me.

The gentleman who sent me a copy of verses on

his mistress's dancing, is, I believe, too thoroughly in love to compose correctly.

I have too great a respect for both the universities, to praise one at the expense of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honest fellow, and I desire him to present my humble service to his cousin Fill Bumper.

I am obliged for the letter upon prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the case of Grace Grumble.

The petition of P. S. granted.

That of Sarah Loveit refused.

The papers of A. S. are returned.

I thank Aristippus for his kind invitation.

My friend at Woodstock is a bold man to undertake for all within ten miles of him.

I am afraid the entertainment of Tom Turnover will hardly be relished by the good cities of London and Westminster.

I must consider farther of it, before I indulge W. F. in those freedoms he takes with the ladies' stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious gentleman who sent me an ode on the subject of the late Spectator, and shall take particular notice of his last letter.

When the lady who wrote me a letter dated July the 20th, in relation to some passages in a Lover, will be more particular in her directions, I shall be so in my answer.

The poor gentleman who fancies my writings could reclaim a husband who can abuse such a wife as he describes, has, I am afraid, too great an opinion of my skill.

Philanthropos is, I dare say, a very well-meaning man, but is a little too prolix in his compositions.

Constantius himself must be the best judge in the affair he mentions.

The letter dated from Lincoln is received.

Arethusa and her friend may hear farther from me.

Celia is a little too hasty.

Harriet is a good girl, but must not courtesy to folks she does not know.

I must ingenuously confess my friend Samson Benstaff has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long letter which I cannot comprehend one word of.

Collidan must also explain what he means by his 'drigelling.'

I think it beneath my spectatorial dignity to concern myself in the affair of the boiled dumpling.

I shall consult some literati on the project sent me for the discovery of the longitude.

I know not how to conclude this paper better than by inserting a couple of letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the smartest pieces I have received from my correspondents of either sex :

• BROTHER SPEC.

'While you are surveying every object that falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with one. Had that sage who demanded what beauty was, lived to see the dear angel I love, he would not have asked such a question. Had another seen her, he would himself have loved the person in whom Heaven has made virtue visible ; and, were you yourself to be in her company, you could never, with all your loquacity, say enough of her good humour and sense. I send you the outlines of a picture, which I can no more finish, than I can sufficiently admire the dear original. I am, your most affectionate brother,

CONSTANTIO SPEC.'

• GOOD MR. PERT,

'I will allow you nothing until you resolve me the following question. Pray what is the reason that,

while you only talk now upon Wednesdays, Fridays, and Mondays, you pretend to be a greater tatler than when you spoke every day as you formerly used to do? If this be your plunging out of your taciturnity, pray let the length of your speeches compensate for the scarceness of them. I am, good Mr. Pert,

Your admirer,

If you will be long enough for me,

AMANDA LOVELENGTH.

N° 582. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1714.

———Tænet inenabile multos

Scribendi cacoëthes ——— Juv. Sat. vii. 51.

The curse of writing is an endless itch.—CR. DAVDEN.

THERE is a certain distemper, which is mentioned neither by Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met with in the London Dispensary. Juvenal, in the motto of my paper, terms it a cacoëthes; which is a hard word for a disease called in plain English, 'the itch of writing.' This cacoëthes is as epidemical as the small-pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their lives. There is, however, this difference in these two distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again: whereas this I am speaking of, when it is once got into the blood, seldom comes out of it. The British nation is very much afflicted with this malady, and, though very many remedies have been applied to persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been characterized with satires and lampoons, but have reaped little or no benefit from them; others have been

heads fastened for an hour together between a cleft board, which is made use of as a cure for the disease when it appears in its greatest malignity*. There is indeed one kind of this malady which has been sometimes removed, like the biting of a tarantula, with the sound of a musical instrument, which is commonly known by the name of a cat-call. But if you have a patient of this kind under your care, you may assure yourself there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of pen, ink, and paper.

But, to drop the allegory before I have tired it out, there is no species of scribblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your periodical writers, whose words return upon the public on certain days and at stated times. We have not the consolation in the perusal of these authors which we find at the reading of all others, namely, that we are sure, if we have but patience, we may come to the end of their labours. I have often admired a humorous saying of Diogenes, who reading a dull author to several of his friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a blank leaf at the end of it, he cried, 'Courage, lads, I see land.' On the contrary, our progress through that kind of writers I am now speaking of is never at an end. One day makes work for another—we do not know when to promise ourselves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider that the art of printing, which might be the greatest blessing to mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter prejudice and ignorance through a people, instead of conveying to them truth and knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical treatise entitled William Ramsay's Vindication of Astrology.

* Put in the pillory.

This profound author, among many mystical passages, has the following one; 'The absence of the sun is not the cause of night, forasmuch as his light is so great that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day; but there are tenebrificous and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth as the sun does light.'

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies. Some of them are stars that scatter light as others do darkness. I could mention several authors who are tenebrificous stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen, who have been dull in concert, and may be looked upon as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted with several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.

N° 583. FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1714.

*Ipsæ thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis,
Tecta serat latè circum, cui talia curæ:
Ipse labore manum duro terat; ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, et amicos irriget imbres.*

VIRG. Georg. iv. 112.

With his own hand the guardian of the bees
For slips of pines may search the mountain trees,
And with wild thyme and sav'ry plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain;
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreshing waters drench the ground.—DAYDEN.

EVERY station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by choice to any

particular kind of business are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves, or beneficial to others: no one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen in their busy hours apply themselves wholly to the chase, or to some other diversion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of Goliath, 'I will give thee to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field.'

Though exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the public, than that of planting. I could mention a nobleman whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him, which shew he has been there; he never hired a house in his life, without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posterity of the owner. Had all the gentlemen of England made the same improvements upon their estates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon

as too inglorious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of Cyrus the Great, that he planted all the Lesser Asia. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement; it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a poet, who, as Aristotle observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building, or any other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to its utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the increase of forest trees does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them, insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England. I know when a man talk

of posterity in matters of this nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish: 'We are always doing,' says he, 'something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us.'

But I think men are inexcusable, who fail in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers that the putting of a few twigs into the ground is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendants easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an expense, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds, that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that 'you may trace him;' which I look upon as a good funeral oration, at the death of an honest husbandman, who hath left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarcely forbear representing the subject of this paper as a

kind of moral virtue ; which, as I have already shewn, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which are apt to gratify a man in the heats of youth ; but, if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man, besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. Epicurus himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every reader, who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject ; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular in order to introduce, in my next paper, a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel.

N° 584. MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1714.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori :
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.

VIRG. Ecl. x. 42.

Come see what pleasures in our plains abound ;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground :
Here I could live, and love, and die with only you.

DRYDEN.

HILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and, when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter, in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship,

that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and, being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath; and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow; though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover-Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets

of that art from the first man, This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes, that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments and plainness of manners which appear in the original.

Shalum was at this time one hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa one hundred and seventy.

*' I Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa,
Mistress of the Valleys.*

' In the 788th year of the creation.

' What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage

to my rival ? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of Mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God : every part of them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals ; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, Oh thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years ; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.'

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

N° 585. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1714.

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes : ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta ————— VIRG. Ecl. v. 68.

The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice ;
 The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.—DRYDEN.

THE SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM
 AND HILPA.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than twelve months after the following manner:

‘ *Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys, to Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah.*

‘ In the 789th year of the creation.

‘ What have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praisest Hilpa’s beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds and the bleating of my flocks make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah, are these like the riches of the valley?

‘ I know thee, O Shalum ; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars : thou searchest out the diversity of soils : thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one?

Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade: but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.

The Chinese say that a little time afterward she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills, to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tuns of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and potherbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. The wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He shewed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of woodlands; and, as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of a promise, and gave him her word to return to him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years,

may there were some that were leased out for three lives ; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mispach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no farther than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her; who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him; and, having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the

eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

N° 586. FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1714.

—Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt.
CIC. de Div.

The things which employ men's waking thoughts and actions recur to their imaginations in sleep.

By the last post I received the following letter, which is built upon a thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which reasons I shall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment:

' SIR,

' It was a good piece of advice which Pythagoras gave to his scholars—that every night before they slept they should examine what they had been doing that day, and so discover what actions were worthy of pursuit to-morrow, and what little vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into a habit. If I might second the philosopher's advice, it should be mine, that in a morning before my scholar rose he

should consider what he had been about that night, and with the same strictness as if the condition he has believed himself to be in was real. Such a scrutiny into the actions of his fancy must be of considerable advantage; for this reason, because the circumstances which a man imagines himself in during sleep are generally such as entirely favour his inclinations, good or bad, and give him imaginary opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost; so that his temper will lie fairly open to his view, while he considers how it is moved when free from those constraints which the accidents of real life put it under. Dreams are certainly the result of our waking thoughts, and our daily hopes and fears are what give the mind such nimble relishes of pleasure, and such severe touches of pain, in its midnight rambles. A man that murders his enemy, or deserts his friend, in a dream, had need to guard his temper against revenge and ingratitude, and take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in the pursuit of false, or the neglect of true honour. For my part, I seldom receive a benefit, but in a night or two's time I make most noble returns for it; which, though my benefactor is not a whit the better for, yet it pleases me to think that it was from a principle of gratitude in me that my mind was susceptible of such generous transport while I thought myself repaying the kindness of my friend: and I have often been ready to beg pardon, instead of returning an injury, after considering that when the offender was in my power I had carried my resentments much too far.

‘ I think it has been observed, in the course of your papers, how much one's happiness or misery may depend upon the imagination: of which truth those strange workings of fancy in sleep are no inconsiderable instances; so that not only the advan-

tags a man has of making discoveries of himself, but a regard to his own ease or disquiet, may induce him to accept of my advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall put into a way of doing it with pleasure, by observing only one maxim which I shall give them, viz. "To go to bed with a mind entirely free from passion, and a body clear of the least intemperance."

' They, indeed, who can sink into sleep with their thoughts less calm or innocent than they should be, do but plunge themselves into scenes of guilt and misery; or they who are willing to purchase any midnight disquietudes for the satisfaction of a full meal, or a skin full of wine; these I have nothing to say to, as not knowing how to invite them to reflections full of shame and horror: but those that will observe this rule, I promise them they shall awake into health and cheerfulness, and be capable of recounting with delight those glorious moments, wherein the mind has been indulging itself in such luxury of thought, such noble hurry of imagination. Suppose a man's going supperless to bed should introduce him to the table of some great prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest marks of honour and plenty, and do so much business after, that he shall rise with as good a stomach to his breakfast as if he had fasted all night long: or suppose he should see his dearest friends remain all night in great distresses, which he should instantly have disengaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to bed without the other bottle; believe me these effects of fancy are no contemptible consequences of commanding or indulging one's appetite.

' I forbear recommending my advice upon many other accounts, until I hear how you and your readers relish what I have already said; among whom, if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because

they never dream at all, there may be others perhaps who do little else all day long. Were every one as sensible as I am what happens to him in his sleep, it would be no dispute whether we pass so considerable a portion of our time in the condition of stocks and stones, or whether the soul were not perpetually at work upon the principle of thought. However, it is an honest endeavour of mine to persuade my countrymen to reap some advantage from so many unregarded hours, and as such you will encourage it.

‘ I shall conclude with giving you a sketch or two of my way of proceeding.

‘ If I have any business of consequence to do to-morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to-night but I am in the midst of it; and when awake, I consider the whole procession of the affair, and get the advantage of the next day’s experience before the sun has risen upon it.

‘ There is scarcely a great post but what I have some time or other been in; but my behaviour while I was master of a college pleases me so well, that whenever there is a province of that nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can.

‘ I have done many things that would not pass examination, when I have had the art of flying or being invisible; for which reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary qualities.

‘ Lastly, Mr. Spectator, I have been a great correspondent of yours, and have read many of my letters in your paper which I never wrote to you. If you have a mind I should really be so, I have got a parcel of visions and other miscellanies in my noctuary, which I shall send you to enrich your paper with on proper occasions. I am, &c.

JOHN SHADOW.’

Oxford, Aug. 20.

N° 587. MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1714.

Intus et in cute novi.—*PERS.* Sat. iii. 30.

I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre to the utmost skin.—*DRYDEN.*

THOUGH the author of the following vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the work of that ingenious gentleman, who promised me, in the last paper, some extracts out of his noctuary.

‘SIR,

‘I was the other day reading the life of Mahomet. Among many other extravagances, I find it recorded of that impostor, that in the fourth year of his age, the angel Gabriel caught him up while he was among his playfellows; and, carrying him aside, cut open his breast, plucked out his heart, and wrung out of it that black drop of blood, in which, say the Turkish divines, is contained the *fomes peccati*, so that he was free from sin ever after. I immediately said to myself, Though this story be a fiction, a very good moral may be drawn from it, would every man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his heart whatever sins or ill qualities he find in it.

‘While my mind was wholly taken up with this contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing slumber, when methought two porters entered my chamber, carrying a large chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the room they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was sent me, when a shape, like that in which we paint our angels, appeared before me, and forbade me. “Enclosed,” said he, “are the hearts of se-

veral of your friends and acquaintance; but, before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the failings of others, you must be pure yourself;" whereupon he drew out his incision knife, cut me open, took out my heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great confusion to see how many things, which I had always cherished as virtues, issued out of my heart on this occasion. In short, after it had been thoroughly squeezed, it looked like an empty bladder; when the phantom, breathing a fresh particle of divine air into it, restored it safe to its former repository; and, having sewed me up, we began to examine the chest.

' The hearts were all enclosed in transparent phials, and preserved in a liquor which looked like spirits of wine. The first which I cast my eye upon I was afraid would have broke the glass which contained it. It shot up and down, with incredible swiftness, through the liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the side of the phial. The *fomes*, or spot in the middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery colour, and seemed to be the cause of these violent agitations. "That," says my instructor, "is the heart of Tom Dreadnought, who behaved himself well in the late wars, but has for these ten years last past been aiming at some post of honour to no purpose. He is lately retired into the country, where, quite choked up with spleen and choler, he rails at better men than himself, and will be for ever uneasy, because it is impossible he should think his merits sufficiently rewarded." The next heart that I examined was remarkable for its smallness; it lay still at the bottom of the phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *fomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole heart. "This," says my interpreter, "is the heart of Dick Gloomy, who never thirsted after any thing

but money. Notwithstanding all his endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable state of melancholy and despair. He is a composition of envy and idleness; hates mankind, but gives them their revenge by being more uneasy to himself than to any one else."

'The phial I looked upon next contained a large fair heart which beat very strongly. The *fomes* or spot in it was exceedingly small; but I could not help observing, that which way soever I turned the phial, it always appeared uppermost, and in the strongest point of light. "The heart you are examining," says my companion, "belongs to Will Worthy. He has, indeed, a most noble soul, and is possessed of a thousand good qualities. The speck which you discover is vanity."

"Here," says the angel, "is the heart of Freeloze, your intimate friend."—"Freeloze and I," said I, "are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the heart of a man which I fear is overcast with rancour." My teacher commanded me to look upon it: I did so, and to my unspeakable surprise, found that a small swelling spot, which I at first took to be ill-will towards me, was only passion; and that upon my nearer inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the phantom told me Freeloze was one of the best-natured men alive.

"This," says my teacher, "is a female heart of your acquaintance." I found the *fomes* in it of the largest size, and of a hundred different colours, which were still varying every moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the heart of Coquetilla.

'I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *fomes* at first sight to be very small, but was amazed to find that, as I looked steadfastly upon it,

it grew still larger. It was the heart of Melissa, a noted prude who lives the next door to me.

“I shew you this,” says the phantom, “because it is indeed a rarity, and you have the happiness to know the person to whom it belongs.” He then put into my hands a large crystal glass, that enclosed a heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost nicety, I could not perceive any blemish. I made no scruple to affirm that it must be the heart of Seraphina; and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. “She is indeed,” continued my guide, “the ornament as well as the envy of her sex.” At these last words he pointed to the hearts of several of her female acquaintance which lay in different phials, and had very large spots in them, all of a deep blue. “You are not to wonder,” says he, “that you see no spot in a heart, whose innocence has been proof against all the corruptions of a depraved age. If it has any blemish, it is too small to be discovered by human eyes.”

‘I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in several veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told it represented deceit.

‘I should have been glad to have examined the hearts of several of my acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, intriguing, &c. but my interpreter told me I must let that alone until another opportunity, and flung down the cover of the chest with so much violence as immediately awoke me.’

N° 588. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1714.

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et caritas.

CICERO.

You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is
founded in weakness.

MAN may be considered in two views, as a reasonable and as a sociable being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow-creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the Contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished it with two principles of action, self-love and benevolence; designed one of them to render man wakeful to his own personal interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much for the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce men to represent human nature as they do under characters of disadvantage; or having drawn it with a little and sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture. Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the original? One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was Epicurus. Beneficence, would his followers say, is all founded in weakness; and, whatever be pretended, the kindness that passeth between men and men is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with the rest of that

hopeful philosophy, which, having patched man up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for these glorious discoveries the poet is beyond measure transported in the praises of his hero, as if he must needs be something more than man, only for an endeavour to prove that man is in nothing superior to beasts. In this school was Mr. Hobbes instructed to speak after the same manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule, that from the similitudes of thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looks into himself and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what grounds, he shall hereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasion. Now we will allow Mr. Hobbes to know best how he was inclined; but in earnest, I should be heartily out of conceit with myself if I thought myself of this unamiable temper as he affirms, and should have as little kindness for myself as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propensions were the original growth of the heart of man; and, however checked and overtopped by counter inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some force in the worst of tempers, and a considerable influence on the best. And methinks it is a fair step towards the proof of this, that the most beneficent of all beings is he who hath an absolute fulness of perfection in himself, who gave existence to the universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which he communicated, without diminishing from the plenitude of his own power and happiness. The philosophers before mentioned have indeed done

all that in them lay to invalidate this argument; for, placing the gods in a state of the most elevated blessedness, they describe them as selfish as we poor miserable mortals can be, and shut them out from all concern for mankind, upon the score of their having no need of us. But if He that sitteth in the heavens wants not us, we stand in continual need of him; and, surely, next to the survey of the immense treasures of his own mind, the most exalted pleasure he receives is from beholding millions of creatures, lately drawn out of the gulf of non-existence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable creature he would not, if possible, suffer his image to pass out of his hands unadorned with a resemblance of himself in this most lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind, whose love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work so unlike himself; a creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast circle of objects, and love none but himself? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of such a creature, its affections, and its understanding? Or could a society of such creatures, with no other bottom but self-love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flourish? Reason, it is certain, would oblige every man to pursue the general happiness as the means to procure and establish his own; and yet, if besides this consideration, there were not a natural instinct, prompting men to desire the welfare and satisfaction of others, self-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reason, would quickly run all things into a state of war and confusion. As nearly interested as the soul is in the fate of body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, [†] constant returns of hunger and thirst, those

tunate appetites, to put it in mind of its charge: knowing, that if we should eat and drink no oftener than cold abstracted speculation should put us upon these exercises, and then leave it to reason to prescribe the quantity, we should soon refine ourselves out of this bodily life. And, indeed, it is obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily unless carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reason, and, like a bias, draw the mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual intercourse of benefits among mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous prepossession of benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impossibility? Is it inconsistent with self-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre, which might be improved as an illustration of self-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, answering to universal benevolence. Is the force of self-love abated, or its interest prejudiced, by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed.

But to descend from reason to matter of fact; the pity which arises on sight of persons in distress, and the satisfaction of mind which is the consequence of having removed them into a happier state, are instead of a thousand arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflection we make upon our liableness to the same ill accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present purpose; but this is assigning an artificial cause of a natural passion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, because

children and persons most thoughtless about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the prospects of futurity, feel the most violent touches of compassion. And then, as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his sorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and the kindness of importance, really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but consciousness of a man's having done something praiseworthy, and expressive of a great soul? Whereas, if in all this he only sacrificed to vanity and self-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the most shining appearance, so nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleasure; nor could the commendations, which a person receives for benefits done upon selfish views, be at all more satisfactory than when he is applauded for what he doth without design; because in both cases the ends of self-love are equally answered. The conscience of approving one's self a benefactor to mankind is the noblest recompense for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own advantage; notwithstanding which, the inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The pleasure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirst is not the cause of these appetites; they are previous to any such prospect; and so likewise is the desire of doing good; with this difference, that, being seated in the intellectual part, this last, though antecedent to reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it; and, I will add, is no otherwise a virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of; and, after all the evidence produced, think I have a right to conclude, against the motto of this paper, that there is such a thing as generosity in the world. The

if I were under a mistake in this, I should say as Cicero in relation to the immortality of the soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the interest of mankind to lie under the same delusion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to dispirit the mind, and sinks it into a meanness fatal to the godlike zeal of doing good: as, on the other hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by possessing them with a persuasion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes gratitude from among men, by so doing, stops up the stream of beneficence: for though in conferring kindnesses a truly generous man doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the person obliged; and as nothing renders a person more unworthy of a benefit than his being without all resentment of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige such a man.

N° 589. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1714.

Persequitur scelus ille suum: labefactaque tandem
 Ictibus innumeris, adductaque funibus arbor
 Corruit——— OVID. Met. viii. 774.

The impious axe he plies, loud strokes resound:
 Till dragg'd with ropes, and fell'd with many a wound,
 The loosen'd tree comes rushing to the ground.

‘ SIR,

‘ I AM so great an admirer of trees, that the spot of ground I have chosen to build a small seat upon in the country is almost in the midst of a large wood. I was obliged, much against my will, to cut down several trees, that I might have any such thing as a

walk in my gardens ; but then I have taken care to leave the space between every walk as much a wood as I found it. The moment you turn either to the right or left you are in a forest, where Nature presents you with a much more beautiful scene than could have been raised by art.

‘Instead of tulips or carnations I can shew you oaks in my gardens of four hundred years’ standing, and a knot of elms that might shelter a troop of horse from the rain.

‘It is not without the utmost indignation, that I observe several prodigal young heirs in the neighbourhood felling down the most glorious monuments of their ancestor’s industry, and ruining, in a day, the product of ages.

‘I am mightily pleased with your discourse upon planting, which put me upon looking into my books, to give you some account of the veneration the ancients had for trees. There is an old tradition, that Abraham planted a cypress, a pine, and a cedar ; and that these three incorporated into one tree, which was cut down for the building of the temple of Solomon.

‘Isidorus, who lived in the reign of Constantius, assures us, that he saw, even in his time, that famous oak in the plains of Mamre, under which Abraham is reported to have dwelt ; and adds, that the people looked upon it with a great veneration, and preserved it as a sacred tree.

‘The heathens still went farther, and regarded it as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain trees which they took to be protected by some deity. The story of Erisichthon, the grove of Dodona, and that at Delphi, are all instances of this kind.

‘If we consider the machine in Virgil, so ~~blamed~~ blamed by several critics, in this light, we shall think it too violent.

‘ *Aeneas*, when he built his fleet in order to sail for Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on mount Ida, which however he durst not do until he had obtained leave from *Cybele* to whom it was dedicated. The goddess could not but think herself obliged to protect the ships, which were made of consecrated timber, after a very extraordinary manner, and therefore desired *Jupiter*, that they might not be obnoxious to the power of waves or winds. *Jupiter* would not grant this, but promised her that as many as came safe to Italy should be transformed into goddesses of the sea; which the poet tells us was accordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great-mother of the gods was free
To save her ships, and finish *Jove's* decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn there sprung
A light that sing'd the heavens, and shot along :
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and *Berecynthian* quires :
And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts in arms opposed with equal horror wounds.

‘ O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear :
And know my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold *Rutulian* may
With hissing brands attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph ; forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at *Cybele's* command.’
No sooner had the goddess ceased to speak,
When lo, th' obedient ships their hawsers break !
And strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive and spring again :
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.

DRYDEN'S VIAG.

‘ The common opinion concerning the nymphs, whom the ancients called *Hamadryads*, is more to the honour of trees than any thing yet mentioned.

It was thought the fate of these nymphs had so near a dependence on some trees, more especially oaks, that they lived and died together. For this reason they were extremely grateful to such persons who preserved those trees with which their being subsisted. Apollonius tells us a very remarkable story to this purpose, with which I shall conclude my letter.

'A certain man, called Rhæcus, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion towards the tree, ordered his servants to pour in fresh earth at the roots of it, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and, after having returned him her thanks, told him she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, Rhæcus desired he might be entertained as her lover. The Hamadryad, not much displeased with the request, promised to give him a meeting, but commanded him for some days to abstain from the embraces of all other women, adding, that she would send a bee to him, to let him know when he was to be happy. Rhæcus was, it seems, too much addicted to gaming, and happened to be in a run of ill-luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about him; so that, instead of minding his kind invitation, he had like to have killed him for his pains. The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own disappointment, and the ill usage of her messenger, that she deprived Rhæcus of the use of his limbs. However, says the story, he was not so much a cripple, but he made a shift to cut down the tree, and consequently to fell his mistress.'

N° 590. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1714.

— Assiduo labuntur tempora motu,
 Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
 Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur undâ,
 Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem;
 Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur:
 Et nova sunt semper. Num quod fuit ante, relictum est:
 Fitque, quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.
 OVID, Met. xv. 179.

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
 Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.
 For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
 The flying hour is ever on her way:
 And as the fountains still supply their store,
 The wave behind impels the wave before;
 Thus in successive course the minutes run,
 And urge their predecessor minutes on.
 Still moving, ever new; for former things
 Are laid aside, like abdicated kings;
 And every moment alters what is done,
 And innovates some act, till then unknown.—DRYDEN.

*The following discourse comes from the same hand with
 the essays upon infinitude.*

‘WE consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference: we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist as a kind of centre to the whole expansion. In our speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

‘Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally

throws eternity under two divisions, which we may call in English that eternity which is past and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *Æternitas a parte ante*, and *Æternitas a parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come. Each of these eternities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

‘Let us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reason demonstrates to us that it has been, but at the same time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present is at some certain distance from us, and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration being past, implies that it was once present, for the idea of being once present is actually included in the idea of its being past. This therefore is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

‘If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration than that which we ourselves, and all other created beings, do exist; which is, a successive duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is

nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain-head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the same time we are sure that whatever was once present does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough* of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

‘ It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of God: and, though, there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter, which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration

* Enow. The singular number is here used for the plural.

and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

‘ Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

‘ First, It is certain, that no being could have made itself; for if so it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

‘ Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

‘ Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

‘ Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of nature, “the Ancient of Days,” who, being at infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

‘ I know that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God’s existence, by telling us that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment: that eternity is with him a *punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing with reference to his existence is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven:

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.

‘ For my own part, I look upon these proposition

as words that have no ideas annexed to them: and think men had better own their ignorance than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions when we meditate on him, who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge, that as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years: by which, and the like expressions, we are taught that his existence with relation to time or duration is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

‘In the first revelation which he makes of his own being, he entitles himself, “I Am that I Am;” and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that “I Am hath sent you.” Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation

which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a fitting and successive existence, is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

'I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings in whom it is not necessary; especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words. The supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

'It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do; and that a work which cannot be finished, will however be the work of eternity.'

N° 591. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 8, 1714.

——— *Tenerorum lusor amorum.*

Ovid. Trist. 3 El. li. 73.

Love the soft subject of his sportive Muse.

I HAVE just received a letter from a gentleman, who tells me he has observed, with no small concern, that my papers have of late been very barren in relation to love: a subject which, when agreeably handled, can scarcely fail of being well received by both sexes.

If my invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this head, he offers to serve under me in the quality of a love-casuist; for which place he conceives himself to be thoroughly qualified, having made this passion his principal study, and observed it in all its different shapes and appearances, from the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

He assures me with an air of confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real abilities, that he does not doubt of giving judgment to the satisfaction of the parties concerned on the most nice and intricate cases which can happen in an amour; as,

How great the contraction of the fingers must be before it amounts to a squeeze by the hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

What advances a lover may presume to make, after having received a pat upon his shoulder from his mistress's fan.

Whether a lady, at the first interview, may allow a humble servant to kiss her hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the maid, in order to succeed with the mistress.

What constructions a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing.

On what occasion a sheepish look may do service, &c.

As a farther proof of his skill, he also sent me several maxims in love, which he assures me are the result of a long and profound reflection, some of which I think myself obliged to communicate to the public, not remembering to have seen them before in any author.

‘There are more calamities in the world arising from love than from hatred.

‘Love is the daughter of Idleness, but the mother of Disquietude.

‘Men of grave natures, says Sir Francis Bacon, are the most constant; for the same reason men should be more constant than women.

‘The gay part of mankind is most amorous, the serious most loving.

‘A coquette often loses her reputation while she preserves her virtue.

‘A prude often preserves her reputation when she has lost her virtue.

‘Love refines a man’s behaviour, but makes a woman’s ridiculous.

‘Love is generally accompanied with good-will in the young, interest in the middle-aged, and a passion too gross to name in the old.

‘The endeavours to revive a decaying passion generally extinguish the remains of it.

‘A woman who from being a slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a slattern, is most certainly in love.’

I shall make use of this gentleman’s skill as I see occasion; and since I am got upon the subject of love, shall conclude this paper with a copy of verses which were lately sent me by an unknown hand, as

I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of sonneteers.

The author tells me they were written in one of his despairing fits; and I find entertains some hope that his mistress may pity such a passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself Corinna.

Conceal, fond man, conceal the mighty smart,
Nor tell Corinna she has fir'd thy heart.
In vain wouldst thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a pity which she must not lend.
She's too much thy superior to comply,
And too, too fair to let thy passion die.
Languish in secret, and with dumb surprise
Drink the resistless glances of her eyes.
At awful distance entertain thy grief,
Be still in pain, but never ask relief.
Ne'er tempt her scorn of thy consuming state,
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.
Thou must submit to see thy charmer bless
Some happier youth that shall admire her less;
Who in that lovely form, that heavenly mind,
Shall miss ten thousand beauties thou couldst find;
Who with low fancy shall approach her charms,
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his arms.
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler fire,
Whom she and whom the Muses do inspire;
Her image only shall thy breast employ,
And fill thy captive soul with shades of joy;
Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day,
And never, never from thy bosom stray*.

* The author of these verses was Gilbert, the second brother of Eustace Budgell, Esq.

N° 592. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1714.

———*Studium sine divite venâ.*

HOR. *Ars Poet.* ver. 409.

Art without a vein.—ROSCOMMON.

I LOOK upon the playhouse as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder*, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmoneus behind the scenes who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest, that is designed for the *Tempest*. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shredded for that use. Mr. Rymer's Edgar is to fall in snow at the next acting of *King Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it

* Apparently an allusion to Mr. Dennis's new and improved method of making thunder; at whom several oblique strokes in this paper seem to have been aimed.

takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run, must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were 'not to please.'—Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself; if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic, such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks; Horace and Quintilian among the Romans; Boileau and Dacier among the French. But it is our misfortune that some, who set up for professed critics among us, are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety; and withal so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old authors only at second-hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words unity, action, sentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep because they are unintelligible. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism, who appear among us, make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to decry imaginary

blemishes, and to prove, by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics, compared with those of the ancients, are like the works of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance; which was probably the reason, that in the heathen mythology, Momus is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of darkness and sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of Momus, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the genuine descendants of those two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those numerous absurdities in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering that, first, there is sometimes a greater judgment shewn in deviating from the rules of art than in adhering to them; and, 2dly, that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius, who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithstanding choose to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have shewn their judgment in this particular; and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule have been. Those who have surveyed the pieces of architecture and statuary, both

and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art in the works of the greatest masters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the Italians call the *gusto grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius, who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius, who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that Terence speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time :

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quàm istorum obscuram diligentiam.

Whose negligence he would rather imitate than these men's
obscure diligence.

A critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his play as Dr. South tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakspeare is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated! Shakspeare was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art.

Nº 593. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1714.

Quale, per incertam lunam, sub luce malignâ,
Est iter in sylvis—— VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 270.

Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.—DRYDEN.

My dreaming correspondent, Mr. Shadow, has sent me a second letter, with several curious observations on dreams in general, and the method to render sleep improving: an extract of his letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my readers.

‘Since we have so little time to spare, that none of it may be lost, I see no reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary scenes we are presented with in sleep, only because they have less reality in them than our waking meditations. A traveller would bring his judgment in question, who should despise the directions of his map for want of real roads in it, because here stands a dot instead of a town, or a cipher instead of a city; and it must be a long day’s journey to travel through two or three inches. Fancy in dreams gives us much such another landscape of life as that does of countries; and though its appearances may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such traces and footsteps of noble thoughts, as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper path of action. There is so much rapture and ecstasy in our fancied bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied misery, that, though the inactivity of the body has given occasion for calling sleep the image of death, the briskness of the fancy affords us a strong intimation of something within us that can never die.

‘I have wondered that Alexander the Great, who came into the world sufficiently dreamed of by his parents, and had himself a tolerable knack at dreaming, should often say that sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was mortal. I, who have not such fields of action in the day-time to divert my attention from this matter, plainly perceive that in those operations of the mind, while the body is at rest, there is a certain vastness of conception very suitable to the capacity, and demonstrative of the force of that divine part in our composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but, had we a true account of the wonders the hero last mentioned performed in his sleep, his conquering this little globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without vanity, that, when I compare several actions in Quintus Curtius with some others in my own noctuary, I appear the greater hero of the two.’

I shall close this subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we please, but in sleep we have not the command of them. The ideas which strike the fancy arise in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day past, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of some superior being.

It is certain the imagination may be so differently affected in sleep, that our actions of the day might be either rewarded or punished with a little age of happiness or misery. St. Austin was of opinion that, if in Paradise there was the same vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present world, the dreams of its inhabitants would be very happy.

And so far at present our dreams are in our power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts, so that it is not impossible to convey ourselves to a concert of music, the conversation of dis-

tant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged in the mind.

My readers, by applying these hints, will find the necessity of making a good day of it, if they heartily wish themselves a good night.

I have often considered Marcia's prayer, and Lucius's account of Cato, in this light.

Marc. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Bmish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch
He smil'd, and cry'd, Caesar, thou canst not hurt me!

Mr. Shadow acquaints me in a postscript, that he has no manner of title to the vision which succeeded his first letter; but adds, that, as the gentleman who wrote it dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some night or other under the great elm-tree, by which Virgil has given us a fine metaphorical image of sleep, in order to turn over a few of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.

N° 594. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15, 1714.

——— Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante ; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis ;
Fingere qui non visa potest ; commissa tacere
Qui nequit ; hic niger est : hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 81.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man ;
Tells tales, and brings his friends in disesteem ;
That man's a knave ;—be sure beware of him.—CREECH.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence ; though at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, and vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world ; or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But, whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the per-

son at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and at the same time so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice, within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this minal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of Thales, 'Falsehood is just as far distant from truth as the ears are from the eyes*.' By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book†.

The fathers are there ordered never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions : to turn off all such discourse if possible ; but, in case they hear any thing of this nature, so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance ; but it is certainly much more laudable than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent and even good actions proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hi-

* Stobæi Serm. 61.

† Felibien, Description de l'Abbaye de la Trappe, Paris 1671 ; reprinted in 1682. It is a letter of M. Felibien to the Dutchess of Liancourt.

therto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common discretion. I shall only add, that whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.

N° 595. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1714.

—Non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 12.

—Nature, and the common laws of sense,

Forbid to reconcile antipathies;

Or make a snake engender with a dove,

And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.—ROSECOMMON.

If ordinary authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allowed the praise of being intelligible. But they really take pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied ornaments of style, perfectly disguise the little sense they aim at. There is a grievance of this sort in the commonwealth of letters, which I have for some time resolved to redress, and accordingly I have set this day apart for justice. What I mean is the mixture of inconsistent metaphors, which is a fault but too often found in learned writers, but in all the unlearned without exception.

In order to set this matter in a clear light to my reader, I shall in the first place observe that a metaphor is a simile in one word, which serves

the thoughts of the mind under resemblances and images which affect the senses. There is not any thing in the world which may not be compared to several things, if considered in several distinct lights; or, in other words, the same thing may be expressed by different metaphors. But the mischief is, that an unskilful author shall run these metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no simile, no agreeable picture, no apt resemblance, but confusion, obscurity, and noise. Thus I have known a hero compared to a thunderbolt, a lion, and the sea; all and each of them proper metaphors for impetuosity, courage, or force. But by bad management it hath so happened, that the thunderbolt hath overflowed its banks, the lion hath been darted through the skies, and the billows have rolled out of the Libyan desert.

The absurdity in this instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing metaphors are put together, this fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that metaphors are images of things which affect the senses. An image, therefore, taken from what acts upon the sight, cannot, without violence, be applied to the hearing; and so of the rest. It is no less an impropriety to make any being in nature or art to do things in its metaphorical state, which it could not do in its original. I shall illustrate what I have said by an instance which I have read more than once in controversial writers. 'The heavy lashes,' saith a celebrated author, 'that have dropped from your pen, &c.' I suppose this gentleman, having frequently heard of 'gall dropping from a pen, and being lashed in a satire,' he was resolved to have them both at any rate, and so uttered this complete piece of nonsense. It will most effectually discover the absurdity of these monstrous unions, if we will suppose these metaphors or images actually painted. Imagine then a hand holding a pen, and

several lashes of whipcord falling from it, and you have the true representation of this sort of eloquence. I believe, by this very rule, a reader may be able to judge of the union of all metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are homogeneous, and which are heterogeneous; or to speak more plainly, which are consistent and which inconsistent.

There is yet one evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of metaphors into tedious allegories; which, though an error on the better hand, causes confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the lustre of one word leads a writer out of his road, and makes him wander from his subject for a page together. I remember a young fellow of this turn, who, having said by chance that his mistress had a world of charms, thereupon took occasion to consider her as one possessed of frigid and torrid zones, and pursued her from the one pole to the other.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter written in that enormous style, which I hope my reader hath by this time set his heart against. The epistle hath heretofore received great applause; but after what hath been said, let any man commend it if he dare.

‘SIR,

‘After the many heavy lashes that have fallen from your pen, you may justly expect in return all the load that my ink can lay upon your shoulders. You have quartered all the foul language upon me that could be raked out of the air of Billingsgate, without knowing who I am, or whether I deserved to be cupped and scarified at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn your eyes where you please, you shall never smell me out. Do you think that the per which you sow about the parish, will ever be monument to your glory? No, Sir, you may

these battles as long as you will; but when you come to balance the account, you will find that you have been fishing in troubled waters, and that an *ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have built upon a sandy foundation, and brought your hogs to a fair market. I am, Sir, yours, &c.'

Nº 596. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1714.

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis:

OVID. Ep. xv. 79.

Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move.—POPE.

THE case of my correspondent, who sends me the following letter, has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my readers better than by laying it before them.

'SIR,

'Middle Temple, Sept. 18.

'I am fully convinced that there is not upon earth a more impertinent creature than an importunate lover. We are daily complaining of the severity of our fate to people who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a passion, which we would persuade the world is the torment of our lives. Notwithstanding this reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own case. You must know then, Sir, that, even from my childhood, the most prevailing inclination I could perceive in myself was a strong desire to be in favour with the fair sex. I am at present in the one-and-twentieth year of my age; and should have made choice of a she bedfellow many years since, had not my father, who has a pretty good estate of his own getting, and passes in the world for a prudent man, been pleased to lay it

down as a maxim, that nothing spoils a young fellow's fortune so much as marrying early : and that no man ought to think of wedlock until six-and-twenty. Knowing his sentiments upon this head, I thought it in vain to apply myself to women of condition, who expect settlements ; so that all my amours have hitherto been with ladies who had no fortunes : but I know not how to give you so good an idea of me, as by laying before you the history of my life.

‘I can very well remember, that at my school-mistress's, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining myself with the miss who lay-in, and was constantly one of the first to make a party in the play of Husband and Wife. This passion for being well with the females still increased as I advanced in years. At the dancing-school I contracted so many quarrels by struggling with my fellow-scholars for the partner I liked best, that upon a ball-night, before our mothers made their appearance, I was usually up to the nose in blood. My father, like a discreet man, soon removed me from this stage of softness to a school of discipline, where I learnt Latin and Greek. I underwent several severities in this place, until it was thought convenient to send me to the university : though, to confess the truth, I should not have arrived so early at that seat of learning, but from the discovery of an intrigue between me and my master's housekeeper : upon whom I had employed my rhetoric so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my arrival at Oxford, I found logic so dry, that instead of giving attention to the dead, I soon fell to addressing the living. My first amour was with a pretty girl whom I shall call Parthenope : her mother sold ale by the town-wall. Being often caught there by the provost I was forced at last, that my mistress's reputa-

might receive no blemish, to confess my addresses were honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent home; but Parthenope soon after marrying a shoemaker, I was again suffered to return. My next affair was with my tailor's daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular friends of this misfortune, the cruel wag made a mere jest of my calamity, and asked me with a smile, where the needle should turn but to the pole*? After this I was deeply in love with a milliner, and at last with my bed-maker; upon which I was sent away, or, in the university phrase, rusticated for ever.

‘Upon my coming home, I settled to my studies so heartily, and contracted so great a reservedness by being kept from the company I most affected, that my father thought he might venture me at the Temple.

‘Within a week after my arrival, I began to shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty creature, who had every thing but money to recommend her. Having frequent opportunities of uttering all the soft things which a heart formed for love could inspire me with, I soon gained her consent to treat of marriage; but unfortunately for us all, in the absence of my charmer I usually talked the same language to her eldest sister, who is also very pretty. Now I assure you, Mr. Spectator, this did not proceed from any real affection I had conceived for her; but, being a perfect stranger to the conversation of men, and strongly addicted to associate with the women, I knew no other language but that of love. I should however be very much obliged to you if you could free me from the perplexity I am at present in. I have sent word to my old gentleman in the country that I am desperately in love with the younger sister; and her father, who knew no better, poor man, ac-

* The common sign of a barber's shop.

quainted him by the same post, that I had for some time made my addresses to the elder. Upon this old Testy sends me up word, that he has heard so much of my exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the South-sea. Sir, I have occasionally talked so much of dying, that I begin to think there is not so much in it; and if the old squire persists in his design, I do hereby give him notice that I am providing myself with proper instruments for the destruction of despairing lovers; let him therefore look to it, and consider that by his obstinacy he may himself lose the son of his strength, the world a hopeful lawyer, my mistress a passionate lover, and you, Mr. Spectator, Your constant admirer,

JEREMY LOVEMORE.

N° 597. MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1714.

— Mens sine pondere ludit.—PETR.

The mind uncumber'd plays.

SINCE I received my friend Shadow's letter, several of my correspondents have been pleased to send me an account how they have been employed in sleep, and what notable adventures they have been engaged in during that moonshine in the brain. I shall lay before my readers an abridgment of some few of their extravagances, in hopes that they will in time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the purpose.

One, who styles himself Gladio, complains bitterly that his fair one charges him with incivility and does not use him with half the kindness the sincerity of his passion may demand;

Gladio having by valour and stratagem put to death tyrants, enchanters, monsters, knights, &c. without number, and exposed himself to all manner of dangers for her sake and safety. He desires in his postscript to know whether, from a constant success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her esteem at last.

Another, who is very prolix in his narrative, writes me word, that having sent a venture beyond sea, he took occasion one night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest man in all the Indies. Having been there about a year or two, a gust of wind, that forced open his casement, blew him over to his native country again, where awaking at six o'clock, and the change of the air, not agreeing with him, he turned to his left side in order to a second voyage; but ere he could get on shipboard was unfortunately apprehended for stealing a horse, tried and condemned for the fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if somebody stepping hastily into his chamber had not brought him a reprieve. This fellow too wants Mr. Shadow's advice; who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as nature is.

The next is a public-spirited gentleman, who tells me, that on the second of September at night the whole city was on fire, and would certainly have been reduced to ashes again by this time, if he had not flown over it with the New River on his back, and happily extinguished the flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a right to petition the lord-mayor and aldermen for a reward.

A letter, dated September the ninth, acquaints me, that the writer, being resolved to try his fortune, had fasted all that day; and, that he might

be sure of dreaming upon something at night, procured a handsome slice of bride-cake, which he placed very conveniently under his pillow. In the morning his memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd fancy that he had eaten his cake: which being found upon search reduced to a few crumbs, he is resolved to remember more of his dreams another time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of truth in them.

I have received numerous complaints from several delicious dreamers, desiring me to invent some method of silencing those noisy slaves whose occupations lead them to take their early rounds about the city in a morning, doing a deal of mischief, and working strange confusion in the affairs of its inhabitants. Several monarchs have done me the honour to acquaint me how often they have been shook from their respective thrones by the rattling of a coach or the rumbling of a wheelbarrow. And many private gentlemen, I find, have been bawled out of vast estates by fellows not worth three-pence. A fair lady was just on the point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious nobleman, when an impertinent tinker passing by forbid the bans; and a hopeful youth, who had been newly advanced to great honour and preferment, was forced by a neighbouring cobbler to resign all for an old song. It has been represented to me that those mconsiderable rascals do nothing but go about dissolving marriages, and spoiling of fortunes, impoverishing rich, and ruining great people, interrupting beauties in the midst of their conquests, and generals in the course of their victories. boisterous peripatetic hardly goes through a street without waking half a dozen kings and princes, open their shops or clean shoes, frequently try

forming sceptres into paring-shovels, and proclamations into bills. I have by me a letter from a young statesman, who in five or six hours came to be emperor of Europe, after which he made war upon the Great Turk, routed him horse and foot, and was crowned lord of the universe in Constantinople: the conclusion of all his successes is that on the 12th instant, about seven in the morning, his imperial majesty was deposed by a chimney-sweeper.

On the other hand, I have epistolary testimonies of gratitude from many miserable people, who owe to this clamorous tribe frequent deliverances from great misfortunes. A small coal-man*, by waking one of these distressed gentlemen, saved him from ten years' imprisonment. An honest watchman, bidding aloud good-morrow to another, freed him from the malice of many potent enemies, and brought all their designs against him to nothing. A certain valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore throat by the hoarseness of a carman, and relieved from a fit of the gout by the sound of old shoes. A noisy puppy, that plagued a sober gentleman all night long with his impertinence, was silenced by a cinder-wench with a word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this order of mortals, I would propose it to my readers to make the best advantage of their morning salutations. A famous Macedonian prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good fortune, had a youth to wait on him every morning, and bid him remember that he was a man. A citizen, who is waked by one of these criers, may regard him as a kind of remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the circumstances he has overlooked all the night time, to leave off fancying himself what he

* Sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. v. p. 70. The name of this famous musical man was Thomas Britten.

is not, and prepare to act suitably to the condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no notice of any imaginary adventures that do not happen while the sun is on this side the horizon. For which reason I stifle Fritilla's dream at church last Sunday, who, while the rest of the audience were enjoying the benefit of an excellent discourse, was losing her money and jewels to a gentleman at play, until after a strange run of ill-luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty children for her last stake. When she had thrown them away, her companion went off, discovering himself by his usual tokens, a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone, which last proved only a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose, to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning time.

If a man has no mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of observation which my oneirocritical correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the imagination through all its extravagances, whether in sleeping or waking, is no improper method of correcting and bringing it to act in subordination to reason, so as to be delighted only with such objects as will affect it with pleasure when it is never so cold and sedate.

N° 598. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1714.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
 Ridebat, quoties à limine moverat unum
 Protuleratque pedem: fiebat contrarius alter?

JUV. Sat. x. 28.

Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,
 Who the same end pursu'd by several ways?
 One pity'd, one condemn'd, the woful times;
 One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.—DRYDEN.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who both of them make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to society when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty whilst it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good-humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding that each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

What is more usual than to hear men of serious tempers, and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the species, whilst they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

It must indeed be confessed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the resistance of virtue; for which reason a renowned statesman in Queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion, when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, 'Be serious.'

An eminent Italian author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houses and bridewells in Europe.

We have a very particular description of this cave in Pausanias, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances, which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch, that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when an

one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not choose to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world, nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.



N^o 599. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1714.



———— Ubique

Luctus, ubique pavor.—VING. Æn. ii. 369.

All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears.—DRYDEN.

It has been my custom, as I grow old, to allow myself in some little indulgences, which I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three last years past. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and rise twice a day fresh to my speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my dreams have proved instructive to my country-

men, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yesterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of Trophonius. I was no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, but I dreamed that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a merry-andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring justice of the peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave, like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and watching for his return, asked him, with a smile, how he liked the place? He replied, 'Pr'ythee, friend, be not impertinent;' and stalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest-coloured ribands I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal; and throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me with a sigh, that she resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had many coquettes recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and

the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came towards me a great company of males and females, laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader what brought them thither? they told me all at once that they were French Protestants lately arrived in Great Britain; and that, finding themselves of too gay a humour for my country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them that, to oblige them, I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them, who, after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterward put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the kelder, as he called it; but I could not observe that it had made any manner of alteration in him.

A comedian, who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me that he had a mighty mind to act *Alexander the Great* and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing features out of his face. He tried the experiment, but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no part hereafter but a *Timon of Athens*, or a Mute in *The Funeral*.

I then clapped up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was succeeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but, to her great sorrow and surprise, he came out a Quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of Freethinkers and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave, I thrust them

all in, one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frightened out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but, knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody of their friends until that happy change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young woman, who at the first sight of my short face fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old lady, and, taking her daughter by the hand, 'Madam,' said I, 'be pleased to retire into my closet, while your mother tells me your case.' I then put her into the mouth of the cave; when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me that she often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a-staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance and a low courtesy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved

to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being something low, I gave such a nod in my chair that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my Spectators.

N^o 600. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 29, 1714.

— Solemque suum, sua sidera nôrunt.

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 641.

Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Africa*. Upon

* The person alluded to here was probably Dean Lancelot Addison, ‘*diutinis per Europam Africamque peregrinationibus, rerum peritiâ spectabilis.*’ This amiable clergyman, the father of the author of this paper, published *An Account of West Barbary, &c.*

his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven or of a future state of happiness is this, that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert rises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition; and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points; it has, I say, its foundation in truth; it supposes the souls of good men after this life a state of perfect happiness; that in this state will be no barren hopes nor fruitless w

that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding, and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear; love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life, it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very

great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature; and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man; and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so: but, as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For, notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers*, we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties; or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of act-

• Locke.

ing; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that, whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and, in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man, who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of? and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in

this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority ; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us that the cherubim are a set of angels who know most, and the seraphim a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine ; but it is highly probable that, among the spirits of good men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another ; and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But, leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I shall conclude with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man ; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Him who has encompassed us with

profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties, which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

N° 601. FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1714.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκώς.—ANTONIN. lib. ix.

Man is naturally a beneficent creature.

THE following essay comes from a hand which has entertained my readers once before.

‘Notwithstanding a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristic of mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing good, and receive more of their happiness at second-hand, or

by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate sensation. Now, though these heroic souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the grovelling multitude as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same; moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the same essential qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands stiffened in ice as when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. It is a property of the heart of man to be diffusive: its kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapped up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for their species, let us suppose that their good-nature is frozen, and, by the prevailing force of some contrary quality, restrained in its operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this generous propension of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native freedom of exercise.

‘The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The heathens, ignorant of the true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a world of beings, must take it as he found it. This notion, as most others of theirs, is a composition of truth and error. That matter is eternal, that, from the first union of a soul to it, it perverted its inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be cor-

rected by God himself, are all very great errors, occasioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and dispositions of the soul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are some fools, others are knaves by constitution; and particularly it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal cast of mind; the matter that composes them is tenacious as birdlime; and a kind of cramp draws their hands and their hearts together, that they never care to open them, unless to grasp at more. It is a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good offices as it is to these men to perform them: that whereas persons naturally beneficent often mistake instinct for virtue, by reason of the difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, men of the opposite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that ease and frankness which are necessary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the opposition they surmount in doing it. The strength of their virtue is seen in rising against the weight of nature; and every time they have the resolution to discharge their duty, they make a sacrifice of inclination to conscience, which is always too grateful to let its followers go without suitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more possible than of some distempers that descend by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a course of beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral habit, which shall be somewhat of a counterpoise to the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered that we do not intermit, upon any pretence

whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be the least cessation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the ground it was so long in quitting : for there is this difference between mental habits and such as have their foundation in the body : that these last are in their nature more forcible and violent ; and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed ; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits in general require longer time for their settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displaced : the reason is, that vicious habits, as drunkenness for instance, produce a change in the body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere dint of industry, resolution, and vigilance.

‘ Another thing which suspends the operations of benevolence, is the love of the world ; proceeding from a false notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an essential ingredient in the happiness of life. Worldly things are of such a quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more partners there are, the less must fall to every man’s private share. The consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an interest that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are those eager competitions for wealth or power ; hence one man’s success becomes another’s disappointment ; and, like pretenders to the same mistress, they can seldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out ; but it is natural for a man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own interest first. If that which men esteem their happiness were, like the light, the same sufficient and

unconfined good, whether ten thousand enjoy the benefit of it or but one, we should see men's goodwill and kind endeavours would be as universal.

Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains.

‘ But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn, therefore, like a wise man, the true estimate of things. Desire not more of the world than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burdensome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your enemies; and which, when attained, will give you more trouble to keep than satisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind: it grows by communication; and so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular stock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together cast a more extensive brightness, but each single light burns with a stronger flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an instrument of pleasure, the greatest pleasure it can put into your power is that of doing good. It is worth considering that the organs of sense act within a narrow compass, and the appetites will soon say they have enough. Which of the two therefore is the happier man—he who, confining all his regard to the gratification of his own appetites, is capable but of short fits of pleasure—or the man who, reckoning himself a

sharer in the satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his means, enlarges the sphere of his happiness?

‘The last enemy to benevolence I shall mention is uneasiness of any kind. A guilty or a discontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill-fortune, disconcerted by its own passions, soured by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them. The most miserable of all beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the seat of perfect love and friendship, you will not find it until you come to the region of the blessed, where happiness, like a refreshing stream, flows from heart to heart in an endless circulation, and is preserved sweet and untainted by the motion. It is old advice, if you have a favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of address, when the soul, in a flash of good-humour, takes a pleasure to shew itself pleased. Persons conscious of their own integrity, satisfied with themselves and their condition, and full of confidence in a Supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, survey all about them with a flow of goodwill: as trees, which like their soil, they shoot out in expressions of kindness, and bend beneath their own precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. Now if the mind be not thus easy, it is an infallible sign that it is not in its natural state: place the mind in its right posture, it will immediately discover its innate propension to beneficence.’

he was acquainted with every body, and knew nobody. At the same time, I am mistaken if he did not that day make more advances in the affections of his mistress, who sat near him, than he could have done in half a year's courtship.

'Ovid has finely touched this method of making love, which I shall here give my reader in Mr. Dryden's translation :

' Page the eleventh.

Thus love in theatres did first improve,
And theatres are still the scenes of love :
Nor shun the chariots, and the courser's race ;
The Circus is no inconvenient place,
Nor need is there of talking on the hand,
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand ;
But boldly next the fair your seat provide,
Close as you can to hers, and side by side :
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter, crowding sit ;
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse,
Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse ;
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind :
Like what she likes, from thence your court begin,
And whom she favours wish that he may win.

' Again, page the sixteenth.

O when will come the day by heaven design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side ;
Slaves that no longer can be safe in flight ?
O glorious object ! O surprising sight !
O day of public joy, too good to end in night !
On such a day, if thou and next to thee
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see ;
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs ;
Answer to all thou know'st ; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly :
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds : and there
Flows the swift Tigris, with his sea-green hair.

Invent new names of things unknown before ;
 Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore ;
 Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth ;
 Talk probably : no matter for the truth.

N^o 603. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1714.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
 VIRG. Ecl. viii. 68.

—Restore, my charms,
 My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.—DRYDEN.

THE following copy of verses comes from one of my correspondents, and has something in it so original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my readers*.

I.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
 When Phœbe went with me wherever I went ;
 Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast ;
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest ;
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind ;
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought 'twas the spring ; but, alas ! it was she.

II.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep,
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
 I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
 My heart was as light as a feather all day.

* The Phœbe of this admired pastoral was Joanna, the daughter of the very learned Dr. Richard Bentley, archdeacon and prebendary of Ely, regius professor and master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died in 1742. She was afterward married to Dr. Dennison Cumberland, Bishop of Clonfert in Killaloe in Ireland, and grandson of Dr. Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough.

But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known.
 My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
 And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

III.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
 But now she is absent I walk by its side,
 And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide.
 Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain?
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain,

IV.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
 When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their prime!
 But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
 I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass:
 Be still, then I cry; for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry while I am so sad.

V.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
 Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me;
 And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
 Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his head.
 But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
 Cry, Sirrah! and give him a blow with my crook.
 And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
 Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

VI.

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen!
 How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
 What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
 The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made!
 But now she has left me, though all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear:
 'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
 Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

VII.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',
 The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;

Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet,
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you dress'd
And made yourselves fine for; a place on her breast;
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

IX.

How slowly Time creeps, till my Phæbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn!
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the
lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair!
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

N° 604. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1714.

Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentâris numeros—— HOR. 1 Od. xi. 1.

Ah, do not strive too much to know,
My dear Leuconoe,
What the kind gods design to do.
With me and thee.—CREECH.

THE desire of knowing future events is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed, an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence; but, not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into futurity. Magic, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition, owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we consider that we are free-agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such inquiries. One of our actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts, as the contrary blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we

ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that superstitious inquiries into future events prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly we find, that magical incantations remain in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their second sight; and several of our own countrymen see abundance of fairies. In Asia this credulity is strong: and the greatest part of refined learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult numbers, and the like.

When I was at Grand Cairo I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured mussulman, who promised me many good offices which he designed to do me when he became the prime minister, which was a fortune bestowed on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious sciences. At his repeated solicitations I went to learn my destiny of this wonderful sage. For a small sum I had his promise, but was required to wait in a dark apartment until he had run through the preparatory ceremonies. Having a strong propensity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the sofa where I was placed, and had the following vision, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myself in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in several habits and with different tongues, was assembled. The multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in myself a strong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid figures. Several in rich castans and glittering turbans bustled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies

those they threw down ; until, to my great surprise, I found that the great pace they went only hastened them to a scaffold or a bowstring. Many beautiful damsels on the other side moved forward with great gaiety ; some danced until they fell all along ; and others painted their faces until they lost their noses. A tribe of creatures with busy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels, and when there was no room left for more, these wretches, looking round with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and discontent.

This prospect of human misery struck me dumb for some miles. Then it was that, to disburden my mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that has since happened under my office of Spectator. While I was employing myself for the good of mankind, I was surprised to meet with very unsuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor author so beset with pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in ambush. They were of all characters and capacities ; some with ensigns of dignity, and others in liveries* ; but what most surprised me was to see two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no small trouble to me, sometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having lampooned him when I had never seen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwise ; many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out : as there were others who resented the

* The hirelings and black gowns employed by the administration in the last year of the Queen's reign, Dr. Swift, Prior, Atterbury, Dr. Friend, Dr. King, Mr. Oldsworth, Mrs. D. Manley, and the writers of *The Examiner*, &c.

satire which they imagined I had directed against them. My great comfort was in the company of half a dozen friends, who I found since were the club which I have so often mentioned in my papers. I laughed often at Sir Roger in my sleep, and was the more diverted with Will Honeycomb's gallantries (when we afterward became acquainted), because I had foreseen his marriage with a farmer's daughter. The regret which arose in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities still fleeting before my eyes, made me repent my curiosity; when the magician entered the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only delivered the prophecy of that part of my life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second part until a more proper opportunity.

N° 605. MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1714.

*Emerint sylvestrem animum; cultusque frequenti,
In quasunque voces artes, hand tarda sequentur.*

VIRG. Georg. ii. 51.

———— They change their savage mind,
Their wildness lose, and, quitting nature's part,
Obey the rules and discipline of art.—DAVIDSON.

HAVING perused the following letter, and finding it to run upon the subject of love, I referred it to the learned casuist, whom I have retained in my service for speculations of that kind. He returned it to me the next morning with his report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my reader.

• MR. SPECTATOR,

‘Finding that you have entertained a useful person in your service in quality of love-casulist, I apply myself to you, under a very great difficulty, that hath for some months perplexed me. I have a couple of humble servants, one of which I have no aversion to: the other I think of very kindly. The first hath the reputation of a man of good sense, and is one of those people that your sex are apt to value. My spark is reckoned a coxcomb among the men, but is a favourite of the ladies. If I marry the man of worth as they call him, I shall oblige my parents, and improve my fortune: but with my dear beau I promise myself happiness, although not a jointure. Now I would ask you, whether I should consent to lead my life with a man that I have only no objection to, or with him against whom all objections to me appear frivolous. I am determined to follow the casulist’s advice, and I dare say he will not put me upon so serious a thing as matrimony contrary to my inclination. I am, &c. FANNY FICKLE.

‘P. S. I forgot to tell you that the pretty gentleman is the most complaisant creature in the world, and is always of my mind; but the other, forsooth, fancies he hath as much wit as myself, slights my lapdog, and hath the insolence to contradict me when he thinks I am not in the right. About half an hour ago he maintained to my face that a patch always implies a pimple.’

As I look upon it to be my duty rather to side with the parents than the daughter, I shall propose some considerations to my gentle querist, which may incline her to comply with those under whose direction she is; and at the same time convince her that it is not impossible but she may, in time, have a true

affection for him who is at present indifferent to her; or, to use the old family maxim, that, 'if she marries first, love will come after.'

The only objection that she seems to insinuate against the gentleman proposed to her, is his want of complaisance, which, I perceive, she is very willing to return. Now I can discover from this very circumstance, that she and her lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good friends in their hearts. It is difficult to determine whether love delights more in giving pleasure or pain. Let Miss Fickle ask her own heart, if she doth not take a secret pride in making this man of good sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleased than when her behaviour hath made her lover ready to hang himself; or doth she ever rejoice more than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very brink of a purling stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her lover may have discovered her tricks, and hath a mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young baggage that treated a hopeful Greek of my acquaintance, just come from Oxford, as if he had been a barbarian. The first week after she had fixed him she took a pinch of snuff out of his rival's box, and apparently touched the enemy's little finger. She became a professed enemy to the arts and sciences, and scarce ever wrote a letter to him without wilfully misspelling his name. The young scholar, to be even with her, railed at coquettes as soon as he had got the word; and did not want parts to turn into ridicule her men of wit and pleasure of the town. After having irritated one another for the space of five months, she made an assignation with him fourscore miles from London. But, as he was very well acquainted with her pranks, he took a journey the quite contrary way. Accordingly they met, quarrelled, and in a few days were

married. Their former hostilities are now the subject of their mirth, being content at present with that part of love only which bestows pleasure.

Women who have been married some time, not having it in their heads to draw after them a numerous train of followers, find their satisfaction in the possession of one man's heart. I know very well that ladies in their bloom desire to be excused in this particular. But, when time hath worn out their natural vanity and taught them discretion, their fondness settles on its proper object. And it is probably for this reason that, among husbands, you will find more that are fond of women beyond their prime than of those who are actually in the insolence of beauty. My reader will apply the same observation to the other sex.

I need not insist upon the necessity of their pursuing one common interest, and their united care for their children; but shall only observe, by the way, that married persons are both more warm in their love and more hearty in their hatred than any others whatsoever. Mutual favours and obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other state, naturally beget an intense affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary, persons who have bestowed such favours have a particular bitterness in their resentments, when they think themselves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss Fickle may consider that, as there are often many faults concealed before marriage, so there are sometimes many virtues unobserved.

To this we may add the great efficacy of custom and constant conversation to produce a mutual friendship and benevolence in two persons. It is a nice reflection, which I have heard a friend of mine make, that you may be sure a woman loves a man when she uses his expressions, tells his stories, or

imitates his manner. This gives a secret delight; for imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love. It is certain that married persons, who are possessed with a mutual esteem, not only catch the air and way of talk from one another, but fall into the same traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the remark so far as to assert, that the features of man and wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair correspondent therefore consider, that the gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own face in two or three years; which she must not expect from the beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own judgment, if that person will not be the handsomest that is the most like herself.

We have a remarkable instance to our present purpose in the history of King Edgar, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair correspondent to be applied to herself.

This great monarch, who is so famous in British story, fell in love, as he made his progress through his kingdom, with a certain duke's daughter, who lived near Winchester, and was the most celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities and the violence of his passion were so great, that the mother of the young lady promised him to bring her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart she abhorred so infamous an office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his room a young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and did not want address to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made so good use of her time, that when she was to rise a little before day, the king could by no means think of parting with her; so that finding himself under a necessity of discovering who she

did it in so handsome a manner, that his majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection: insomuch, that our chronicles tell us he carried her along with him, made her his first minister of state, and continued true to her alone, until his marriage with the beautiful Elfrida.

N° 606. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1714.

——longum cantu solata laborem

Arguto conjux percurrit pectine telas.—VIRG. Georg. i. 293.

——mean time at home

The good wife singing plies the various loom.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE a couple of nieces under my direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I do not know where to have them. Their dress, their tea, and their visits, take up all their time, and they go to bed as tired with doing nothing as I am after quilting a whole under-petticoat. The only time they are not idle is while they read your Spectators: which being dedicated to the interests of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long-neglected art of needle-work. Those hours which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings, for the family. For my part, I have plied my needle these fifty years, and by my good will would never have it out of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea, for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round with the industry of their great-grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the l-

able mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration, and, as you have a great deal of the virtue of the last age in you, continue your endeavours to reform the present. I am, &c.*

In obedience to the commands of my venerable correspondent, I have duly weighed this important subject, and promise myself, from the arguments here laid down, that all the fine ladies of England will be ready, as soon as their mourning is over*, to appear covered with the work of their own hands.

What a delightful entertainment must it be to the fair sex, whom their native modesty, and the tenderness of men towards them, exempt from public business, to pass their hours in imitating fruits and flowers, and transplanting all the beauties of nature into their own dress, or raising a new creation in their closets and apartments! How pleasing is the amusement of walking among the shades and groves planted by themselves, in surveying heroes slain by their needle, or little Cupids which they have brought into the world without pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a lady can shew a fine genius; and I cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme. Your pastoral poetesses may vent their fancy in rural landscapes, and place despairing shepherds under silken willows, or drown them in a stream of mohair. The heroic writers may work up battles as successfully, and inflame them with gold or stain them with crimson. Even those who have only a turn to a song, or an epigram, may put many valuable stitches into a purse, and crowd a thousand graces into a pair of garters.

If I may, without breach of good manners, ima-

* Public mourning on the death of Queen Anne.

gine that any pretty creature is void of genius, and would perform her part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way.

Another argument for busying good women in works of fancy is, because it takes them off from scandal, the usual attendant of tea-tables, and all other unactive scenes of life. While they are forming their birds and beasts, their neighbours will be allowed to be the fathers of their own children; and whig and tory will be but seldom mentioned where the great dispute is, whether blue or red is the more proper colour. How much greater glory would Sophronia do the general, if she would choose rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts!

A third reason that I shall mention, is the profit that is brought to the family where these pretty arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of life not only keeps fair ladies from running out into expenses, but is at the same time an actual improvement. How memorable would that matron be, who shall have it subscribed upon her monument, 'that she wrought out the whole Bible in tapestry, and died in a good old age, after having covered three hundred yards of wall in the mansion house!'

The premises being considered, I humbly submit the following proposals to all mothers in Great Britain:

I. That no young virgin whatsoever be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover, but in a suit of her own embroidering.

II. That before every fresh humble servant, she be obliged to appear with a new stomacher at the least.

III. That no one be actually married until she hath the child-bed pillow
likewise the mantle for †
itched, as
ed.

These laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decayed art of needle-work, and make the virgins of Great Britain exceedingly nimble-fingered in their business.

There is a memorable custom of the Grecian ladies in this particular preserved in Homer, which I hope will have a very good effect with my countrywomen. A widow, in ancient times, could not, without indecency, receive a second husband, until she had woven a shroud for her deceased lord, or the next of kin to him. Accordingly, the chaste Penelope, having, as she thought, lost Ulysses at sea, she employed her time in preparing a winding-sheet for Laertes, the father of her husband. The story of her web being very famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several circumstances, I shall give it to my reader, as Homer makes one of her wooers relate it.

Sweet hope she gave to every youth apart,
With well-taught looks, and a deceitful heart:
A web she wove of many a slender twine,
Of curious texture, and perplex design;
'My youths, she cried, my lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd bed,
Till I have wov'n, as solemn vows require,
This web, a shroud for poor Ulysses' sire.
His limbs, when fate the hero's soul demands,
Shall claim this labour of his daughter's hands,
Lest all the dames of Greece my name despise,
Whilst the great king without a covering lies.'

Thus she. Nor did my friends mistrust the guise.
All day she sped the long laborious toil:
But when the burning lamps supply'd the sun,
Each night unravell'd what the day begun.
Three live-long summers did the fraud prevail;
The fourth her maidens told the amazing tale.
These eyes beheld, as close I took my stand,
The backward labour of her faithless hand.
Till, watch'd at le
Her task she end

every side,
sle.

N° 607. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1714.

Dicite Iô Pœan, et Iô his dicite Pœan :
Decidit in casses præda petita meos.

OVID. Ars Amœr. l. 1.

Now Iô Pœan sing, now wreaths prepare,
And with repeated Iô's fill the air ;
The prey is fallen in my successful toils.—ANON.

• MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ HAVING in your paper of Monday last published my report on the case of Mrs. Fanny Fickle, wherein I have taken notice that love comes after marriage; I hope your readers are satisfied of this truth, that as love generally produces matrimony, so it often happens that matrimony produces love.

‘ It perhaps requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife than what go to the finishing any the most shining character whatsoever.

‘ Discretion seems absolutely necessary; and accordingly we find that the best husbands have been most famous for their wisdom. Homer, who hath drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make it the more complete, hath celebrated him for the just returns of fidelity and truth to his Penelope; insomuch that he refused the caresses of a goddess for her sake; and, to use the expression of the best of Pagan authors, “*Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati,*” his old woman was dearer to him than immortality.

‘ Virtue is the next necessary qualification for this domestic character, as it naturally produces constancy and mutual esteem. Thus Brutus and Porcia were more remarkable for virtue and affection than any others of the age in which they lived.

'Good-nature is a third necessary ingredient in the marriage state, without which it would inevitably sour upon a thousand occasions. When greatness of mind is joined with this amiable quality, it attracts the admiration and esteem of all who behold it. Thus Cæsar, not more remarkable for his fortune and valour than for his humanity, stole into the hearts of the Roman people, when, breaking through the custom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his first and best-beloved wife.

'Good-nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an evenness of temper, which is above all things to be preserved in this friendship contracted for life. A man must be easy within himself before he can be so to his other self. Socrates and Marcus Aurelius are instances of men, who, by the strength of philosophy, having entirely composed their minds, and subdued their passions, are celebrated for good husbands; notwithstanding the first was yoked with Xantippe, and the other with Faustina. If the wedded pair would but habituate themselves for the first year to bear with one another's faults, the difficulty would be pretty well conquered. This mutual sweetness of temper and complacency was finely recommended in the nuptial ceremonies among the heathens, who, when they sacrificed to Juno at that solemnity, always tore out the gall from the entrails of the victim, and cast it behind the altar.

'I shall conclude this letter with a passage out of Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire, not only as it will serve to fill up your present paper, but, if I find myself in the humour, may give rise to another; I having by me an old register belonging to the place here under-mentioned²

'Sir Philip de Somerville
Whichenovre, Scirescot, Ri

's of
and

Cowlee, all in the county of Stafford, of the earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service : The said Sir Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain, one bacon-flitch, hanging in his hall at Whichenovre ready arrayed all times of the year but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past, in form following*.

“ Whensoever that any one such before named will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the bailiff, or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth.

‘ Bailiff, or porter, I doo you to know, that I am come for myself to demand one bacon-flyke hanging in the hall of the lord of Whichenovre, after the form thereunto belonging.’

“ After which relation, the bailiff or porter shall assign a day to him, upon promise by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean time, the said bailiff shall take with him twain of the freeholders, of the lordship of Whichenovre, and they three shall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there shall summon the aforesaid Knightleye, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to say, a horse and a saddle, a sack and a pryke, for to convey the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his costages. And then the said bailiff shall, with the said freeholders, summon all the tenants of the said manor, to be ready at the day appointed at Whichenovre, for to do and perform the services which they owe to the bacon. And at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the bacon shall

* There was an institution of the same kind at Dunmow in Essex.

be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the sun-rising to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon.— And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his fellows, chapelets, and to all those which shall be there, to do their services due to the bacon. And they shall lead the said demandant with trumps and tabors, and other manner of minstrelsy, to the hall door, where he shall find the lord of Whichenovre, or his steward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

“He shall inquire of him which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him: which must answer, ‘they be here ready.’ And then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swear, if the said demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded; and if since his marriage one year and a day be past; and if he be a freeman or a villein*. And if his said neighbours make oath that he hath for him all these three points rehearsed, then shall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall door, and shall there be laid upon one half-quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner.

‘Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervile, lord of Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this baconne: that I A. sithe I wedded B. my wife, and sithe I had byr in my kepying, and at my wylle by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other; farer ne fowler; richer ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater lynage;

* i. e. According to the acceptation of the word, at the date of this institution, ‘a freeman, or a servant.’

sleeping ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the seyd B. were sole, and I sole, I would take her to be my wyfe before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condiciones soever they be, good or evylle; as help me God and his seyntes, and this flesh and all fleshes.'

"And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his neighbours before named, that he be a free-man, there shall be delivered to him half a quarter of wheat and a cheese; and if he be a villein, he shall have a quarter of rye without cheese. And then shall Knightleye, the lord of Rudlow, be called for to carry all these things tofore rehearsed; and the said corn shall be laid on one horse, and the bacon above it: and he to whom the bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the cheese before him if he have a horse. And if he have none, the lord of Whichenovre shall cause him to have one horse and saddle, to such time as he be passed his lordship; and so shall they depart the manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, taborets, and other manner of minstrelsy. And all the free tenants of Whichenovre shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenovre. And then shall they all return except him to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whichenovre."

N° 608. MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1714.

——— *Perjuria ridet amantum.*—OVID. *Ars Amoy.* l. 633.

——— Forgiving with a smile

The perjuries that easy maids beguile.—DAYDEN.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ACCORDING to my promise I herewith transmit to you a list of several persons, who from time to time demanded the flitch of bacon of Sir Philip de Somerville, and his descendants; as it is preserved in an ancient manuscript, under the title of “The Register of Whichenovre-hall, and of the bacon-flitch there maintained.”

‘In the beginning of this record is recited the law or institution in form, as it is already printed in your last paper: to which are added two bye-laws, as a comment upon the general law, the substance whereof is, that the wife shall take the same oath as the husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the judges shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross-examine the witnesses. After this proceeds the register in manner following:

“Aubry de Falstaff, son of Sir John Falstaff, kt. with dame Maude his wife, were the first that demanded the bacon, he having bribed twain of his father’s companions to swear falsely in his behoof, whereby he gained the flitch: but he and his said wife falling immediately into a dispute how the said bacon should be dressed, it was, by order of the judges, taken from him and hung up again in the hall.

“Alison, the wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her said husband along with her, and set forth the good conditions and behaviour of her ~~consort~~ ^{husband} ~~withal~~, that she doubted not but he

to attest the like of her, his wife; whereupon he, the said Stephen, shaking his head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a box on the ear.

“ Philip de Waverland, having laid his hand upon the book, when the clause, ‘ were I sole and she sole,’ was rehearsed, found a secret compunction rising in his mind, and stole it off again.

“ Richard de Loveless, who was a courtier, and a very well-bred man, being observed to hesitate at the words ‘ after our marriage,’ was thereupon required to explain himself. He replied, by talking very largely of his exact complaisance while he was a lover; and alleged that he had not in the least dis-obliged his wife for a year and a day before marriage, which he hoped was the same thing.

“ Rejected.

“ Joceline Jolly, Esq. making it appear, by unquestionable testimony, that he and his wife had preserved full and entire affection for the space of the first month, commonly called the honey-moon, he had, in consideration thereof, one rasher bestowed upon him.”

‘ After this, says the record, many years passed over before any demandant appeared at Whichenovre-hall; insomuch that one would have thought that the whole country were turned Jews, so little was their affection to the flitch of bacon.

‘ The next couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the witnesses had not deposed, that dining on a Sunday with the demandant, whose wife had sat below the ‘ squire’s lady at church, she the said wife dropped some expressions, as if she thought her husband deserved to be knighted; to which he returned a passionate pish! The judges, taking the premises into consideration, declared the aforesaid behaviour to imply an unwarrantable ambition in the wife, and anger in the husband.

‘It is recorded as a sufficient disqualification of a certain wife that, speaking of her husband, she said, “God forgive him.”

‘It is likewise remarkable, that a couple were rejected upon the deposition of one of their neighbours, that the lady had once told her husband, that “it was her duty to obey:” to which he replied, “O my dear; you are never in the wrong!”

‘The violent passion of one lady for her lapdog; the turning away of the old housemaid by another; a tavern bill torn by the wife, and a tailor’s by the husband; a quarrel about the kissing crust; spoiling of dinners, and coming in late of nights, are so many several articles which occasioned the reprobation of some scores of demandants, whose names are recorded in the aforesaid register.

‘Without enumerating other particular persons, I shall content myself with observing that the sentence pronounced against one Gervase Poacher is, that “he might have had bacon to his eggs, if he had not heretofore scolded his wife when they were over-boiled.” And the deposition against Dorothy Dolittle runs in these words, “that she had so far usurped the dominion of the coal fire (the stirring whereof her husband claimed to himself) that by her good-will she never would suffer the poker out of her hand.”

‘I find but two couples in this first century that were successful: the first was a sea-captain and his wife, who since the day of their marriage had not seen one another until the day of the claim. The second was an honest pair in the neighbourhood; the husband was a man of plain good sense, and a peaceable temper; the woman was dumb.’

N° 609. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1714.

—— Farrago libelli.—Juv. Sat. i. 86.

The miscellaneous subjects of my book.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I HAVE for some time desired to appear in your paper, and have therefore chosen a day * to steal into the Spectator, when I take it for granted you will not have many spare minutes for speculations of your own. As I was the other day walking with an honest country gentleman, he very often was expressing his astonishment to see the town so mightily crowded with doctors of divinity; upon which I told him he was very much mistaken if he took all those gentlemen he saw in scarfs to be persons of that dignity; for that a young divine, after his first degree in the university, usually comes hither only to shew himself; and on that occasion, is apt to think he is but half equipped with a gown and cassock for his public appearance, if he hath not the additional ornament of a scarf of the first magnitude to entitle him to the appellation of Doctor from his landlady and the boy at Child’s. Now since I know that this piece of garniture is looked upon as a mark of vanity or affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce adventurers of the town, I should be glad if you would give it a place among those extravagances you have justly exposed in several of your papers, being very well assured that the main body of the clergy, both in the country and the universities, who are almost to a man untainted with

* The 20th of October, 1714, was the day of the coronation of King George I.

it, would be very well pleased to see this venerable foppery well exposed. When my patron did me the honour to take me into his family (for I must own myself of this order), he was pleased to say he took me as a friend and companion : and whether he looked upon the scarf like the lace and shoulder-knot of a footman, as a badge of servitude and dependance, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own discretion ; and, not having any just title to it from my degrees, I am content to be without the ornament. The privileges of our nobility to keep a certain number of chaplains are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend gentlemen have any relation to the noble families their scarfs belong to : the right generally of creating all chaplains, except the domestic (where there is one), being nothing more than the perquisite of a steward's place, who, if he happens to outlive any considerable number of his noble masters, shall probably at one and the same time have fifty chaplains, all in their proper accoutrements, of his own creation ; though perhaps there hath been neither grace nor prayer said in the family since the introduction of the first coronet. I am, &c.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I wish you would write a philosophical paper about natural antipathies, with a word or two concerning the strength of imagination. I can give you a list, upon the first notice, of a rational china cup, of an egg that walks upon two legs, and a quart-pot that sings like a nightingale. There is in my neighbourhood a very pretty prattling shoulder of veal, that squalls out at the sight of a knife. Then, as for natural antipathies, I know a general officer who was never conquered but by a smothered rabbit ; and a wife that domineers over her husband b-

help of a breast of mutton. A story that relates to myself on this subject may be thought not unenterprising, especially when I assure you that it is literally true. I had long made love to a lady, in the possession of whom I am now the happiest of mankind, whose hand I should have gained with much difficulty without the assistance of a cat. You must know then that my most dangerous rival had so strong an aversion to this species, that he infallibly swooned away at the sight of that harmless creature. My friend Mrs. Lucy, her maid, having a greater respect for me and my purse than she had for my rival, always took care to pin the tail of a cat under the gown of her mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an effect, that every time he entered the room, he looked more like one of the figures in Mrs. Salmon's wax-work* than a desirable lover. In short, he grew sick of her company: which the young lady taking notice of (who no more knew why than he did), she sent me a challenge to meet her in Lincoln's-inn chapel, which I joyfully accepted; and have, amongst other pleasures, the satisfaction of being praised by her for my stratagem.

I am, &c.

From the Hoop.

TOM NIMBLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The virgins of Great Britain are very much obliged to you for putting them upon such tedious drudgeries in needle-work as were fit only for the Hilpas and the Nilpas that lived before the Flood. Here is a stir indeed with your histories in embroidery, your groves with shades of silk and streams of mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope

* Opposite the same place, near Temple-Bar, there was, till very lately, an exhibition of wax-work by a person of the same name.

to kill a hundred lovers before the best housewife in England can stitch out a battle; and do not fear but to provide boys and girls much faster than your disciples can embroider them. I love birds and beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of gilt leather for furniture? There is your pretty hangings for a chamber*! and, what is more, our own country is the only place in Europe where work of that kind is tolerably done. Without minding your musty lessons, I am this minute going to Paul's church-yard to bespeak a screen and a set of hangings; and am resolved to encourage the manufacture of my country.

Yours, CLEORA.'

N° 610. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1714.

*Sic cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex :
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.—SARCA.*

Thus, when my fleeting days, at last,
Unheeded, silently, are past,
Calmly I shall resign my breath,
In life unknown, forgot in death :
While he, o'ertaken unprepar'd,
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,
Who dies, to others too much known,
A stranger to himself alone.

I HAVE often wondered that the Jews should contrive such a worthless greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external

* There was about this time a celebrated manufactory of hangings at Chelsea.

pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imagination as making havoc amongst his creatures, and actuated with the poor ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander. How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur wherein the Jews made the glory of their Messiah to consist!

‘Nothing,’ says Longinus, ‘can be great, the contempt of which is great.’ The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to condemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are spirits, or angels, who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation, how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another! Were they to give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up!

We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories; they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at

the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation on God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this: that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure that every person will make at that time when 'Wisdom shall be justified of her children,' and nothing pass for great or illustrious which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of Gyges, the rich Lydian monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle, being asked by Gyges, who was the happiest man, replied, Aglaüs. Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this Aglaüs should be. After much inquiry, he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story shall close this day's speculation.

Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then),
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, O thou the whole world's eye,
Seest thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around,
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty gen'ral that has done
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he,
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?
After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been,)
Near Sopho's town, which he but once had seen,
This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs, was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
So, gracious God, if it may lawful be
Among those foolish gods to mention thee,
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my tost vessel gain;
Of heavenly rest this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

N° 611. MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1714.

*Perfide! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque adsistunt ubera tigres.*
VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 366.

Perfidious man! thy parent was a rock,
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least service for the deserving and unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following letter to be inserted in my paper the moment that it came to my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I flatter myself you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a misfortune myself and several others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No: I am sensible how severely, in some of your former papers, you have reproved persons guilty of the like mismanagements. I was scarce sixteen, and I may say, without vanity, handsome, when courted by a false perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of women. After he had deluded me from my parents, who were people of very good fashion, in less than three months he left me. My parents would not see nor hear from me; and, had it not been for a servant who had lived in our family, I must certainly have perished for want of bread. However it pleased Providence, in a very short time to alter my miserable condition. A gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My parents were reconciled; and I might

in the change of my condition, as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much honour and compassion as to let those persons know, in some of your papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my husband's leave and approbation. I am obliged, through the importunities of several of my relations, to go abroad oftener than suits my temper. Then it is I labour under insupportable agonies. That man, or rather monster, haunts every place I go to. Base villain! by reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked visits and appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me destitute of friend or money, nor ever thought me worth inquiring after, until he unfortunately happened to see me in a front box sparkling with jewels. Then his passion returned. Then the hypocrite pretended to be a penitent. Then he practised all those arts that helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor his odious passion; and as he plainly perceives it, either out of spite or diversion he makes it his business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all public company, where he is always most industriously spiteful. He hath, in short, told all his acquaintance of our unhappy affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no secret among his companions, which are numerous. They to whom he tells it, think they have a title to be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of good manners return it, then I am pestered with freedoms that are no ways agreeable to myself or company. If I turn my eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sour upon it, and whisper the next person; he his next; until I have at last the eyes of the whole company upon me. Nay, they

report abominable falsehoods, under that mistaken notion, "She that will grant favours to one man will to a hundred." I beg you will let those who are guilty know how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am sure he will know himself the person aimed at, and perhaps put a stop to the insolence of others. Cursed is the fate of unhappy women ! that men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with shame and horror ! You have the art of making such odious customs appear detestable. For my sake, and, I am sure, for the sake of several others who dare not own it, but, like me, lie under the same misfortunes, make it as infamous for a man to boast of favours, or expose our sex, as it is to take the lie or a box on the ear, and not resent it.

Your constant reader and admirer, LESBIA.

'P. S. I am the more impatient under this misfortune, having received fresh provocation, last Wednesday, in the Abbey.'

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate Lesbia, that an insult upon a woman in her circumstances is as infamous in a man, as a tame behaviour when the lie or buffet is given : which truth I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following observation.

It is a mark of cowardice passively to forbear resenting an affront, the resenting of which would lead a man into danger : it is no less a sign of cowardice to affront a creature that hath not power to avenge itself. Whatever name therefore this ungenerous man may bestow on the helpless lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him, in return for it, the appellation of coward.

A man that can so far descend from his dignity as to strike a lady, can never recover his reputation with either sex, because no provocation is thought strong

enough to justify such treatment from the powerful towards the weak. In the circumstances in which poor Lesbia is situated, she can appeal to no man whatsoever to avenge an insult more grievous than a blow. If she could open her mouth, the base man knows that a husband, a brother, a generous friend, would die to see her righted.

A generous mind, however enraged against an enemy, feels its resentments sink and vanish away when the object of its wrath falls into its power. An estranged friend, filled with jealousy and discontent towards a bosom acquaintance, is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a creature that was once dear to him undergoes any misfortune. What name then shall we give to his ingratitude, who (forgetting the favours he solicited with eagerness, and received with rapture) can insult the miseries that he himself caused, and make sport with the pain to which he owes his greatest pleasure? There is but one being in the creation whose province it is to practise upon the imbecilities of frail creatures, and triumph in the woes which his own artifices brought about; and we well know those who follow his example will receive his reward.

Leaving my fair correspondent to the direction of her own wisdom and modesty; and her enemy, and his mean accomplices, to the compunction of their own hearts; I shall conclude this paper with a memorable instance of revenge, taken by a Spanish lady upon a guilty lover, which may serve to shew what violent effects are wrought by the most tender passion, when soured into hatred; and may deter the young and unwary from unlawful love. The story, however romantic it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a truth.

Not many years ago an English gentleman, who, in a rencounter by night in the streets of Madrid, had

the misfortune to kill his man, fled into a church-porch for sanctuary. Leaning against the door, he was surprised to find it open, and a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a woman in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. The phantom marched up to him, and asked him what he did there. He told her the truth without reserve, believing that he had met with a ghost; upon which she spoke to him in the following manner: ‘Stranger, thou art in my power: I am a murderer as thou art. Know then that I am a nun of a noble family. A base perjured man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; but not content with the murder, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out his false heart from his body; and thus I use a traitor’s heart.’ At these words she tore it in pieces and trampled it under her feet.



N° 612. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1714.



*Murranum hic, atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem scopulo atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo—— VIRG. Æn. xii. 529.*

*Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush’d with the weight of an unwieldy stone.—DRYDEN.*

It is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others

their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendants of great men: and they who are apt to remind us of their ancestors only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well whether we would or no.

The following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ Were the genealogy of every family preserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title, who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together, under the same characters they bore when they acted their respective parts among the living. Suppose, therefore, a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should, in the same manner as Virgil makes Æneas look over his descendants, see the whole line of his progenitors pass in review before his eyes—with how many varying passions would he behold shepherds and soldiers, statesmen and artificers, princes and beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand years! How would his heart sink or flutter at the several sports of fortune, in a scene so diversified with rags and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, ensigns of dignity and emblems of disgrace! And how would his fears and

apprehensions, his transports and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line of his genealogy appeared bright or obscure !

‘ In most of the pedigrees hung up in old mansion-houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable commission. The honest artificer that begot him, and all his frugal ancestors before him, are torn off from the top of the register ; and you are not left to imagine that the noble founder of the family ever had a father. Were we to trace many boasted lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen, or a crowd of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again : not unlike the old Ap-pian way, which, after having run many miles in length, loses itself in a bog.

‘ I lately made a visit to an old country gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of family madness. I found him in his study perusing an old register of his family, which he had just then discovered as it was branched out in the form of a tree, upon a skin of parchment. Having the honour to have some of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast my eye over the boughs of this venerable plant ; and asked my advice in the reforming of some of the superfluous branches.

‘ We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but were soon stopped by an alderman of London, who I perceived made my kinsman’s heart go pit-a-pat. His confusion increased when he found the alderman’s father to be a grazier ; but he recovered his fright upon seeing justice of the quorum at the end of his titles. Things went on pretty well as we threw our eyes occasionally over the tree, when unfortunately he perceived a merchant tailor perched on a bough, who was said great

ceased

the estate : he was just going to cut him off if he had not seen *gent.* after the name of his son ; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his honest father had purchased. A weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of Queen Mary, was pruned away without mercy ; as was likewise a yeoman who died of a fall from his own cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood who was beheaded for high-treason : which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our ancestors who was hanged for stealing sheep. The expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully raised by a match into the family of a knight ; but unfortunately for us this branch proved barren : on the other hand, Margery the milk-maid, being twined round a bough, it flourished out into so many shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To comfort me under this disgrace, he singled out a branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which he told me he valued more than any in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welsh heiress, with so many Aps upon it that it might have made a little grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly composed of labourers and shepherds, arose a huge sprout of farmers : this was branched out into yeomen, and ended in a sheriff of the county, who was knighted for his good service to the crown in bringing up an address. Several of the names that seemed to disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered ; as, on the contrary, no small number appearing without any titles, my cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, added *esq.* at the end of each of them.

‘ This tree, so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within a few days, transplanted into a large

sheet of vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it attracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, while they wait until his worship is ready to go to church; wondering that a man who had so many fathers before him should not be made a knight, or at least a justice of the peace.'

N° 613. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1714.

— Studiis florentem ignobilis otî.

VIRG. Georg. iv. 564.

Affecting studies of less noisy praise.—DRYDEN.

It is reckoned a piece of ill-breeding for one man to engross the whole talk to himself. For this reason, since I keep three visiting-days in the week, I am content now and then to let my friends put in a word. There are several advantages hereby accruing both to my readers and myself. As first, young and modest writers have an opportunity of getting into print; again, the town enjoys the pleasure of variety; and posterity will see the humour of the present age, by the help of these lights into private and domestic life. The benefits I receive from thence are such as these: I gain more time for future speculations; pick up hints which I improve for the public good; give advice; redress grievances; and, by leaving commodious spaces between the several letters that I print, furnish out a Spectator, with little labour and great ostentation.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I was mightily pleased with your speculation of Friday. Your sentiments are noble, and

worked up in such a manner as cannot but strike upon every reader. But give me leave to make this remark; that while you write so pathetically on contentment, and a retired life, you soothe the passion of melancholy, and depress the mind from actions truly glorious. Titles and honours are the reward of virtue; we therefore ought to be affected with them; and though light minds are too much puffed up with exterior pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as truly philosophical to admire the glowing ruby, or the sparkling green of an emerald, as the fainter and less permanent beauties of a rose or a myrtle. If there are men of extraordinary capacities who lie concealed from the world, I should impute it to them as a blot in their character did not I believe it owing to the meanness of their fortune rather than of their spirit. Cowley, who tells the story of Aglaüs with so much pleasure, was no stranger to courts, nor insensible of praise.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?

was the result of a laudable ambition. It was not until after frequent disappointments that he termed himself the melancholy Cowley; and he praised solitude when he despaired of shining in a court. The soul of man is an active principle. He, therefore, who withdraws himself from the scene before he has played his part, ought to be hissed off the stage, and cannot be deemed virtuous, because he refuses to answer his end. I must own I am fired with an honest ambition to imitate every illustrious example. The battles of Blenheim and Ramilies have more than once made me wish myself a soldier. And, when I have seen those actions so nobly celebrated by our poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distinguished class. But in vain I wish, in vain I pant

with the desire of action. I am chained down in obscurity, and the only pleasure I can take is in seeing so many brighter geniuses join their friendly lights to add to the splendour of the throne. Farewell, then, dear Spec, and believe me to be with great emulation, and no envy, Your professed admirer,
WILL HOPELESS.

'SIR,

Middle Temple, Oct. 16, 1714.

'Though you have formerly made eloquence the subject of one or more of your papers, I do not remember that you ever considered it as possessed by a set of people, who are so far from making Quintilian's rules their practice, that, I dare say for them, they never heard of such an author, and yet are no less masters of it than Tully or Demosthenes among the ancients, or whom you please amongst the moderns. The persons I am speaking of are our common beggars about this town; and, that what I say is true, I appeal to any man who has a heart one degree softer than a stone. As for my part, who do not pretend to more humanity than my neighbours, I have oftentimes gone from my chambers with money in my pocket, and returned to them not only penniless, but destitute of a farthing, without bestowing of it any other way than on these seeming objects of pity. In short, I have seen more eloquence in a look from one of these despicable creatures than in the eye of the fairest she I ever saw, yet no one is a greater admirer of that sex than myself. What I have to desire of you is, to lay down some directions in order to guard against these powerful orators, or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must myself be forced to leave the profession of the law, and endeavour to get the qualifications necessary to that more profitable way of living. But, in whichever of these t

I shall always desire to be your constant reader, and ever will be your most humble servant, J. B.'

'SIR,

'Upon reading a Spectator last week, where Mrs. Fanny Fickle submitted the choice of a lover for life to your decisive determination, and imagining I might claim the favour of your advice in an affair of the like, but much more difficult nature, I called for pen and ink, in order to draw the characters of seven humble servants, whom I have equally encouraged for some time. But alas! while I was reflecting on the agreeable subject, and contriving an advantageous description of the dear person I was most inclined to favour, I happened to look into my glass. The sight of the small-pox, out of which I am just recovered, tormented me at once with the loss of my captivating arts and my captives. The confusion I was in, on this unhappy, unseasonable discovery, is inexpressible. Believe me, Sir, I was so taken up with the thoughts of your fair correspondent's case, and so intent on my own design, that I fancied myself as triumphant in my conquests as ever.

'Now, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to amuse myself on that pleasing subject, I resolved to apply myself to you, or your casuistical agent, for advice in my present circumstances. I am sensible the tincture of my skin, and the regularity of my features, which the malice of my late illness has altered, are irrecoverable; yet do not despair but that loss, by your assistance, may in some measure be reparable, if you will please to propose a way for the recovery of one only of my fugitives.

'One of them is in a more particular manner beholden to me than the rest; he, for some private reasons, being desirous to be a lover incognito,

always addressed me with billet-doux, which I was so careful of in my sickness that I secured the key of my love-magazine under my head, and, hearing a noise of opening a lock in my chamber, endangered my life by getting out of bed, to prevent, if it had been attempted, the discovery of that amour.

‘ I have formerly made use of all those artifices which our sex daily practises over yours, to draw, as it were undesignedly, the eyes of a whole congregation to my pew; I have taken a pride in the number of admirers at my afternoon levee; but am now quite another creature. I think, could I regain the attractive influence I once had, if I had a legion of suitors I should never be ambitious of entertaining more than one. I have almost contracted an antipathy to the trifling discourses of impertinent lovers; though I must needs own I have thought it very odd of late to hear gentlemen, instead of their usual complaisances, fall into disputes before me of politics, or else weary me with the tedious repetition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied with my recovery out of so dangerous a distemper; this, though I am very sensible of the blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such advice from them rather seems to insult than comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I was: which melancholy consideration I cannot yet, perfectly surmount, but hope your sentiments on this head will make it supportable.

‘ To shew you what a value I have for your dictates, these are to certify the persons concerned, that unless one of them returns to his colours, if I may so call them now, before the winter is over, I will voluntarily confine myself to a retirement, where I will punish them all with my needle. I will be revenged on them by deciphering ~~them~~ on a carpet, humbly begging admittance

fully refusing it. If you disapprove of this, as savouring too much of malice, be pleased to acquaint me with a draught you like better, and it shall be faithfully performed by the unfortunate

MONIMIA.'

N° 614. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1714.

Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vincolo vellem sociare jugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæsum thalami tædæque fuisset,
Huic uni forsán potui succumbere culpæ.

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 15.

——— Were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage; never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was the first,
To this one error I might yield again.—DRYDEN.

THE following account hath been transmitted to me by the love-casulist.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

' Having in some former papers taken care of the two states of virginity and marriage, and being willing that all people should be served in their turn, I this day drew out my drawer of widows, where I met with several cases, to each whereof I have returned satisfactory answers by the post. The cases are as follow :

' Q. Whether Amoret be bound by a promise of marriage to Philander, made during her husband's life ?

' Q. Whether Sempronia, having faithfully given a promise to two several persons during the last sickness of her husband, is not thereby left at liberty

to choose which of them she pleases, or to reject them both for the sake of a new lover?

‘Cleora asks me, whether she be obliged to continue single according to a vow made to her husband at the time of his presenting her with a diamond necklace; she being informed by a very pretty young fellow, of a good conscience, that such vows are in their nature sinful?

‘Another inquires, whether she hath not the right of widowhood, to dispose of herself to a gentleman of great merit, who presses very hard; her husband being irrecoverably gone in a consumption?

‘An unreasonable creature hath the confidence to ask, whether it be proper for her to marry a man who is younger than her eldest son?

‘A scrupulous well-spoken matron, who gives me a great many good words, only doubts, whether she is not obliged in conscience to shut up her two marriageable daughters, until such time as she hath comfortably disposed of herself?

‘Sophronia, who seems by her phrase and spelling to be a person of condition, sets forth, that whereas she hath a great estate, and is but a woman, she desires to be informed, whether she would not do prudently to marry Camillus, a very idle tall young fellow, who hath no fortune of his own, and consequently hath nothing else to do but to manage hers?’

Before I speak of widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; a widow is always more sought after than an old maid of the same age. It is common enough among ordinary people, for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known; where the large thumb-ring, supposed to be given her by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow, that would have overlooked the venerable spinster.

The truth of it is, if we look into this set of women, we find, according to the different characters or circumstances wherein they are left, that widows may be divided into those who raise love and those who raise compassion.

But, not to ramble from this subject, there are two things in which consists chiefly the glory of the widow—the love of her deceased husband, and the care of her children; to which may be added a third, arising out of the former, such a prudent conduct as may do honour to both.

A widow possessed of all these three qualities makes not only a virtuous but a sublime character.

There is something so great and so generous in this state of life, when it is accompanied with all its virtues, that it is the subject of one of the finest among our modern tragedies in the person of Andromache, and hath met with a universal and deserved applause, when introduced upon our English stage by Mr. Phillips.

The most memorable widow in history is Queen Artemisia, who not only erected the famous mausoleum, but drank up the ashes of her dead lord; thereby enclosing them in a nobler monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the wonders of architecture.

This last lady seems to have had a better title to a second husband than any I have read of, since not one dust of her first was remaining. Our modern heroines might think a husband a very bitter draught, and would have good reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second partner until they had taken such a troublesome method of losing the memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious examples out of ancient story, a remarkable instance of the delicacy of our ancestors in relation to the state of widow-

hood, as I find it recorded in Cowell's Interpreter*. 'At East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her freebench in all his copyhold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit*, that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commit incontinency she forfeits her estate; yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to readmit her to her freebench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am;
And for my *crincum crancum*
Have lost my *bincum bancum*;
And for my tail's game
Have done this worldly shame;
Therefore I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my
land again.

The like custom there is in the manor of Torre in Devonshire, and other parts of the West.

It is not impossible but I may in a little time present you with a register of Berkshire ladies, and other western dames, who rode publicly upon this occasion; and I hope the town will be entertained with a cavalcade of widows.

* No record of this kind is to be found in the edition of Cowell's Interpreter of 1637, 4to.

N° 615. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3, 1714.

——— Qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet :
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.—HOR. 4 Od. ix. 47.

Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n :
Who in a fixt unalterable state
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate :
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loath to purchase life so dear ;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

STEPNEY.

It must be owned that fear is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our preservation; it is no wonder that it sticks close to us as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as life, and all its enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew gray in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous.

O! *nox quàm longa es, quàm facit una senem!*

A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old!

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the Egyptians, tormented with the plague of darkness, in the apocryphal book of Wisdom, ascribed to Solomon.

‘For when un ighteous men thought to oppress the holy nation; they being shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange apparitions.—For wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and, being oppressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.—For the whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour. Over them only was spread a heavy night, an image of that darkness which should afterward receive them; but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the darkness*.’

To fear so justly grounded no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet, either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudices, or neglect of serious reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly passion) would do well to consi-

* *Wisd. xvii. passim.*

there is nothing which deserves his fear, but that beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the approbation of him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to the pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death, when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life?—A man who lives so as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

The intrepidity of a just good man is so nobly set forth by Horace, that it cannot be too often repeated :

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

The vanity of fear may be yet farther illustrated if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little circumstance intervening may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may, by ten

thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In the next place we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Inquire of the poor and needy, if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions; our minds, when for some time accustomed to these pressures, are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance; but at our nearer approach we find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

In the last place we may comfort ourselves with this consideration, that, as the thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, is often pleased, in his tender severity, to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down those precipices which our imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.

N° 616. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1714.

Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

MART. Epig. i 10.

A pretty fellow is but half a man.

CICERO hath observed, that a jest is never uttered with a better grace than when it is accompanied with a serious countenance. When a pleasant thought plays in the features before it discovers itself in words, it raises too great an expectation, and loses the advantage of giving surprise. Wit and humour are no less poorly recommended by a levity of phrase, and that kind of language which may be distinguished by the name of Cant. Ridicule is never more strong than when it is concealed in gravity. True humour lies in the thought, and arises from the representation of images in odd circumstances and uncommon lights. A pleasant thought strikes us by the force of its natural beauty; and the mirth of it is generally rather palled than heightened by that ridiculous phraseology which is so much in fashion among the pretenders to humour and pleasantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks: they make a man a wit by putting him in a fantastic habit.

Our little burlesque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in these pert phrases, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately saw an instance of this kind of writing, which gave me so lively an idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the gentleman who shewed it to me. It is written by a country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation.

‘ Past two o’clock, and a
frosty morning.

‘DEAR JACK,

‘I have just left the right worshipful and his myrmidons about a sneaker of five gallons. The whole magistracy was pretty well disguised before I gave them the slip. Our friend the alderman was half-seas over before the bonfire was out. We had with us the attorney, and two or three other bright fellows. The doctor plays least in sight.

‘At nine o’clock in the evening we set fire to the whore of Babylon. The devil acted his part to a miracle. He has made his fortune by it. We equipped the young dog with a tester apiece. Honest old Brown of England was very drunk, and shewed his loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mob drank the king’s health, on their marrow bones, in mother Day’s double. They whipped us half a dozen hogsheads. Poor Tom Tyler had like to have been demolished with the end of a skyrocket, that fell upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking the king’s health, and spoiled his tip. The mob were very loyal ’till about midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more liquor. They had like to have dumbfounded the justice; and his clerk came in to his assistance, and took them all down in black and white.

‘When I had been huzzaed out of my seven senses, I made a visit to the women, who were guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoress clipped the king’s English. Clack was the word.

‘I forgot to tell thee that every one of the posse had his hat cocked with a distich; the senators sent us down a cargo of riband and metre for the occasion.

‘Sir Richard, to shew his zeal for the Protestant religion, is at the expense of a tar-barrel and a ball. I peeped into the knight’s great hall, and saw a very pretty bevy of spinsters. My dear relict was amongst

them, and ambled in a country dance as notably as the best of them.

‘ May all his majesty’s liege subjects love him as well as his good people of this his ancient borough! Adieu!’

N° 617. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1714.

*Torva Mimalloneis implêrunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassarîs, et lyncem Mœnas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adsonat Echo* —*PEN. Sat. i. 99.*

Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blasts inspir’d; and Bassaris, who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanced on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mœnas, when, with ivy-bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around,
Evion from woods and floods repeating Echo’s sound.—*DRYDEN.*

THERE are two extremities in the style of humour, one of which consists in the use of that little pert phraseology which I took notice of in my last paper; the other in the affectation of strained and pompous expressions, fetched from the learned languages. The first savours too much of the town; the other of the college.

As nothing illustrates better than example, I shall here present my reader with a letter of pedantic humour, which was written by a young gentleman of the university to his friend, on the same occasion, and from the same place, as the lively epistle published in my last Spectator:

‘ DEAR CHUM*,

‘ It is now the third watch of the night, the great-

* A cant word for a chamber-companion and bedfellow at college.

est part of which I have spent round a capacious bowl of china, filled with the choicest products of both the Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular table, diametrically opposite to the mace-bearer. The visage of that venerable herald was, according to custom, most gloriously illuminated on this joyful occasion. The mayor and aldermen, those pillars of our constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the board could have so far articulated, as to have demanded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, the whole assembly had been by this time extended under the table.

'The celebration of this night's solemnity was opened by the obstreperous joy of drummers, who, with their parchment thunder, gave a signal for the appearance of the mob under their several classes and denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious clank of marrowbones and cleavers, whilst a chorus of bells filled up the concert. A pyramid of stack-fagots cheered the hearts of the populace with the promise of a blaze; the guns had no sooner uttered the prologue, but the heavens were brightened with artificial meteors and stars of our own making; and all the High-street lighted up from one end to another with a galaxy of candles. We collected a largess for the multitude, who tippled eleemosynary until they grew exceeding vociferous. There was a pasteboard pontiff, with a little swarthy demon at his elbow, who, by his diabolical whispers and insinuations, tempted his holiness into the fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The mobile were very sarcastic with their clubs, and gave the old gentleman several thumps upon his triple head-piece*. Tom Tyler's phiz is something damaged by the fall of a rocket, which hath almost spoiled the gnomon of his countenance. The mirth

* The pope's tiara, or triple mitre.

of the commons grew so very outrageous, that it found work for our friend of the quorum, who, by the help of his amanuensis, took down all their names and their crimes, with a design to produce his manuscript at the next quarter sessions, &c. &c. &c.'

I shall subjoin to the foregoing piece of a letter the following copy of verses translated from an Italian poet, who was the Cleveland of his age, and had multitudes of admirers. The subject is an accident that happened under the reign of Pope Leo, when a fire-work, that had been prepared upon the castle of St. Angelo, began to play before its time, being kindled by a flash of lightning. The author hath written his poem in the same kind of style as that I have already exemplified in prose. Every line in it is a riddle, and the reader must be forced to consider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the Cynic's tenement is a tub, and Bacchus's cast-coat a hogshead, &c.

* 'Twas night, and heaven, a Cyclops all the day,
An Argus now, did countless eyes display;
In every window Rome her joy declares,
All bright and studded with terrestrial stars.
A blazing chain of lights her roofs entwines,
And round her neck the mingled lustre shines:
The Cynic's rolling tenement conspires
With Bacchus his cast-coat to feed the fires.

The pile, still big with undiscover'd shows,
The Tuscan pile, did last its freight disclose,
Where the proud tops of Rome's new Ætna rise,
Whence giants sally, and invade the skies.

* The following copy of verses is a translation from the Latin in Strada's *Prolusiones Academicæ*, &c. and an imitation originally of the style and manner of Camillo Querno, surnamed the Arch-poet. His character and his writings were equally singular; he was poet and buffoon to Leo X., and the common butt of that facetious pontiff and his courtiers. See Strada's *Prolusiones*, Oxon. 1745, p. 244; and Bayle's Dictionary, art. Leo X.

Whilst now the multitude expect the time,
And their tir'd eyes the lofty mountain climb,
A thousand iron mouths their voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful harmony;
In treble notes the small artillery plays,
The deep-mouth'd cannon bellows in the bass;
The lab'ring pile now heaves, and, having given
Proofs of its travail, sighs in flames to heaven.

The clouds envelop'd heav'n from human sight,
Quench'd ev'ry star, and put out ev'ry light;
Now real thunder grumbles in the skies,
And in disdainful murmurs Rome defies:
Nor doth its answer'd challenge Rome decline;
But, whilst both parties in full concert join,
While heav'n and earth in rival peals resound,
The doubtful cracks the hearer's sense confound;
Whether the claps of thunderbolts they hear,
Or 'else the burst of cannon wounds their ear;
Whether clouds rag'd by struggling metals rent,
Or struggling clouds in Roman metals pent:
But, O my Muse, the whole adventure tell,
As ev'ry accident in order fell.

Tall groves of trees the Hadrian tower surround,
Fictitious trees with paper garlands crown'd.
These know no spring, but when their bodies sprout
In fire, and shoot their gilded blossoms out;
When blazing leaves appear above their head,
And into branching flames their bodies spread.
Whilst real thunder splits the firmament,
And heav'n's whole roof in one vast cleft is rent,
The three-forked tongue amidst the rupture holls,
Then drops, and on the airy turret falls.
The trees now kindle, and the garland burns,
And thousand thunderbolts for one returns:
Brigades of burning arches upward fly,
Bright spears and shining spearmen mount on high,
Flash in the clouds, and glitter in the sky.
A seven-fold shield of spheres doth heav'n defend,
And back again the blunted weapons send;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their souls, their sulph'rous souls, and groan.

With joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous show,
While Heav'n that sat spectator still till now,
Itself turn'd actor, proud to pleasure you;

And so 'tis fit, when Leo's fires appear,
That Heav'n itself should turn an engineer
That Heav'n itself should all its wonders shew,
And orbs above consent with orbs below.

N° 618. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10, 1714.

——— Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis; neque si quis scribat, utinos
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poëtam.

HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 40.

'Tis not enough the measur'd feet to close;
Nor will you give a poet's name to those
Whose humble verse, like mine, approaches prose.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

' You having, in your two last Spectators, given the town a couple of remarkable letters in very different styles, I take this opportunity to offer to you some remarks upon the epistolary way of writing in verse. This is a species of poetry by itself: and has not so much as been hinted at in any of the Arts of Poetry that have ever fallen into my hands; neither has it in any age, or any nation, been so much cultivated as the other several kinds of poesy. A man of genius may, if he pleases, write letters in verse upon all manner of subjects that are capable of being embellished with wit and language, and may render them new and agreeable by giving the proper turn to them. But, in speaking at present of epistolary poetry, I would be understood to mean only such writings in this kind as have been in use amongst the ancients, and have been copied from them by some moderns. These may be reduced into two classes: in the one I shall range love-letters, letters of friendship, and letters upon mournful occasions;

in the other I shall place such epistles in verse as may properly be called familiar, critical, and moral; to which may be added letters of mirth and humour. Ovid for the first, and Horace for the latter, are the best originals we have left.

‘He, that is ambitious of succeeding in the Ovidian way, should first examine his heart well, and feel whether his passions (especially those of the gentler kind) play easy; since it is not his wit, but the delicacy and tenderness of his sentiments, that will affect his readers. His versification likewise should be soft, and all his numbers flowing and querulous.

‘The qualifications requisite for writing epistles, after the model given us by Horace, are of a quite different nature. He that would excel in this kind must have a good fund of strong masculine sense: to this there must be joined a thorough knowledge of mankind, together with an insight into the business and the prevailing humours of the age. Our author must have his mind well-seasoned with the finest precepts of morality, and be filled with nice reflections upon the bright and dark sides of human life; he must be a master of refined raillery, and understand the delicacies as well as the absurdities of conversation. He must have a lively turn of wit, with an easy and concise manner of expression; every thing he says must be in a free and disengaged manner. He must be guilty of nothing that betrays the air of a recluse, but appear a man of the world throughout. His illustrations, his comparisons, and the greatest part of his images, must be drawn from common life. Strokes of satire and criticism, as well as panegyric, judiciously thrown in (and as it were by-the-bye), give a wonderful life and ornament to compositions of this kind. But let our poet, while he writes epistles, though never so familiar, still remember that he writes in verse, and must for that

reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into prose, and a vulgar diction, excepting where the nature and humour of the thing do necessarily require it. In this point Horace hath been thought by some critics to be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent of his versification; of which he seems to have been sensible himself.

‘All I have to add is, that both these manners of writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, as any other species of poetry, if undertaken by persons duly qualified; and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner instructive. I am, &c.’

I shall add an observation or two to the remarks of my ingenious correspondent; and, in the first place, take notice, that subjects of the most sublime nature are often treated in the epistolary way with advantage, as in the famous epistle of Horace to Augustus. The poet surprises us with his pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his subject than to have aimed at it by design. He appears, like the visit of a king incognito, with a mixture of familiarity and grandeur. In works of this kind, when the dignity of the subject hurries the poet into descriptions and sentiments seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of inspiration, it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural style of a letter.

I might here mention an epistolary poem, just published by Mr. Eusden, on the king's accession to the throne; wherein, amongst many other noble and beautiful strokes of poetry, his reader may see this rule very happily observed.

N° 619. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 12, 1714.

— dura

Exerce imperia, et ramos compesce fluentes.

VIRG. Georg. ii. 369.

— Exert a rigorous sway,

And lop the too luxuriant boughs away.

I HAVE often thought that if the several letters which are written to me under the character of Spectator, and which I have not made use of, were published in a volume, they would not be an unentertaining collection. The variety of the subjects, styles, sentiments, and informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle, reader, insensibly along through a great many pages. I know some authors who would pick up a secret history out of such materials, and make a bookseller an alderman by the copy. I shall therefore carefully preserve the original papers in a room set apart for that purpose, to the end that they may be of service to posterity; but shall at present content myself with owning the receipt of several letters, lately come to my hands, the authors whereof are impatient for an answer.

Clarissa, whose letter is dated from Cornhill, desires to be eased in some scruples relating to the skill of astrologers.—Referred to the dumb man for an answer.

J. C. who proposes a love-case, as he calls it, to the love-casulist, is hereby desired to speak of it to the minister of the parish: it being a case of conscience.

The poor young lady, whose letter is dated October 26, who complains of a harsh guardian and an

unkind brother, can only have my good wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The petition of a certain gentleman, whose name I have forgot, famous for renewing the curls of decayed periwigs, is referred to the censor of small wares.

The remonstrance of T. C. against the profanation of the sabbath by barbers, shoe-cleaners, &c., had better be offered to the society of reformers.

A learned and laborious treatise upon the art of fencing, returned to the author.

To the gentleman of Oxford, who desires me to insert a copy of Latin verses, which were denied a place in the university books. Answer: *Nonum-que prematur in annum.*

To my learned correspondent who writes against Masters' gowns, and poke sleeves, with a word in defence of large scarfs. Answer: I resolve not to raise animosities amongst the clergy.

To the lady who writes with rage against one of her own sex, upon the account of party warmth. Answer: Is not the lady she writes against reckoned handsome?

I desire Tom Truelove (who sends me a sonnet upon his mistress, with a desire to print it immediately) to consider that it is long since I was in love.

I shall answer a very profound letter from my old friend the upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the King of Sweden be living or dead, by whispering him in the ear, that I believe he is alive.

Let Mr. Dapperwit consider, What is that long story of the cuckoldom to me?

At the earnest desire of Monimia's lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my paper by the name of the faithful Castalio.

The petition of Charles Cocksure, which the petitioner styles 'very reasonable,' rejected.

The memorial of Philander, which he desires may be dispatched out of hand, postponed.

I desire S. R. not to repeat the expression ‘under the sun,’ so often in his next letter.

The letter of P. S., who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the flames; not to be printed entire.



N° 620. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1714.

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpiùs audis,
VIRG. Æn. vi. 791.

Behold the promis'd chief!

HAVING lately presented my reader with a copy of verses full of the false sublime, I shall here communicate to him an excellent specimen of the true: though it hath not been yet published, the judicious reader will readily discern it to be the work of a master; and if he hath read that noble poem on the prospect of peace, he will not be at a loss to guess at the author.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

When Brunswick first appeared, each honest heart,
Intent on verse, disdained the rules of art;
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods;
In golden chains the kings of India led,
Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.
One, in old fables, and the pagan strain,
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
And fills the infernal region with alarms;
A third awakes some druid, to foretel
Each future triumph from his dreary cell.
Exploded fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.

My Muse th' expected hero shall pursue
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view ;
His shining march describe in faithful lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise :
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth supplies,
And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

By longing nations for the throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the rights of human kind ;
With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
While pray'rs and tears his destin'd progress stay,
And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.
Not so he marched when hostile squadrons stood
In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood ;
When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
And cross the level fields his march pursues.
Here pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.
O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies
Transplanted woods and borrow'd verdure rise ;
Where ev'ry meadow, won with toil and blood
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
With fruits and flowers the careful hind supplies,
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty !

Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.
Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits till eastern gales
Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring kings ;
Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
Takes in the blended interest of mankind,
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast ;
Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest ;
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By rocks and streams, the mounds which Heav'n design'd ;
The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy hills, Pyrene, rise in vain.

But see, to Britain's isle the squadrons stand,
And leave the sinking towers and less'ning land.
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.
O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
A wat'ry prospect bounded by the skies :
Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores ;
Behold the tributes hast'ning to thy throne,
And see the wide horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine ; tho' now the cheerful crew
Hail Albion's cliffs just whitening to the view.
Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
The monarch hears the thund'ring peals around,
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound ;
Nor misses yet, amid the deaf'ning train,
The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.

As in the flood he sails, from either side
He views his kingdom in its rural pride ;
A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields,
O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields :
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in woods, with new delight,
(Shade above shade) now rises to the sight :
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
And guard the island which they grac'd before.

The sun now rolling down the western way,
A blaze of fires, renews the fading day ;
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge unfold,
Bright'ning the twilight with its beamy gold ;
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly ;
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome, great stranger ! to our longing eyes,
Oh ! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the East breath'd out a prosp'rous breeze,
Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes ;
That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
The same their aspect, and their voice the same.

So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,
Shew each the other with reflected grace,
And the same beauties bloom in either face ;
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire ;
Delusion grateful to the smiling sire.

From that * fair hill, where hoary sages boast
To name the stars, and count the heavenly host,
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud town ! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
And a vast navy hides his ample bed——
A floating forest ! From the distant strand
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land :
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
Before their king, triumphant, lead the way.
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
A bright procession, shines along the plain.

So haply thro' the heav'n's wide pathless ways
A comet draws a long-extended blaze ;
From east to west burns through th' ethereal frame,
And half heav'n's convex glitters with the flame.

Now to the regal towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought,
Resumes the delegated power he gave,
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng
Select, to heighten and adorn her song ?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious mind,
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd.
Her coin (while Nassau fought) debas'd and rude,
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
An arduous work ! again thy charge we see,
And thy own care once more returns to thee.
O ! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease :
Tho' called to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn :
For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
And envy less thy garter than thy bays.

The Muse, if fir'd with thy enliv'ning beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes ;

* Flamstead-house. *

Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
 And sing the op'ning wonders of his reign ;
 Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
 Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.
 A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
 A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes ;
 Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,
 And through his line from age to age convey'd.

N^o 621. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17, 1714.

———— Postquam se lumine puro
 Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur, et astra
 Fixa polis, vidit quantâ sub nocte jaceret
 Nôstra dies, risitque sui ludibria— LUCAN. ix. 11.

Now to the blest abode, with wonder fill'd,
 The sun and moving planets he beheld ;
 Then, looking down on the sun's feeble ray,
 Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect day,
 And under what a cloud of night we lay.—Rowe.

THE following letter having in it some observations out of the common road, I shall make it the entertainment of this day.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘The common topics against the pride of man, which are laboured by florid and declamatory writers, are taken from the baseness of his original, the imperfections of his nature, or the short duration of those goods in which he makes his boast. Though it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought to raise our vanity, yet a consciousness of our own merit may be sometimes laudable. The folly therefore lies here : we are apt to pride ourselves in worthless, or, perhaps, shameful things ; and on the other hand count that disgraceful which is our truest glory.

‘ Hence it is, that the lovers of praise take wrong measures to attain it. Would a vain man consult his own heart, he would find that if others knew his weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could not have the impudence to expect the public esteem. Pride therefore flows from want of reflection and ignorance of ourselves. Knowledge and humility come upon us together.

‘ The proper way to make an estimate of ourselves, is to consider seriously what it is we value or despise in others. A man who boasts of the goods of fortune, a gay dress, or a new title, is generally the mark of ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in ourselves what we are so ready to laugh at in other men.

‘ Much less can we with reason pride ourselves in those things, which at some time of our life we shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give ourselves the trouble of looking backward and forward on the several changes which we have already undergone, and hereafter must try, we shall find that the greater degrees of our knowledge and wisdom serve only to shew us our own imperfections.

‘ As we rise from childhood to youth, we look with contempt on the toys and trifles which our hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we advance to manhood, we are held wise, in proportion to our shame and regret for the rashness and extravagance of youth. Old age fills us with mortifying reflections upon a life mispent in the pursuit of anxious wealth, or uncertain honour. Agreeable to this gradation of thought in this life, it may be reasonably supposed that, in a future state, the wisdom, the experience, and the maxims of old age, will be looked upon by a separate spirit in much the same light as an ancient man now sees the little follies and toyings of infants. The pomps, the honours,

the policies, and arts, of mortal men, will be thought as trifling as hobby-horses, mock-battles, or any other sports that now employ all the cunning and strength, and ambition of rational beings from four years old to nine or ten.

'If the notion of a gradual rise in beings from the meanest to the Most High be not a vain imagination, it is not improbable that an angel looks down upon a man as a man doth upon a creature which approaches the nearest to the rational nature. By the same rule, if I may indulge my fancy in this particular, a superior brute looks with a kind of pride on one of an inferior species. If they could reflect, we might imagine, from the gestures of some of them, that they think themselves the sovereigns of the world, and that all things were made for them. Such a thought would not be more absurd in brute creatures than one which men are apt to entertain, namely, that all the stars in the firmament were created only to please their eyes and amuse their imaginations. Mr. Dryden, in his fable of the Cock and the Fox, makes a speech for his hero the cock, which is a pretty instance for this purpose.

Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear,
How lavish nature hath adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and the violet spring,
And birds essay their throats, disus'd to sing:
All these are ours, and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me.

'What I would observe from the whole is this, that we ought to value ourselves upon those things only which superior beings think valuable, since that is the only way for us not to sink in our own esteem hereafter.'

N° 622. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1714.

—— Fallentis semita vitæ.—HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 103.

—— A safe private quiet, which betrays
Itself to ease, and cheats away the days.—POOLEY.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ IN a former speculation you have observed, that true greatness doth not consist in that pomp and noise wherein the generality of mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken notice that virtue in obscurity often appears more illustrious in the eye of superior beings, than all that passes for grandeur and magnificence among men.

‘ When we look back upon the history of those who have borne the parts of kings, statesmen, or commanders, they appear to us stripped of those outside ornaments that dazzle their contemporaries; and we regard their persons as great or little in proportion to the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wise sayings, generous sentiments, or disinterested conduct of a philosopher under mean circumstances of life, set him higher in our esteem than the mighty potentates of the earth, when we view them both through the long prospect of many ages. Were the memoirs of an obscure man, who lived up to the dignity of his nature, and according to the rules of virtue, to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a character which might not set him on a level with men of the highest stations. The following extract out of the private papers of an honest country gentleman will set this matter in a clear light. Your reader will, perhaps, conceive a greater idea of him from these actions done in secret, and with-

out a witness, than of those which have drawn upon them the admiration of multitudes.

MEMOIRS.

‘ In my twenty-second year I found a violent affection for my cousin Charles’s wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had not upon that account begun my travels into foreign countries.

‘ A little after my return into England, at a private meeting with my uncle Francis, I refused the offer of his estate, and prevailed upon him not to disinherit his son Ned.

‘ Mem. Never to tell this to Ned, lest he should think hardly of his deceased father ; though he continues to speak ill of me for this very reason.

‘ Prevented a scandalous lawsuit betwixt my nephew Harry and his mother, by allowing her underhand, out of my own pocket, so much money yearly as the dispute was about.

‘ Procured a benefice for a young divine, who is sister’s son to the good man who was my tutor, and hath been dead twenty years.

‘ Gave ten pounds to poor Mrs. ———, my friend H ———’s widow.

‘ Mem. To retrench one dish at my table, until I have fetched it up again.

‘ Mem. To repair my house and finish my gardens, in order to employ poor people after harvest-time.

‘ Ordered John to let out goodman D ———’s sheep that were pounded, by night ; but not to let his fellow-servants know it.

‘ Prevailed upon M. T. Esq. not to take the law of the farmer’s son for shooting a partridge, and to give him his gun again.

‘ Paid the apothecary for curing an old woman that confessed herself a witch.

‘ Gave away my favourite dog, for biting a beggar.

‘ Made the minister of the parish and a whig justice of one mind, by putting them upon explaining their notions to one another.

‘ Mem. To turn off Peter for shooting a doe while she was eating acorns out of his hand.

‘ When my neighbour John, who hath often injured me comes to make his request to-morrow.

‘ Mem. I have forgiven him.

‘ Laid up my chariot, and sold my horses to relieve the poor in a scarcity of corn.

‘ In the same year remitted to my tenants a fifth part of their rents.

‘ As I was airing to-day I fell into a thought that warmed my heart, and shall, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live.

‘ Mem. To charge my son in private to erect no monument for me ; but not to put this in my last will.’

Nº 623. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1714.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem priùs ima dehiscat ;
 Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
 Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
 Ante, pudor, quam te violem, aut tua jura resolvam.
 Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
 Abstulit ; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 24.

But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
 And let me thro' the dark abyss descend ;
 First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
 Drive down this body to the nether sky,
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie ;
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave ;
 No : he who had my vows shall ever have ;
 For whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.

DRYDEN.

I AM obliged to my friend the love-casulist for the following curious piece of antiquity, which I shall communicate to the public in his own words.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'You may remember that I lately transmitted to you an account of an ancient custom in the manors of East and West Enborne, in the county of Berks, and elsewhere. "If a customary tenant die, the widow shall have what the law calls her freebench, in all his copyhold lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit* ; that is, while she lives single and chaste ; but if she commit incontinency, she forfeits her estate ; yet if she will come into the court riding backward upon a black ram, with his tail in her hand, and say the words following, the steward is bound by the custom to re-admit her to her freebench.

“ Here I am,
Riding upon a black ram,
Like a whore as I am ;
And for my *crincum crancum*
Have lost my *bincum bancum* ;
And for my tail’s game
Have done this worldly shame ;
Therefore I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my
land again.”

‘ After having informed you that my Lord Coke observes, that this is the most frail and slippery tenure of any in England, I shall tell you, since the writing of that letter, I have, according to my promise, been at great pains in searching out the records of the black ram ; and have at last met with the proceedings of the court-baron, held in that behalf, for the space of a whole day. The record saith, that a strict inquisition having been made into the right of the tenants to their several estates, by a crafty old steward, he found that many of the lands of the manor were, by default of the several widows, forfeited to the lord, and accordingly would have entered on the premises : upon which the good women demanded the “ benefit of the ram.” The steward, after having perused their several pleas, adjourned the court to Barnaby-bright*, that they might have day enough before them.

‘ The court being set, and filled with a great concourse of people, who came from all parts to see the solemnity : the first who entered was the widow Frontly, who had made her appearance in the last year’s cavalcade. The register observes that finding it an easy pad-ram, and foreseeing she might have farther occasion for it, she purchased it of the steward.

‘ Mrs. Sarah Dainty, relict of Mr. John Dainty, who was the greatest prude of the parish, came next

* Then the eleventh, now the twenty-second of June, being the longest day in the year.

in the procession. She at first made some difficulty of taking the tail in her hand ; and was observed, in pronouncing the form of penance, to soften the two most emphatical words into *clincum clancum* ; but the steward took care to make her speak plain English before he would let her have her land again.

‘The third widow that was brought to this worldly shame, being mounted upon a vicious ram, had the misfortune to be thrown by him ; upon which she hoped to be excused from going through the rest of the ceremony ; but the steward being well versed in the law, observed very wisely upon this occasion, that the breaking of the rope does not hinder the execution of the criminal.

‘The fourth lady upon record was the widow Ogle, a famous coquette, who had kept half a score young fellows off and on for the space of two years ; but having been more kind to her carter John, she was introduced with the huzzas of all her lovers about her.

‘Mrs. Sable appearing in her weeds, which were very new and fresh, and of the same colour with her whimsical palfrey, made a very decent figure in the solemnity.

‘Another, who had been summoned to make her appearance, was excused by the steward, as well knowing in his heart, that the good ’squire himself had qualified her for the ram.

‘Mrs. Quick, having nothing to object against the indictment, pleaded her belly. But it was remembered that she made the same excuse the year before. Upon which the steward observed, that she might so contrive it, as never to do the service of the manor.

‘The widow Fidget being cited into court, insists that she had done no more since the death of her husband than what she used to do in his lifetime

and withal desired Mr. Steward to consider his own wife's case if he should chance to die before her.

'The next in order was a dowager of a very corpulent make, who would have been excused as not finding any ram that was able to carry her; upon which the steward commuted her punishment, and ordered her to make her entry upon a black ox.

'The widow Maskwell, a woman who had long lived with a most unblemished character, having turned off her old chamber-maid in a pet, was by that revengeful creature brought in upon the black ram nine times the same day.

'Several widows of the neighbourhood, being brought upon their trial, they shewed that they did not hold of the manor, and were discharged accordingly.

'A pretty young creature who closed the procession, came ambling in, with so bewitching an air, that the steward was observed to cast a sheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife.

'N. B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared, according to summons, but had nothing laid to her charge; having lived irreproachably since the decease of her husband, who left her a widow in the sixty-ninth year of her age.

I am, Sir, &c.'

N^o 624. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1714.

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore ;
Quisquis luxuriâ——— Hor. 2 Sat. iii. 77.

Sit still, and hear, those whom proud thoughts do swell,
Those that look pale by loving coin too well ;
Whom luxury corrupts.——— CREECH.

MANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious. The vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called by Doctor Tillotson ‘fools at large.’ They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice therefore would be out thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue ; but will leave them with this short saying of Plato, that ‘labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust.’

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue ; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall, therefore, compare the pursuits of avarice, ambition, and sensual delight, with their opposite virtues ; and shall consider which of these principles engages men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men in their

cool reasonings are willing to allow that a course of virtue will in the end be rewarded the most amply ; but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy, my readers may, perhaps, be persuaded to be good when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for avarice. The miser is more industrious than the saint : the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being over-reached, his hope of improving a sum, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many different Christian graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of saint Paul's catalogue of sufferings. ' In journeying often ; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often.'—At how much less expense might he ' lay up to himself treasures in heaven !' Or, if I may in this place be allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, he may ' provide such possessions as fear neither arms, nor men, nor Jove himself.'

In the second place, if we look upon the toils of ambition in the same light as we have considered those of avarice, we shall readily own that far less trouble is requisite to gain lasting glory than the power and reputation of a few years ; or, in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than obtain it. The ambitious man should remember Cardinal Wolsey's complaint, ' Had I served God with the same application wherewith I served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.'

The cardinal here softens his ambition by the specious pretence of 'serving his king;' whereas his words, in the proper construction, imply, that, if instead of being acted* by ambition, he had been acted* by religion, he should have now felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier in the balance. It may seem strange, at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight; under so many disquiets, and the sport of such various passions; let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possession; the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this business of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise until he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this. Man is made an active being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties to prove his patience and excite his industry. The same, if not greater labour, is required in the service of vice and folly as of virtue and wisdom; and he hath this easy choice left him, whether, with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

* Actuated.

N° 625. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1714.

—amores

De tenero meditatur ungui.—HOR. 3 Od. vi. 23.

Love, from her tender years, her thoughts employ'd.

THE love-casulist hath referred to me the following letter of queries, with his answers to each question, for my approbation. I have accordingly considered the several matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratify his answers, and require the gentle querist to conform herself thereunto.

‘ SIR,

‘ I was thirteen the 9th of November last, and must now begin to think of settling myself in the world; and so I would humbly beg your advice, what I must do with Mr. Fondle, who makes his addresses to me. He is a very pretty man, and hath the blackest eyes and whitest teeth you ever saw. Though he is but a younger brother, he dresses like a man of quality, and nobody comes into a room like him. I know he hath refused great offers, and if he cannot marry me he will never have any body else. But my father hath forbid him the house, because he sent me a copy of verses; for he is one of the greatest wits in town. My eldest sister, who with her good will would call me miss as long as I live, must be married before me, they say. She tells them that Mr. Fondle makes a fool of me, and will spoil the child, as she calls me, like a confident thing as she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr. Fondle, if it be but to spite her. But because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your answers to some questions I will write

down, and desire you to get them printed in the Spectator, and I do not doubt but you will give such advice as, I am sure, I shall follow.

‘When Mr. Fondle looks upon me for half an hour together, and calls me angel, is he not in love?’

Answer. No.

‘May not I be certain he will be a kind husband, that has promised me half my portion in pin-money, and to keep me a coach and six in the bargain?’—No.

‘Whether I, who have been acquainted with him this whole year almost, am not a better judge of his merit than my father and mother, who never heard him talk but at table?’—No.

‘Whether I am not old enough to choose for myself?’—No.

‘Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a lock of his hair?’—No.

‘Should not I be a very barbarous creature, if I did not pity a man that is always sighing for my sake?’—No.

‘Whether you would not advise me to run away with the poor man?’—No.

‘Whether you do not think, that if I will not have him, he will not drown himself?’—No.

‘What shall I say to him the next time he asks me if I will marry him?’—No.

The following letter requires neither introduction nor answer.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I wonder that, in the present situation of affairs, you can take pleasure in writing any thing but news; for, in a word, who minds any thing else? The pleasure of increasing in knowledge, and learning something new every hour of life, is the noblest entertainment of a rational creature. I have a very

good ear for a secret, and am naturally of a communicative temper; by which means I am capable of doing you great services in this way. In order to make myself useful, I am early in the anti-chamber, where I thrust my head into the thick of the press, and catch the news at the opening of the door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the beef-eaters, and take the buz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my ear close to the wall, and suck in many a valuable whisper, as it runs in a straight line from corner to corner. When I am weary with standing, I repair to one of the neighbouring coffee-houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole day, and have the news as it comes from court fresh and fresh. In short, Sir, I spare no pains to know how the world goes. A piece of news loses its flavour when it hath been an hour in the air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the tree; and to convey it to my friends before it is faded. Accordingly my expenses in coach-hire make no small article: which you may believe, when I assure you, that I post away from coffee-house to coffee-house, and forestal the Evenin-post by two hours. There is a certain gentleman, who hath given me the slip twice or thrice, and hath been beforehand with me at Child's. But I have played him a trick. I have purchased a pair of the best coach-horses I could buy for money, and now let him outstrip me if he can. Once more, Mr. Spectator, let me advise you to deal in news. You may depend upon my assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty letters to write.

Yours, in haste,

THOS. QUID-NUNC.'

N° 626. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1714.

Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.—OVID. Met. l. 1.

— With sweet novelty your taste I'll please.—EUSDEN.

I HAVE seen a little work of a learned man, consisting of extemporary speculations, which owed their birth to the most trifling occurrences of life. His usual method was to write down any sudden start of thought which arose in his mind upon the sight of an odd gesticulation in a man, any whimsical mimicry of reason in a beast, or whatever appeared remarkable in any object of the visible creation. He was able to moralize upon a snuff-box, would flourish eloquently upon a tucker or a pair of ruffles, and draw practical inferences from a full bottomed periwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of excuse for my ingenious correspondent, who hath introduced the following letter by an image which I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a speculation.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘When I have seen young puss playing her wanton gambols, and with a thousand antic shapes express her own gaiety at the same time that she moved mine, while the old grannum hath sat by with a most exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that passed, it hath made me reflect what should be the occasion of humours so opposite in two creatures, between whom there was no visible difference but that of age; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but the force of novelty.

‘In every species of creatures, those who have been least time in the world appear best pleased with their condition: for, besides that to a new

comer, the world hath a freshness on it that strikes the sense after a most agreeable manner, being itself, unattended with any great variety of enjoyments, excites a sensation of pleasure; but, as age advances, every thing seems to wither, the senses are disgusted with their old entertainments, and existence turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in mankind. The child, let him be free from pain, and gratified in his change of toys, is diverted with the smallest trifle. Nothing disturbs the mirth of the boy but a little punishment or confinement. The youth must have more violent pleasures to employ his time. The man loves the hurry of an active life, devoted to the pursuits of wealth or ambition. And, lastly, old age, having lost its capacity for these avocations, becomes its own unsupportable burden. This variety may in part be accounted for by the vivacity and decay of the faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, that the longer we have been in possession of being, the less sensible is the gust we have of it; and the more it requires of adventitious amusements to relieve us from the satiety and weariness it brings along with it.

‘ And as novelty is of a very powerful, so is it of a most extensive influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the source of admiration, which lessens in proportion to our familiarity with objects, and upon a thorough acquaintance is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other passions depend considerably on the same circumstance. What is it but novelty that awakens desire, enhances delight, kindles anger, provokes envy, inspires horror? To this cause we must ascribe it, that love languishes with fruition, and friendship itself is recommended by intervals of absence: hence monsters, by use, are beheld without loathing, and the most enchanting beauty without rapture. That emotion of the spirits,

in which passion consists, is usually the effect of surprise, and, as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of its object; but as this emotion ceases (and it ceases with the novelty) things appear in another light, and affect us even less than might be expected from their proper energy, for having moved us too much before.

‘It may not be a useless inquiry how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring farther, for, after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain a man hath his prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think he detracts from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh searches into nature, and to eternity advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honour to these glorified spirits; provided still it be remembered, that their desire of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental), but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe which Adam felt himself seized with as he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene Truth captivates with unborrowed charms, and what

ever hath once given satisfaction will always do it. In all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we can with the greatest coldness behold the stupendous displays of Omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; are even tired of health, because not enlivened with alternate pain; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

‘ Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to the advancement of learning; for, as Cicero takes notice, that which makes men willing to undergo the fatigues of philosophical disquisitions, is not so much the greatness of objects as their novelty. It is not enough that there is field and game for the chase, and that the understanding is prompted with a restless thirst of knowledge, effectually to rouse the soul sunk under a state of sloth and indolence; it is also necessary that there be an uncommon pleasure annexed to the first appearance of truth in the mind. This pleasure being exquisite for the time it lasts, but transient, it hereby comes to pass that the mind grows into an indifference to its former notions, and passes on after new discoveries, in hope of repeating the delight. It is with knowledge as with wealth, the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions than in taking a review of our old store. There are some inconveniences that follow this temper, if not guarded against, particularly this, that, through a too great eagerness of something new, we are many times impatient of staying long enough

upon a question that requires some time to resolve it; or, which is worse, persuade ourselves that we are masters of the subject before we are so, only to be at the liberty of going upon a fresh scent: in Mr. Locke's words, "We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion."

'A farther advantage of our inclination for novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted distinctions among mankind. Look not up with envy to those above thee! Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor; to him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless things; they supply him not with brighter images or more sublime satisfactions, than the plain man may have whose small estate will just enable him to support the charge of a simple unencumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not; as how can it be otherwise, when by custom a fabric infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain, for any notice that mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent nature, which not only placed her children originally upon a level, but still, by the strength of this principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the care of man to introduce artificial distinctions.

'To add no more—is not this fondness for novelty, which makes us out of conceit with all we already have, a convincing proof of a future state? Either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for: for there cannot be a greater instance of vanity than that to which man

is liable, to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness. His pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession, and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought: when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from the town back again into the country, continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of: "Surely," say I to myself, "life is vain, and the man beyond expression stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather that he is designed for immortality." "

N° 627. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1, 1714.

*Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumina, fagos
Assiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani.*—VIRG. *Ecl.* ii. 3.

He underneath the beaten shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.

DRYDEN.

THE following account, which came to my hands some time ago, may be no disagreeable entertainment to such of my readers as have tender hearts, and nothing to do.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘A friend of mine died of a fever last week, which he caught by walking too late in a dewy evening amongst his reapers. I must inform you that his greatest pleasure was in husbandry and gardening.

He had some humours which seemed inconsistent with that good sense he was otherwise master of. His uneasiness in the company of women was very remarkable in a man of such perfect good-breeding; and his avoiding one particular walk in his garden, where he had used to pass the greatest part of his time, raised abundance of idle conjectures in the village where he lived. Upon looking over his papers we found out the reason, which he never intimated to his nearest friends. He was, it seems, a passionate lover in his youth, of which a large parcel of letters he left behind him are a witness. I send you a copy of the last he ever wrote upon that subject, by which you find that he concealed the true name of his mistress under that of Zelinda.

"A long month's absence would be insupportable to me, if the business I am employed in were not for the service of my Zelinda, and of such a nature as to place her every moment in my mind. I have furnished the house exactly according to your fancy, or, if you please, my own; for I have long since learned to like nothing but what you do. The apartment designed for your use is so exact a copy of that which you live in, that I often think myself in your house when I step into it, but sigh when I find it without its proper inhabitant. You will have the most delicious prospect from your closet window that England affords: I am sure I should think it so, if the landscape that shews such variety did not at the same time suggest to me the greatness of the space that lies between us.

"The gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dressed up every hedge in woodbines, sprinkled bowers and arbours in every corner, and made a little paradise round me: yet I am still like the friar in his solitude, but half blessed without a partner in my happiness. I have directed one wall

be made for two persons, where I promise ten thousand satisfactions to myself in your conversation. I already take my evening's turn in it, and have worn a path upon the edge of this little alley, while I soothed myself with the thought of your walking by my side. I have held many imaginary discourses with you in this retirement; and when I have been weary have sat down with you in the midst of a row of jasmines. The many expressions of joy and rapture I use in these silent conversations have made me for some time the talk of the parish; but a neighbouring young fellow, who makes love to the farmer's daughter, hath found me out, and made my case known to the whole neighbourhood.

"In planting of the fruit-trees I have not forgot the peach you are so fond of. I have made a walk of elms along the river side, and intend to sow all the place about it with cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your father's house in the country.

"Oh! Zelinda, what a scheme of delight have I drawn up in my imagination! What day-dreams do I indulge myself in! When will the six weeks be at an end, that lie between me and my promised happiness!

"How could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more company in a crowd than I have in my solitude. I am, &c."

'On the back of this letter is written, in the hand of the deceased, the following piece of history:

"*Mem.* Having waited a whole week for an answer to this letter, I hurried to town, where I found the perfidious creature married to my rival. I will bear it as becomes a man, and endeavour to find out happiness for myself in that retirement which I had prepared in vain for a false ungrateful woman."

'I am, &c.'

N° 628. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1714.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

HOR. 1. Ep. ii. 43.

It rolls, and rolls, and will for ever roll.

MR. SPECTATOR,

THERE are none of your speculations which please me more than those upon infinitude and eternity. You have already considered that part of eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your thoughts upon that which is to come.

Your readers will perhaps receive greater pleasure from this view of eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a concern in that which is to come: whereas a speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for successive duration never to have an end; though, as you have justly observed, that eternity which never had a beginning is altogether incomprehensible; that is, we can conceive an eternal duration which may be, though we cannot an eternal duration which hath been; or, if I may use the philosophical terms, we may apprehend a potential though not an actual eternity.

This notion of a future eternity, which is natural to the mind of man, is an unanswerable argument that he is a being designed for it; especially if we consider that he is capable of being virtuous or vicious here; that he hath faculties improvable to all eternity; and, by a proper or wrong employment them, may be happy or miserable throughout the infinite duration. Our idea indeed of this eternity not of an adequate or fixed nature, but is perpetual

growing and enlarging itself toward the object, which is too big for human comprehension. As we are now in the beginnings of existence, so shall we always appear to ourselves as if we were for ever entering upon it. After a million or two of centuries, some considerable things, already past, may slip out of our memory, which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a sun or planets; and yet, notwithstanding the long race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just starting from the goal, and find no proportion between that space which we know had a beginning, and what we are sure will never have an end.

‘ But I shall leave this subject to your management, and question not but you will throw it into such lights as shall at once improve and entertain your reader.

‘ I have, enclosed, sent you a translation* of the speech of Cato on this occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my hands, and which, for conciseness, purity, and elegance of phrase, cannot be sufficiently admired.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO solus, &c.

Sic, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,
 Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
 Quid enim dedisset, quæ dedit frustra nihil,
 Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
 Natura? Quorsum hæc dulcis expectatio;
 Vitæque non explenda melioris sitis?
 Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
 Horror, sub imis quemque agens præcordiis?
 Cur territ a in se refugit anima, cur tremit
 Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
 Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita

* This translation was by Mr. afterward Dr. Bland, once schoolmaster, then provost of Eton, and dean of Durham.

Divinior ; quæ corpus incolens agit ;
 Hominique succinit, tua est æternitas.
 Æternitas ! O lubricum nimis aspici,
 Mixtumque dolci gaudium formidine !

Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora ?
 Quæ terra mox incognita ? Quis orbis novus
 Manet incolendus ? Quanta erit mutatio ?
 Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quaquâ patent
 Immensa : sed caliginosa nox premit ;
 Nec luce clarâ vult videri singula.
 Figendus hic pes ; certa sunt hæc hactenus :
 Si quod gubernet numen humanum genus,
 (At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)
 Virtute non gaudere certè non potest :
 Nec esse non beata, quâ gaudet, potest.
 Sed quâ beata sede ? Quove in tempore ?
 Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.
 Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo ? Brevi
 Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor.

[Ensi manum admovens.

In utramque partem facta ; quæque vim inferant,
 Et quæ propulsent ! Dexterâ intentat necem ;
 Vitam sinistra : vulnus hæc dabit manus ;
 Altera medelam vulneris : hic ad exitum
 Deducet, ictu simplici ; hæc vetant mori.
 Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
 Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
 Extinguet ætas sidera diuturnior :
 Ætate languens ipse sol obscurus
 Emittet orbi consenescenti jubar :
 Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
 Ætatis ; annis ipsa deficiat gravis :
 At tibi juvenus, at tibi immortalitas :
 Tibi parta divûm est vita. Periment mutuis
 Elementa sese et interibunt ictibus.
 Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
 Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
 Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
 Compage ruptâ, corruent in se invicem,
 Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus ;
 Illæsa tu sedebis extra fragmina.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO alone, &c.

It must be so——Plato, thou reason'st well——
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after immortality ;
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !

Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when, or where ?——This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd ; my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

N° 629. MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1714.

——— Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
 Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis, atque Latinâ.

Juv. Sat. i. 170.

—— Since none the living dare implead,
 Arraign them in the persons of the dead.—DRYDEN.

NEXT to the people who want a place, there are
 none to be pitied more than those who are solicited

for one. A plain answer with a denial in it is looked upon as pride, and a civil answer as a promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the pretensions of people upon these occasions. Every thing a man hath suffered, whilst his enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the malice of the opposite party. A bad cause would not have been lost, if such a one had not been upon the bench; nor a profligate youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every night by toasting an outed ministry. I remember a tory, who, having been fined in a court of justice for a prank that deserved the pillory, desired upon the merit of it to be made a justice of peace when his friends came into power; and shall never forget a whig criminal, who, upon being indicted for a rape, told his friends, 'You see what a man suffers for sticking to his principles.'

The truth of it is, the sufferings of a man in a party are of a very doubtful nature. When they are such as have promoted a good cause, and fallen upon a man undeservedly, they have a right to be heard and recompensed beyond any other pretensions. But when they rise out of rashness or indiscretion, and the pursuit of such measures as have rather ruined than promoted the interest they aim at, which hath always been the case of many great sufferers, they only serve to recommend them to the children of violence or folly.

I have by me a bundle of memorials presented by several cavaliers upon the restoration of King Charles II. which may serve as so many instances to our present purpose.

Among several persons and pretensions recorded by my author, he mentions one of a very great estate, who, for having roasted an ox whole, and distributed a hogshead upon King Charles's birth-day, desired to be provided for as his majesty in his great wisdom shall think fit.

Another put in to be Prince Henry's governor, for having dared to drink his health in the worst of times.

A third petitioned for a colonel's commission, for having cursed Oliver Cromwell, the day before his death, on a public bowling-green.

But the most whimsical petition I have met with is that of B. B. Esq. who desired the honour of knighthood, for having cuckolded Sir T. W. a notorious roundhead.

There is likewise the petition of one who, having let his beard grow from the martyrdom of King Charles the First until the restoration of King Charles the Second, desired in consideration thereof to be made a privy-counsellor.

I must not omit a memorial setting forth that the memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a letter from a certain lord to a certain lord, wherein, as it afterward appeared, measures were concerted for the restoration, and without which he verily believes that happy revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made post-master-general.

A certain gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of spirit, and uses the words 'gallantry' and 'gentleman-like' very often in his petition, begs that (in consideration of his having worn his hat for ten years past in the loyal cavalier-cock, to his great danger and detriment) he may be made a captain of the guards.

I shall close my account of this collection of memorials with the copy of one petition at length, which I recommend to my reader as a very valuable piece.

' The petition of E. H. Esq.

' Humbly sheweth,

' That your petitioner's father's brother's uncle

colonel W. H. lost the third finger of his left hand at Edgehill fight.

‘ That your petitioner, notwithstanding the smallness of his fortune (he being a younger brother), always kept hospitality, and drank confusion to the roundheads in half a score bumpers every Sunday in the year, as several honest gentlemen (whose names are underwritten) are ready to testify.

‘ That your petitioner is remarkable in his country, for having dared to treat Sir P. P. a cursed sequestrator, and three members of the assembly of divines, with brawn and minced pies upon New-year’s day.

‘ That your said humble petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several county-jails, for having been a ringleader in five different riots into which his zeal for the royal cause hurried him, when men of greater estates had not the courage to rise.

‘ That he the said E. H. hath had six duels and four-and-twenty boxing matches in defence of his majesty’s title ; and that he received such a blow upon the head at a bonfire in Stratford-upon-Avon, as he hath been never the better, for from that day to this.

‘ That your petitioner hath been so far from improving his fortune, in the late damnable times, that he verily believes, and hath good reason to imagine, that if he had been master of an estate he had infallibly been plundered and sequestered.

‘ Your petitioner, in consideration of his said merits and sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the place of receiver of the taxes, collector of the customs, clerk of the peace, deputy lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for. And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.’

N° 630. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8, 1714.

Favete linguis———· Hon. 3 Od. i. 2.

With mute attention wait.

HAVING no spare time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following letters :

‘ SIR,

Oxford, Nov. 22.

‘ If you would be so kind to me, as to suspend that satisfaction which the learned world must receive in reading one of your speculations, by publishing this endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the boldness to hope that he may be admitted into the number of your correspondents.

‘ I have often wondered to hear men of good sense and good-nature profess a dislike to music, when at the same time they do not scruple to own that it has the most agreeable and improving influences over their minds ; it seems to me an unhappy contradiction, that those persons should have an indifference for an art which raises in them such a variety of sublime pleasures.

‘ However, though some few, by their own or the unreasonable prejudices of others ; may be led into a distaste of those musical societies which are erected merely for entertainment, yet sure I may venture to say that no one can have the least reason for disaffection to that solemn kind of melody which consists of the praises of our Creator.

‘ You have, I presume, already prevented me in an argument upon this occasion, which some divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater, that musical sacrifice and adoration has claimed a

place in the laws and customs of the most different nations, as the Grecians and Romans of the profane, the Jews and Christians of the sacred world, did as unanimously agree in this as they disagreed in all other parts of their economy.

‘I know there are not wanting some who are of opinion that the pompous kind of music which is in use in foreign churches is the most excellent, as it most affects our senses. But I am swayed by my judgment to the modesty which is observed in the musical part of our devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the custom of a voluntary before the first lesson; by this we are supposed to be prepared for the admission of those divine truths which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly regards from off our hearts, all tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the soul but peace and tranquillity. So that in this short office of praise the man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the joys of futurity.

‘I have heard some nice observers frequently commend the policy of our church in this particular, that it leads us on by such easy and regular methods that we are perfectly deceived into piety. When the spirits begin to languish (as they too often do with a constant series of petitions) she takes care to allow them a pious respite, and relieves them with the raptures of an anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sublimest poetry, softened in the most moving strains of music, can never fail of humbling or exalting the soul to any pitch of devotion. Who can hear the terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the most expressive melody without being awed into a veneration? Or who can hear the kind and endearing attributes of a merciful father, and not be softened into love towards him?

As the rising and sinking of the passions, the casting soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural privilege of music in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the altar. Those impressions which it leaves upon the spirits are more deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it receives its authority are founded more upon reason. It diffuses a calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be an hindrance to us in the performance of that great duty of thanksgiving,* which, as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable return which can be made for those infinite stores of blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his creatures. When we make use of this pathetic method of addressing ourselves to him, we can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety and all love!

‘How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his dread Sovereign in such warmth of piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

‘I shall close these reflections with a passage taken out of the third book of Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, where those harmonious beings are thus nobly described:

‘Then crown’d again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun’d, that, glitt’ring by their side,
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
The sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No one exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part—such concord is in heaven!’

* A proclamation issued the day before this paper was published for a thanksgiving for King George’s accession, to be observed January 20th.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘The town cannot be unacquainted that in divers parts of it there are vociferous sets of men who are called rattling clubs; but what shocks me most is, they have now the front to invade the church, and institute these societies there, as a clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of insolence as has given the partition where they reside, in a church near one of the city gates, the denomination of the rattling pew. These gay fellows, from humble lay professions, set up for critics, without any tincture of letters or reading, and have the vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the parson which may be formed into ridicule.

‘It is needless to observe that the gentlemen, who every Sunday have the hard province of instructing these wretches in a way they are in no present disposition to take, have a fixed character for learning and eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this contemptible part of their audiences. Whether the pulpit is taken by these gentlemen, or any strangers their friends, the way of the club is this: if any sentiments are delivered too sublime for their conception; if any uncommon topic is entered on, or one in use new modified with the finest judgment and dexterity; or any controverted point be never so elegantly handled; in short, whatever surpasses the narrow limits of their theology, or is not suited to their taste, they are all immediately upon the watch, fixing their eyes upon each other with as much warmth as our gladiators of Hockley-in-the-Hole, and waiting like them for a hit: if one touches, all take fire, and their noddles instantly meet in the centre of the pew: then, as by beat of drum, with exact discipline, they rear up into a full length of stature, and, with odd looks and gesticulations, con-

fer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the discourse, and during the after-psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the bells. Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their noise through all the church, by signals given to the adjoining seats, where others designed for this fraternity are sometimes placed upon trial to receive them.

‘ The folly as well as rudeness of this practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the sermon is lost ; for, whenever our sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so tumultuous that no after-explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an account thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of duty, men of less levity than these would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the whole.

‘ Laughter, where things sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than whining at a conventicle ; the last has at least a semblance of grace, and where the affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome lessons on the sincere ; but the first has no excuse, breaking through all the rules of order and decency, and manifesting a remissness of mind in those important matters which require the strictest composure and steadiness of thought : a proof of the greatest folly in the world.

‘ I shall not here enter upon the veneration due to the sanctity of the place, the reverence owing the minister, or the respect that so great an assembly as a whole parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that, as the Spanish cobbler, to reclaim a profligate son, bid him have some regard to the dignity of his family, so they as gentlemen (for we citizens assume to be such one day in a week) are bound for the future to repent of, and abstain from, the gross

abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been guilty in contempt of heaven and earth, and contrary to the laws in this case made and provided.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
R. M.

N° 631. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1714.

Simplex munditiis———Hor. 1 Od. v. 5.

Elegant by cleanliness———

I HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage-coach, where I had for my fellow travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions: Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat; his periwig, which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button; and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found on her. A clear, clean, oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest cambric, received

A dervise of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it in pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hands to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from Mecca; the dervise approached it to beg a blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast that sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him until he recollected that, through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

N° 632. MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1714.

—Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 545.

———— the number I'll complete,
Then to obscurity well pleas'd retreat.

THE love of symmetry and order, which is natural to the mind of man, betrays him sometimes into very whimsical fancies. 'This noble principle,' says a French author, 'loves to amuse itself on the most trifling occasions. You may see a profound philosopher,' says he, 'walk for an hour together in his chamber, and industriously treading, at every step, upon every other board in the flooring.' Every reader will recollect several instances of this nature without my assistance. I think it was Gregorio Leti, who had published as many books as he was years old;* which was a rule he had laid down and punc-

* This voluminous writer boasted that he had been the author of a book and the father of a child for twenty years successively.

tually observed to the year of his death.—It was, perhaps, a thought of the like nature which determined Homer himself to divide each of his poems into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus has in the same manner adapted his books to the number of the Muses, for which reason many a learned man hath wished there had been more than nine of that sisterhood.

Several epic poets have religiously followed Virgil as to the number of his books: and even Milton is thought by many to have changed the number of his books from ten to twelve; for no other reason, as Cowley tells us it was his design, had he finished his *Davideis*, to have also imitated the *Æneid* in this particular. I believe every one will agree with me that a perfection of this nature hath no foundation in reason; and, with due respect to these great names, may be looked upon as something whimsical.

I mention these great examples in defence of my bookseller, who occasioned this eighth volume of *Spectators*, because, as he said, he thought seven a very odd number. On the other side several grave reasons were urged on this important subject; as, in particular, that seven was the precise number of the wise men, and that the most beautiful constellation in the heavens was composed of seven stars. This he allowed to be true, but still insisted that seven was an odd number: suggesting at the same time that, if he were provided with a sufficient stock of leading papers, he should find friends ready enough to carry on the work. Having by this means got his vessel launched and set afloat, he hath committed the steerage of it, from time to time, to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

Swift counted the number of steps he had made from London to Chelsea. And it is said and demonstrated in the *Parentalia*, that Bishop Wren walked round the earth while a prisoner in the Tower of London.

The close of this volume, which the town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each sheet to its proper author.

It were no hard task to continue this paper a considerable time longer by the help of large contributions sent from unknown hands.

I cannot give the town a better opinion of the Spectator's correspondents than by publishing the following letter, with a very fine copy of verses upon a subject perfectly new.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

Dublin, Nov. 30, 1714.

‘ You lately recommended to your female readers the good old custom of their grandmothers, who used to lay out a great part of their time in needle-work. I entirely agree with you in your sentiments, and think it would not be of less advantage to themselves and their posterity, than to the reputation of many of their good neighbours, if they passed many of those hours in this innocent entertainment which are lost at the tea-table. I would, however, humbly offer to your consideration the case of the poetical ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any advice given them by the Spectator, yet cannot so easily quit their pen and ink as you may imagine. Pray allow them, at least now and then, to indulge themselves in other amusements of fancy when they are tired with stooping to their tapestry. There is a very particular kind of work, which of late several ladies here in our kingdom are very fond of, which seems very well adapted to a poetical genius: it is the making of grottos. I know a lady who has a very beautiful one, composed by herself; nor is there one shell in it not stuck up by her own hands. I here send you a poem to the fair architect, which I would not offer to herself, until I knew whether this method of a lady's passing her time were approved

of by the British Spectator ; which, with the poem,
I submit to your censure, who am,
Your constant reader and humble servant, A. B.'

TO MRS. ———, ON HER GROTTTO.

A grotto so complete, with such design,
What hands, Calypso, could have form'd but thine ?
Each chequer'd pebble, and each shining shell,
So well proportion'd and dispos'd so well,
Surprising lustre from thy thought receive,
Assuming beauties more than Nature gave.
To her their various shapes and glossy hue,
Their curious symmetry they owe to you.
Not fam'd Amphion's lute, whose powerful call
Made willing stones dance to the Theban wall,
In more harmonious ranks could make them fall.
Not evening cloud a brighter arch can shew,
Nor richer colours paint the heavenly bow.

Where can unpolish'd nature boast a piece
In all her mossy cells exact as this ?

At the gay parti-colour'd scepce we start,
For chance too regular, too rude for art.

Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd breast is fir'd
With hints like those which ancient bards inspir'd ;
All the feign'd tales by superstition told,
All the bright train of fabled nymphs of old,
Th' enthusiastic Muse believes are true,
Thinks the spot sacred, and its genius you.
Lost in wild rapture would she fain disclose
How by degrees the pleasing wonder rose ;
Industrious in a faithful verse to trace
The various beauties of the lovely place :
And, while she keeps the glowing work in view,
Through every maze thy artful hand pursue.

O, were I equal to the bold design,
Or could I boast such happy art as thine,
That could rude shells in such sweet order place,
Give common objects such uncommon grace ;
Like them, my well chose words in every line
As sweetly temper'd should as sweetly shine.
So just a fancy should my numbers warm,
Like the gay piece should the description charm.
Then with superior strength my voice I'd raise,
The echoing grotto should approve my lays,
Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung founder's praise.

N° 633. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1714.

Omnia profecto, cum se a cœlestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsiùs magnificentiùsque et dicet et sentiet.—CICERO.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.

THE following discourse is printed, as it came to my hands, without variation.

‘ Cambridge, Dec. 12.

‘ It was a very common inquiry among the ancients why the number of excellent orators, under all the encouragements the most flourishing states could give them, fell so far short of the number of those who excelled in all other sciences. A friend of mine used merrily to apply to this case an observation of Herodotus, who says, that the most useful animals are the most fruitful in their generation; whereas the species of those beasts that are fierce and mischievous to mankind are but scarcely continued. The historian instances a hare, which always either breeds or brings forth; and a lioness which brings forth but once, and then loses all power of conception. But leaving my friend to his mirth, I am of opinion that in these latter ages we have greater cause of complaint than the ancients had. And since that solemn festival is approaching*, which calls for all the power of oratory, and which affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as any revelation has taught us, the design of this paper shall be to shew, that our moderns have greater advantages towards true and solid eloquence, than any which the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.

* Christmas.

‘ The first great and substantial difference is, that their common-places, in which almost the whole force of amplification consists, were drawn from the profit or honesty of the action, as they regarded only this present state of duration. But Christianity, as it exalts morality to a greater perfection, as it brings the consideration of another life into the question, as it proposes rewards and punishments of a higher nature and a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect the minds of the audience, naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines its greatest interest and concern. If Pericles, as historians report, could shake the firmest resolutions of his hearers, and set the passions of all Greece in a ferment, when the present welfare of his country, or the fear of hostile invasions, was the subject; what may be expected from that orator who warns his audience against those evils which have no remedy, when once undergone, either from prudence or time? As much greater as the evils in a future state are than these at present, so much are the motives to persuasion under Christianity greater than those which mere moral considerations could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the power of moving the affections. There is another part of eloquence which is indeed its masterpiece; I mean the marvellous, or sublime. In this the Christian orator has the advantage beyond contradiction. Our ideas are so infinitely enlarged by revelation, the eye of reason has so wide a prospect into eternity, the notions of a Deity are so worthy and refined, and the accounts we have of a state of happiness or misery so clear and evident, that the contemplation of such objects will give our discourse a noble vigour, an invincible force, beyond the power of any human consideration. Tully requires in his perfect orator some skill in the nature of heavenly bodies;

because, says he, his mind will become more extensive and unconfined; and when he descends to treat of human affairs he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner. For the same reason that excellent master would have recommended the study of those great and glorious mysteries which revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest parts of this system of the world are as much inferior as the creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of a future state. They had indeed some uncertain hopes, either received by tradition, or gathered by reason, that the existence of virtuous men would not be determined by the separation of soul and body; but they either disbelieved a future state of punishment and misery; or, upon the same account that Apelles painted Antigonus with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece; so these represented the condition of man in its fairest view, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a deformity to human nature. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mentioned orator in his philosophical discourses is led by his argument to the mention of immortality, he seems like one awaked out of sleep; roused and alarmed with the dignity of the subject, he stretches his imagination to conceive something uncommon, and, with the greatness of his thoughts, casts, as it were, a glory round the sentence. Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with the contemplation of it. And nothing but such a glorious prospect could have forced so great a lover of truth as he was to declare his resolution never to part with his persuasion of immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all

that Christianity has brought to light, how would he have lavished out all the force of eloquence in those noblest contemplations which human nature is capable of, the resurrection, and the judgment that follows it ! How had his breast glowed with pleasure, when the whole compass of futurity lay open and exposed to his view ! How would his imagination have hurried him on in the pursuit of the mysteries of the incarnation ! How would he have entered, with the force of lightning, into the affections of his hearers, and fixed their attention in spite of all the opposition of corrupt nature, upon those glorious themes which his eloquence hath painted in such lively and lasting colours !

This advantage Christians have ; and it was with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of Longinus, which is preserved, as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, ' add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved.' As a heathen he condemns the Christian religion ; and, as an impartial critic, he judges in favour of the promoter and preacher of it. To me it seems that the latter part of his judgment adds great weight to his opinion of St. Paul's abilities, since, under all the prejudice of opinions directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the merit of that apostle. And no doubt such as Longinus describes St. Paul, such he appeared to the inhabitants of those countries which he visited and blessed with those doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred story gives us, in one circumstance, a convincing proof of his eloquence, when the men of Lystra called him Mercury, ' because he was the chief speaker,' and would have paid divine worship

to him, as to the god who invented and presided over eloquence. This one account of our apostle sets his character, considered as an orator only, above all the celebrated relations of the skill and influence of Demosthenes and his contemporaries. Their power in speaking was admired, but still it was thought human: their eloquence warmed and ravished the hearers, but still it was thought the voice of man, not the voice of God. What advantage then had St. Paul above those of Greece or Rome! I confess I can ascribe this excellence to nothing but the power of the doctrines he delivered, which may have still the same influence on the hearers, which have still the power, when preached by a skilful orator, to make us break out in the same expressions as the disciples who met our Saviour in their way to Emmaus made use of: 'Did not our hearts burn within us when he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?' I may be thought bold in my judgment by some, but I must affirm that no one orator has left us so visible marks and footsteps of his eloquence as our apostle. It may perhaps be wondered at, that, in his reasonings upon idolatry at Athens, where eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict argument only; but my reader may remember what many authors of the best credit have assured us, that all attempts upon the affections, and strokes of oratory, were expressly forbidden by the laws of that country in courts of judicature. His want of eloquence therefore here was the effect of his exact conformity to the laws; but his discourse on the resurrection to the Corinthians, his harangue before Agrippa upon his own conversion, and the necessity of that of others, are truly great, and may serve as full examples to those excellent rules for the sublime, which the best of critics has left us. The sum of all this

discourse is, that our clergy have no farther to look for an example of the perfection they may arrive at, than to St. Paul's harangues; that when he, under the want of several advantages of nature, as he himself tells us, was heard, admired, and made a standard to succeeding ages, by the best judges of a different persuasion in religion; I say, our clergy may learn that, however instructive their sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great addition: which St. Paul has given them a noble example of, and the Christian religion has furnished them with certain means of attaining to.'

N^o 634. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1714.

Ὁ ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἕγγιστα Θεῶν.

SOCRATES apud Xen.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.

It was the common boast of the heathen philosophers, that by the efficacy of their several doctrines, they made human nature resemble the divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several means they proposed for this end; it must be owned that the design was great and glorious. The finest works of invention and imagination are of very little weight when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational mind. Longinus excuses Homer very handsomely, when he says the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods. But it must be allowed that several of the ancient philosophers acted as Cicero wishes Homer had done: they endeavoured rather to make men like gods than gods like men.

According to this general maxim in philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place men in such a state of pleasure, or indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other hand, the most virtuous sect of philosophers have created a chimerical wise man, whom they made exempt from passion and pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him all-sufficient.

This last character, when divested of the glare of human philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more than that a good and wise man should so arm himself with patience, as not to yield tamely to the violence of passion and pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his desires as to have few wants; and that he should cherish so many virtues in his soul as to have a perpetual source of pleasure in himself.

The Christian religion requires that, after having framed the best idea we are able of the divine nature, it should be our next care to conform ourselves to it as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention several passages in the sacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and wise sayings of moral authors among the Greeks and Romans.

I shall only instance a remarkable passage, to this purpose, out of Julian's *Cæsars*. The emperor having represented all the Roman emperors, with Alexander the Great, as passing in review before the gods, and striving for the superiority, lets them all drop, excepting Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. Each of these great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place; and, in order to it, sets forth his actions after the most advantageous manner. But the gods, instead of being dazzled with the lustre

of their actions, inquire by Mercury into the proper motive and governing principle that influenced them throughout the whole series of their lives and exploits. Alexander tells them that his aim was to conquer; Julius Cæsar, that his was to gain the highest post in his country; Augustus, to govern well; Trajan, that his was the same as that of Alexander, namely, to conquer. The question, at length, was put to Marcus Aurelius, who replied, with great modesty, that it had always been his care to imitate the gods. This conduct seems to have gained him the most votes and best place in the whole assembly. Marcus Aurelius being afterward asked to explain himself, declares that, by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the use of his understanding, and of all other faculties; and in particular, that it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in himself, and to do all the good he could to others.

Among the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more just and perfect idea of that Being whom every reasonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a heathen comedy, might justify his lewdness by the example of Jupiter; as, indeed, there was scarce any crime that might not be countenanced by those notions of the deity which prevailed among the common people in the heathen world. Revealed religion sets forth a proper object for imitation in that Being who is the pattern, as well as the source, of all spiritual perfection.

While we remain in this life we are subject to innumerable temptations, which, if listened to, will make us deviate from reason and goodness, the only things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall

therefore dismiss my reader with this maxim, viz.
 ‘ Our happiness in this world proceeds from the suppression of our desires, but in the next world from the gratification of them.’

N° 635. MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1714.

Sentio te sedem hominum ac domum contemplari; quæ si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc cælestia semper spectato; illa humana contemnito.—CICERO Somn. Scip.

I perceive you contemplate the seat and habitation of men; which if it appears as little to you as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and despise earthly.

THE following essay comes from the ingenious author of the letter upon novelty, printed in a late Spectator: the notions are drawn from the Platonic way of thinking; but, as they contribute to raise the mind, and may inspire noble sentiments of our own future grandeur and happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the public.

If the universe be the creature of an intelligent mind, this mind could have no immediate regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make trial of his omnipotence to be informed what effects were within its reach: the world, as existing in his eternal idea, was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into being; and in the immense abyss of his essence are contained far brighter scenes than will be ever set forth to view; it being impossible that the great author of nature should bound his own power by giving existence to a system of creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other exertions of his almighty will. Between

finite and infinite there is an unmeasurable interval not to be filled up in endless ages; for which reason the most excellent of all God's works must be equally short of what his power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same ease.

This thought hath made some imagine (what it must be confessed is not impossible), that the unfathomed space is ever teeming with new births, the younger still inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But, as this doth not fall within my present view, I shall content myself with taking notice that the consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the ideal worlds in the divine understanding yield a prospect incomparably more ample, various, and delightful, than any created world can do: and that therefore, as it is not to be supposed that God should make a world merely of inanimate matter, however diversified, or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes, so the end for which he designed his reasonable offspring is the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy: having, to this purpose, endowed them with correspondent faculties and desires. He can have no greater pleasure from a bare review of his works than from the survey of his own ideas; but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the satisfaction derived to beings capable of it, and for whose entertainment he hath erected this immense theatre. Is not this more than an intimation of our immortality? Man, who, when considered as on his probation for a happy existence hereafter, is the most remarkable instance of divine wisdom, if we cut him off from all relation to eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable composition in the whole creation. He hath capacities to lodge a much greater variety of knowledge than

he will be ever master of, and an unsatisfied curiosity to tread the secret paths of nature and providence; but with this, his organs, in their present structure, are rather fitted to serve the necessities of a vile body, than to minister to his understanding; and from the little spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering guesses concerning the innumerable worlds of light that encompass him; which, though in themselves of a prodigious bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote spaces of the heavens: and when, with a great deal of time and pains, he hath laboured a little way up the steep ascent of truth, and beholds with pity the grovelling multitude beneath, in a moment his foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in justice to the Creator of the world, that there is another state when man shall be better situated for contemplation, or rather have it in his power to remove from object to object, and from world to world; and be accommodated with senses and other helps, for making the quickest and most amazing discoveries. How doth such a genius as Sir Isaac Newton, from amidst the darkness that involves human understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another species! The vast machine we inhabit lies open to him; he seems not unacquainted with the general laws that govern it: and while with the transport of a philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational homage to his Maker. But, alas! how narrow is the prospect even of such a mind! And how obscure to the compass that is taken in by the ken of an angel, or of a soul but newly escaped from its imprisonment in the body! For my part I freely indulge my soul in the confidence of its future grandeur; it pleases me to

think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall ere long shoot away with the swiftness of imagination, trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career, be a spectator of the long chain of events in the natural and moral worlds, visit the several apartments of the creation, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the order, and measure the magnitudes and distances of those orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle; observe the dependance of the parts of each system, and (if our minds are big enough to grasp the theory) of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe. In eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous ambition; for, besides the secret refreshment it diffuses through my soul, it engages me in an endeavour to improve my faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the rank I now hold among reasonable beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted station.

The other, and that the ultimate end of man, is the enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a wish. Dim at best are the conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his creatures in suspense, neither discovering nor hiding himself; by which means, the libertine hath a handle to dispute his existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their hearts prefer every trifling satisfaction to the favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good man for the singularity of his choice. Will there not a time come when the Freethinker shall see his impious schemes over-

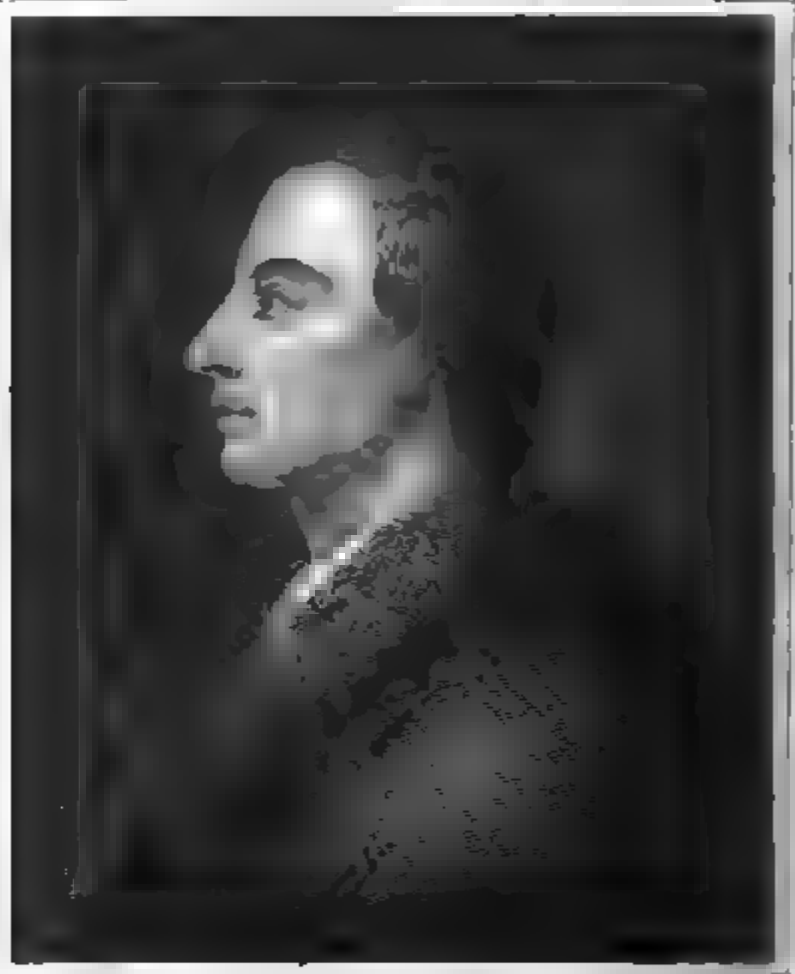
turned, and be made a convert to the truths he hates? when deluded mortals shall be convinced of the folly of their pursuits; and the few wise, who followed the guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the blandishments of sense, and the sordid bribery of the world, aspired to a celestial abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost wish in the vision of the Creator? Here the mind heaves a thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient glances of his presence; when, in the instant it thinks itself to have the fastest hold, the object eludes its expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly beings. Are not spirits capable of mutual intelligence, unless immersed in bodies, or by their intervention? Must superior natures depend on inferior for the main privilege of sociable beings, that of conversing with and knowing each other? What would they have done had matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal solitude. As incorporeal substances are of a nobler order, so be sure their manner or intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of communication we call intellectual vision, as somewhat analogous to the sense of seeing, which is the medium of our acquaintance with this visible world. And in some such way can God make himself the object of immediate intuition to the blessed; and as he can, it is not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the circumstances of doing it, to the weakness and proportion of finite minds. His works but faintly reflect the image of his perfections; it is a second-hand knowledge: to have a just idea of him it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? It is something that never entered into the heart of man to conceive; yet, what we can

easily conceive, will be a fountain of unspeakable, of everlasting rapture. All created glories will fade and die away in his presence. Perhaps it will be my happiness to compare the world with the fair exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original plan of those wise designs that have been executing in a long succession of ages. Thus employed in finding out his works, and contemplating their Author, how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my body swallowed up in the immensity of matter, my mind in the infinitude of his perfections!

END OF VOL. XV.

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GUARDIAN.



No. 1—53.

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL

PREFACE

TO

THE GUARDIAN.

BETWEEN the completion of the seventh volume of the *SPECTATOR*, and its final resumption, we have remarked in the life of *STEELE* that there intervened eighteen months; and that a considerable portion of this lapse was occupied by the publication of the *GUARDIAN*. It may be observed here, that it was evidently intended by its great conductors to shut the *SPECTATOR* at the seventh volume; and the conjecture, that its resumption on the close of the *GUARDIAN*, was a mere bookseller's speculation, cannot be far from the fact. While, however, any adventurers for profit can enlist into their schemes such co-operators as *STEELE* and *ADDISON*, we shall always rejoice in a spirit of enterprise; no matter, literary or commercial—which must conduce ultimately to results so advantageous for mankind. In the opinion of *JOHNSON*, the *eighth* volume of the *SPECTATOR* is, 'perhaps, more valuable than any of those that went before it. *ADDISON* produced more than a fourth part, and the other contributors are not unworthy of appearing as his associates.' We have little to add,

historically, concerning the origination of the GUARDIAN. Its first Number appeared on Thursday, March 12, 1713; and in that, the writer explains 'upon what pretensions he takes upon himself to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. My design upon the whole is no less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert in the use of piety, justice, and virtue; for I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity.'

The assumed character under which these admirable papers are conducted is that of *Nestor Ironside, Esq.* GUARDIAN of the family of the LIZARDS. We are quite of JOHNSON'S opinion, that it is too serious and too confined; and that it is, 'in some degree, violated by merriment and burlesque.' The name, as well as the whole plan of the paper, appears to be STEELE'S: but the latter wants the congruity and symmetry of the SPECTATOR, and the first cannot come into any comparison with the felicitous invention of *Bickerstaff*. Mr. CHALMERS, however, who dissents from JOHNSON in his critique upon this name and character, has rightly said that it is not fair to scrutinize too severely the *title* of an ESSAYIST*. But

* 'Dr. JOHNSON'S opinions are so generally entitled to reverence, that it is not without reluctance I presume to object to this decision. It appears to have been written in an unlucky moment of caprice. To scrutinize the titles assumed by the ESSAYISTS, in this severe manner, would be to disfranchise the whole body,

the great biographer makes abundant reparation for his fault-finding, when he tells us that the GUARDIAN is 'a continuation of the SPECTATOR, with the same elegance and the same variety.' Little, therefore, remains to be done in these prefatory pages, after our ampler notice of its predecessors, than to give some account of those occasional correspondents, whose essays in the GUARDIAN—had they no other fame to rest upon—would alone suffice to perpetuate their memories to posterity.

GEORGE BERKELEY, D.D. the celebrated bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, stands at the head of these contributors. He has enriched the GUARDIAN with fourteen papers, written with great elegance and perspicuity of language. Three of these are devoted to miscellaneous to-

and probably no one would suffer more than the RAMBLER, a name which Dr. WARTON has censured, and with as little reason. And what shall be said of names intrinsically so contemptible as IDLER and LOUVER? But

"It were to consider too curiously to consider so."

'The views of our ESSAYISTS in the choice of a name, have been either to select one that did not pledge them to any particular plan, or one that expressed humility, or promised little, and might afterwards excite an agreeable surprise by its unexpected fertility. Of the former class are the SPECTATOR, WORLD, MIRROR: of the latter class are the TATLER, RAMBLER, IDLER, ADVENTURER. The CONNOISSEUR, is a name of some danger, because of great promise; and the GUARDIAN might perhaps have been liable to the same objection, if he had not tempered the austerity of the preceptor with the playfulness of the friend and companion, and partaken of the amusements of his pupils while he provided for their instruction. And with respect to his "literary speculations, as well as his merriment and burlesque," we may surely allow him some latitude, when we consider that the public at large was under his guardianship, and that the demand for variety became consequently more extensive.'—Preface by CHALMERS.

pics; and in the remaining *eleven*, he has developed with great clearness and force of argument, the evidences in favour of a future state, and the rationality of revealed religion.

GEORGE BERKELEY was the son of WILLIAM BERKELEY of Thomastown, near Kilkenny, and was born at Kilcrin, in the same county on the 12th of March, 1684. His father had suffered greatly for his attachment to CHARLES I. and emigrated during the civil troubles to Ireland, where his loyalty was rewarded, at the Restoration, with the collectorship of the town of Belfast. GEORGE was educated at the grammar-school in Kilkenny, under the superintendence of Dr. HINTON. At the age of fifteen, he was entered a pensioner at Trinity College, Dublin, under the tuition of Dr. HILL, and became a fellow of the same society, on the 9th of June, 1707. In the same year, he distinguished himself by a tract of no ordinary acuteness, entitled *Arithmetica absque Algebrâ aut Euclide demonstrata*, which he had written at the age of twenty, and was the first proof which he gave of his mathematical and metaphysical bias. This was an able precursor to his great work, on the 'Theory of Vision,' published in 1709, which illustrated many phenomena connected with sight, and threw a new light upon the whole optical system, then but imperfectly understood. The publication of his 'Principles of Human Knowledge' in 1710, caused a great sensation in the philosophical world. Written with extraordinary powers, and advocating the most extravagant doctrines,

it went to disprove the existence of all external objects, and to establish an universal immaterialism. This was an old doctrine of ARISTOTLE, and it has been subsequently extended by DESCARTES, LOCKE, BERKELEY, and HUME; but its idealities and delusions have not been able to stand before the profounder philosophy of Dr. REID, and Mr. DUGALD STEWART.

‘BERKELEY, by pushing home to all their consequences the arguments of LEIBNITZ and LOCKE, and by presuming to trace the origin of powers of which we are almost necessarily ignorant, and for the investigation of which we have no data to found our inquiries upon, was gradually led to doubt of the existence of matter, and apparently to oppose the evidence of common sense, and the very principles of human conviction. I say apparently; for it is a mistake, to suppose that he was sceptical enough to reject the testimony of his senses, or to deny the reality of his sensations; he disputed not the effects but the *causes* of our sensations, and was therefore induced to inquire, whether these causes took their birth from matter external to ourselves, or proceeded merely from impressions on the mind through the immediate immaterial agency of the Deity*.’

In 1713, BERKELEY came over to London, and under the title of ‘Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous,’ published a defence of his system of immaterialism, which had now raised much controversy, and began deeply to interest the public. It is easy to suppose, that such

* DRAKE, vol. iii. p. 56.

a man as BERKELEY could not belong in London without finding his level. Dr. SWIFT soon distinguished him with his particular friendship, and his intimacy was assiduously cultivated by Sir RICHARD STEELE, not only because he loved him for his many amiable qualities, but equally on account of his great value as a literary assistant in the GUARDIAN. It is reported of Sir RICHARD, that he gave BERKELEY—who had then nothing but his fellowship and writings to support him—a guinea and a dinner for every essay which he contributed to that paper.

In the November of this year, Mr. BERKELEY accompanied the Earl of PETERBOROUGH on his mission to the court of Sicily, as chaplain and private secretary to the embassy. This introduction he owed to the patronage and friendship of SWIFT. On the recall of the Earl, in August, 1714, BERKELEY returned with him to England, but found that Queen ANNE's ministry, in which he centered all his hopes of preferment, had been dismissed from power. In this situation, bereft at once both of prospect and provision, he did not hesitate to accept an offer from the bishop of Clogher, Dr. St. GEORGE ASHE, to make the tour of Europe, with his son. He remained abroad with his pupil four years, much of which was dedicated to the continent and islands of Italy. During this tour, he composed a natural history of the island of Sicily, which he lost on his passage to Naples.

In 1721, BERKELEY revisited England, and as

soon as he arrived in London, published a tract, *De Motu*, which he had written at Lyons, when on his journey homeward, and of which he had transmitted a manuscript copy to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris. This was followed in the same year, by *An Essay towards preventing the ruin of Great Britain*; a pamphlet occasioned by the universal distress into which the South-Sea failure had plunged the country, and exhibiting great abilities and a fine philanthropic feeling. At this period, through the introduction of POPE, Mr. BERKELEY became acquainted with Lord BURLINGTON, upon whose recommendation to the Duke of GRAFTON, then setting out for the government of Ireland, he accompanied the new viceroy as chaplain, in the autumn of 1721. He had been senior fellow of his college since the year 1717, and now, on the 4th of November, 1721, he took the degrees of bachelor and doctor in divinity.

In the following year, Dr. BERKELEY acquired an accession of fortune, by an incident alike singular and unexpected. He had been introduced by SWIFT, on his first arrival in London, in 1713, to Mrs. ESTHER VANHOMRIGH, the too celebrated *Vanessa*, who had adopted the Dean as her sole heir; but mortified in the sequel by his neglect, and disgusted at his duplicity, Vanessa cancelled this disposition on the marriage of SWIFT with STELLA, and constituted Mr. MARSHALL, a barrister, and Dr. BERKELEY—whom she had never seen but once—coheirs to her whole property. She left 8000 which was equally divided between these

among the great and distinguished of his native country; to benefit the stranger and the savage. But it was not in his destinies to succeed, for there was now no ADDISON at the helm, who might second such a champion of humanity. WALPOLE, to save appearances, and keep with the king, lent him his ostensible influence, but at the bottom preserved a freezing neutrality. The House of Commons had voted an address to his majesty, praying for a grant of money, to be appropriated to the President and Fellows of the college of St. Paul in Bermuda; and in consequence of this address, the minister promised to place 20,000*l.* at the disposal of Dr. BERKELEY, to enable him to complete his plan. But after two years of shuffling and prevarication, he desired the Bishop of London to inform BERKELEY—whom he had kept all the time in a state of anxious correspondence across the Atlantic—that this money had diverged into another channel, and coldly recommended the Dean to relinquish his experiment, and return home.

‘ Thus perished, through the folly and duplicity of the minister, a project which must ultimately have been productive of incalculable benefit to the new world; and on which its amiable and worthy author had expended the greater part of his property, and several of the best years of his life. America will probably never forget the mission of this great and good man; his kindness, charity, and beneficence; his animating example and unwearied labours in the discharge of his clerical func-

tions; during the whole time of his residence in that country, were such as to endear him to its natives with an attachment almost bordering upon adoration. The name of BERKELEY still sounds in their ears as the name of a friend and benefactor.'

On his arrival in London in 1732, BERKELEY returned all the private subscriptions which he had received for the support of his college; and at the same time published his *Minute Philosopher*, which, while it ably vindicated his own religion, successfully combated the pernicious theories of the atheist, the necessitarian, and the sceptic. Queen CAROLINE, who had long followed BERKELEY with her silent admiration, read this work, which had been presented to her by Bishop SHERLOCK, with a deep impression, and instantly nominated its benevolent author to the rich deanery of Down in Ireland. The lord-lieutenant, however, owing to some informality in the queen's proceeding, not consenting to ratify this nomination, her majesty declared that *since they would not suffer Dr. BERKELEY to be a dean in Ireland, he should be a bishop*. A vacancy soon afterwards occurring, he was advanced to this high dignity, and consecrated Bishop of CLOYNE, in St. Paul's church, in Dublin, on the 19th of May, 1734. 'On this see, with the exception of one winter occupied by parliamentary business in Dublin, he constantly resided for eighteen years, and until the bad state of his health compelled him to relinquish its duties for the shades of retirement.'

Shortly after his arrival at Cloyne, the Earl of CHESTERFIELD came to Ireland as viceroy, and lost no time in seeking out this admirable man, to pay his tribute to such exalted merit. The see of Clogher was vacant, with a fine of 10,000*l.* for the next successor, and he pressed its acceptance upon BERKELEY, accompanied with an offer of any better translation which might occur during his vicegerency. The good bishop consulted with Mrs. BERKELEY, that he might do nothing to wrong his family, and with her full concurrence and approbation, declined not only the bishopric of Clogher, but any farther ecclesiastical change whatever. Before the close of this administration, BERKELEY rejected the vacant primacy, and on that occasion, said to his wife: ‘I desire to add one more to the list of churchmen, who are evidently dead to ambition and avarice.’

During his incumbency at Cloyne, the bishop often found leisure, notwithstanding the multitude of his ecclesiastical avocations, to employ his pen against the enemies of religion, or of the state. His ‘Analyst,’ which was directed against the scepticism of Dr. HALLEY, was the cause of much animated controversy, equally beneficial in its results to Christianity and to science. If mysteries, and even *incongruities* were to be admitted in mathematics, and he contended that *they were*,—*a fortiori*, argued the bishop, shall a mystery be admissible *in religion*; and he attacked the doctrine of fluxions, as founded in error and in falsehood. COLSON,—in a commentary on Sir ISAAC NEWTON,—Dr. JURIN,

of Cambridge, and BENJAMIN ROBINS, Esq.: all great names in the scientific world, appeared rapidly and successively against the bishop; who replied and was replied to, but was certainly vanquished on the question of science, though he argued triumphantly for Christianity.—The sedentary habits into which he now fell, so different from his former activity, gradually undermined his health, and at sixty years of age brought on a nervous colic, which became chronic, and afflicted him to the end of his life. This complaint, however, particularly in its incipient stage, was much alleviated by the use of Tar-water; and, from a benevolent desire to make known the virtues of this medicine to the suffering, he published in 1744, his ‘*SIRIS, a chain of philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the virtues of Tar-water.*’ This was a work of equal erudition and research, combining in an extraordinary manner, medical fact and metaphysical inference; and conducting the reader imperceptibly to the most awful religious inquiries and sublime conclusions. ‘Many a vulgar critic has sneered at it,’ says Dr. WARTON, ‘for beginning at *Tar*, and ending with the *Trinity*; incapable of observing the great art with which the transitions in that book are finely made, where each paragraph depends upon, and arises out of the preceding; and gradually, and imperceptibly leads on the reader, from common objects to more remote, from matter to spirit, from earth to heaven.’ The great popularity of this pamphlet achieved for Tar-water a reputation beyond its merits, but.

as the sway of fashion can never be more than momentary in medicine, it rapidly fell into disuse, notwithstanding the eulogy of the bishop.

BERKELEY wrote many tracts upon the incidental occurrences, and political aspect of his times, and one characteristic vein of benevolence distinguished all his writings. He supported the existing government with purity and disinterestedness, and presented the unusual phenomenon of a *ministerial patriot*, which is almost an equal solecism in morals and in politics. In 1750, the publication of his '*Maxims concerning Patriotism*' afforded an additional evidence, if such were wanting, of his intimate knowledge of human nature, and his ardent disposition to serve his country.

His '*Farther Thoughts on Tar-water*,' in 1752, was his last performance. His health was now become very infirm, and his constitution rapidly breaking. He tried in vain to exchange his bishopric for some canonry, or headship at Oxford, where he might at once indulge in literary leisure, and superintend the education of his son. At last, he petitioned the king to be allowed to resign his see; but when the king heard *who* it was that preferred so extraordinary a request, he declared that BERKELEY *should die a bishop in spite of himself*, but gave him free permission to reside where he pleased.—Accordingly, in July 1752, he removed to Oxford with his lady and family, but not long to enjoy the happiness of his academic seclusion. He died suddenly on Sunday evening, January 14, 1753, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, while

he was listening to the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians—the lesson for the burial service—which Mrs. BERKELEY was reading aloud to the family*. So imperceptibly did he go off, that no change was noticed in his countenance or his attitude, until Miss BERKELEY, rising to hand him a cup of tea, discovered that he was not only dead in his chair, but that his body was quite cold and stiff!

Thus lived, and thus died, one of the brightest ornaments in any age or country; whose life was so beautifully pure, that, perhaps, since the fall from innocence, none have so nearly approached the angelic standard; and whose passage to the other world was so different from an ordinary dissolution, that, like ENOCH, he appeared to be translated from earth to heaven. It is related of Bishop ATTERBURY, that after he had been introduced by Lord BERKELEY to this amiable man, he lifted up his hands in admiration as Mr. BERKELEY quitted the room, and exclaimed: 'So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman.'

As a philosopher, BERKELEY was perhaps

* It is possible that this anecdote about the *Burial lesson* may be the manufacture of some lover of coincidence. Dr. DRAKE, however, who cannot be followed with too implicit a deference in all matters connected with the writers in these volumes, relates it without suspicion. Yet Dr. AINS, in his 'Biography,' says that it was a sermon of SHERLOCK's. There is room to doubt.—The bishop's complaint was a paralytic affection of the heart.

too imaginative and enthusiastic for the purposes of argumentative discussion; but his intellectual powers were of great compass, and in all the arts and occupations of common life—whether liberal or mechanic—he was versed far beyond the multitude of ordinary practitioners. ‘BERKELEY was a handsome man, of a robust constitution, and very strong till his sedentary life had impaired his health. His countenance was expressive, and peculiarly benevolent. The enthusiastic energy of his character, which is displayed in his public works, was also apparent in his private life and conversation. But notwithstanding this animation and spirit, his manner was invariably mild, unaffected, and engaging.’

Of the essays which BERKELEY contributed to the GUARDIAN, No. 3. *An exposition of the folly and impiety of COLLINS and his disciples*, is yet a disputed paper, and by many ascribed to STEELE. It is quoted by Sir RICHARD, in his ‘Apology,’ without any allusion to BERKELEY: but, on the other hand, it is *expressly claimed* by Dr. GEORGE BERKELEY for the bishop. Against such a claimant, it would seem impertinent to array a *mere opinion*; but it is possible that Dr. GEORGE BERKELEY himself laid his claim upon circumstantial evidence, and without any directer proof than the intimate connexion of this paper with the subjects of his father’s essays. In regard to style, if we were unopposed by this extrinsic circumstance, the verisimilitude is much greater for STEELE than BERKELEY,

The contributions, then, of Bishop BERKELEY to the GUARDIAN, may be enumerated as follows: Nos. 3—*doubtful*—27, 39, 55, 62, 69, 70, 77, 83, 88, 89, and 126, which are directed principally against scepticism and irreligion. Of these, No. 62, contains some excellent remarks on the utility of public schools, and No. 126, is a beautiful essay on the endearments of friendship and benevolence.—No. 35, On the discovery of the Pineal Gland by DESCARTES, and No. 49, On Pleasures, natural and fantastical, are good specimens of his lighter and more humorous manner.

Eight papers in the GUARDIAN emanate from the pen of POPE, and compel us to regret that he was such a sparing contributor. No. 4, is a just satire on the extreme servility of dedications; and in No. 11, he has given us a very animated and pleasing picture, heightened with much comic power, of the effects of vanity and self-love. No. 40, on the writers of Pastoral, in which, among the moderns, the critic uniformly assigns the palm to PHILIPS, but takes care to let it be seen that POPE is always the superior, is managed with a dexterity and artifice, altogether without example. This exquisite piece of irony produced, as might be expected, an irreparable breach between the two poets. PHILIPS hung up a rod at BUTTON's, with which he threatened to chastise his antagonist; and POPE, in the first edition of his letters, pays off PHILIPS with the appellation of 'rascal.' *Arcades ambo!*—In No. 61, POPE

exerts his eloquence in favour of the brute creation, and pleads with equal power and pathos, for a more humane, and tender treatment of animals. This paper impresses the reader, with a pleasing idea of those sentiments of benevolence and compassion, which animated the bosom of our poet, and which, in this instance, appear to have come warm from the heart. No. 78, entitled 'A Receipt for an Epic Poem,' is a smart satire upon BOSSU, and conducted with a fund of originality and good humour. POPE's known impatience under any personal allusions, did not prevent him occasionally from making merry at his own expense. In Nos. 91, and 92, he has ludicrously introduced himself and his associates under the appellation of the '*Little Club*,' into which no candidate was admissible, if his stature exceeded five feet. ADDISON took a hint from the rich pleasantry of these essays, and followed them up with a description of his '*Tall Club*,' in No. 108.—No. 173, POPE's last communication to the GUARDIAN, is a satire on the bad taste which at that time obtained in gardening. It appears, by a letter from POPE to ADDISON, written in the autumn of 1713, that he would willingly have been a much more frequent contributor to this work, but that he was shy of any connexion with STEELE, on account of his uncompromising politics. POPE's prudence did not easily suffer him to be committed: he thought very highly of STEELE's head and heart, but he kept as clear as possi-

ble from all open co-operation, through a fear of offending the Jacobites*.

The next contributor whom we shall notice, was so intimately connected with ADDISON, that although his hand, with but a slight exception, elude our investigation in the GUARDIAN, a sketch of his life in this place will not be the less interesting.

THOMAS TICKELL, son of the Rev. RICHARD TICKELL, vicar of Bridekirk, near Carlisle, in Cumberland, was born in 1686. He studied at Queen's College, Oxford, where he took his Master's degree in 1708, and became a Fellow in 1710. He shewed an early taste for a public and literary life, and his genius and attainments were well calculated to realize his wishes. By a copy of verses on his opera of Rosamond, he acquired the patronage and friendship of ADDISON; a tie, which was uninterrupted to the grave. ADDISON regarded TICKELL with all the tenderness and affection of a father, and TICKELL cherished for ADDISON the most exalted veneration, and a feeling of filial attachment. An intimacy with STEELE and his associates was a natural consequence of this connexion, and many Spectators and Guardians, which are now fatherless, might be affiliated, with little risk of injustice, upon TICKELL. He wrote with much elegance, both in verse and prose, and holds a distinguished rank among the minor poets of his country. In his monody

* 'An honest Jacobite,' says POPE, in the letter alluded to, 'spoke to me the sense, or nonsense, of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me that I writ well of STEELE, though upon never so indifferent subjects.'



upon the death of ADDISON, are some of the sweetest specimens of elegiac simplicity and pathos. Dr. JOHNSON goes much farther, and says, that a sublimer funeral poem is not to be found in the whole compass of English literature.

TICKELL played a considerable card upon the theatre of politics, as well as letters. He went with ADDISON to Ireland, when he accompanied the Earl of SUNDERLAND as secretary; and on the nomination of his illustrious friend to the premiership, in 1717, TICKELL was immediately advanced to the post of under-secretary, which he filled with equal credit to himself, and advantage to the country. When ADDISON died, he devolved the publication of his works upon TICKELL, solemnly recommending him to the patronage of Secretary CRAGGS, his successor, to whom they were dedicated. CRAGGS, however, died before the dedicated volumes could be brought out; and Lord WARWICK, to whom TICKELL had inscribed the beautiful elegy which he prefixed, was dead also before the publication*.

In 1725, TICKELL was made secretary to

* POPE, noticing the singularity of these coincidences, writes thus in a letter to ATTERBURY. 'ADDISON's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man (ADDISON) to a dead man (CRAGGS), and even that the new patron (Lord WARWICK) to whom TICKELL chose to inscribe his verses, should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it.'

the Lords Justices of Ireland, a situation of great dignity and profit, and in which he continued till his death. This happened at Bath, on the 23d of April, 1740, after a life of eminent virtue, and great public utility.

It is quite foreign from our purpose, to enter into the controversy between POPE, and TICKELL and ADDISON, relative to the first book of the Iliad. That ADDISON secretly wished for his friend's success, we can imagine; that his friendship for TICKELL was not the only prompter of this wish, we will also concede; but that he translated the first book of the Iliad himself, out of sheer rivalry to POPE, or that he corrected TICKELL's, we shall never believe, for as a poet he was inferior to TICKELL. The curious on this subject may compare JOHNSON and DRAKE, in their biography of TICKELL and ADDISON.

Six papers in the first volume of the GUARDIAN, on pastoral poetry, Nos. 15, 22, 23, 28, 30, and 32, have been assigned, but on no sufficient evidence, to TICKELL. The annotators, nevertheless, are more confident in the propriety of this, than of any other circumstantial ascription in these volumes; and certainly, they do not betray much, either of the manner, or style of STEELE. It is not at all improbable that TICKELL, who was a man of singular and shrinking modesty, was the author of many of those unclaimed papers in the SPECTATOR, which are distinguished with the letter T. However this be, we have STEEL direct testimony to his assistance, but it v

imparted under such a shroud of concealment, that all his papers, with the exception of one Essay in the *GUARDIAN*, are beyond identification. No. 125, in that work, on the beauties and exhilarating effects of spring, is all that we know to be TICKELL'S.

The introductory paragraph to No. 11, one of POPE'S papers, has been ascribed to GAY, but probably without foundation. He wrote No. 149, on dress, which is a very clever and ingenious article; and the parallel between poetry and dress is supported with much original humour, not unmingled with some happy strokes of satire.

JOHN GAY was born near Barnstaple in Devonshire, in 1688; and having received a somewhat classical education at the grammar-school of that town, was nevertheless bound apprentice to a silk-mercator, through some sudden reduction in his family. But GAY, detesting an occupation at once so frivolous and unworthy, got together a sufficient sum, and bought his emancipation from his master. Released from the trammels of his indentures, he cultivated literature and poetry with equal ardour and success. In 1711, he published his first poem, entitled 'Rural Sports,' which he dedicated to POPE, then about his own age; and from this incident arose an intimacy between the two poets, which death only had the power to dissolve. GAY wrote for the stage with alternate failure and success: his celebrated 'Beggar's Opera' still survives, and is acted to crowded houses. Of his lighter poems, the

well-known ballads of 'Black-eyed Susan,' and 'Twas when the Seas were Roaring,' are without a rival for simplicity and tender beauties. But GAY's reputation with posterity rests upon his Fables. They were written for the instruction of the young Duke of CUMBERLAND: but the court never compensated GAY. He died on the 4th of December, 1732, in the forty-fourth year of his age. To great excellence of moral character, he joined a temper peculiarly sweet, and the most engaging manners. No one was more universally beloved and regretted, than was JOHN GAY.

No. 130, On the merits of the speculative and the active classes of mankind, is the production of the Rev. DEANE BARTELETT. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, where he graduated, on the fifth of July, 1693. We have no memoir of Mr. BARTELETT. Of Dr. THOMAS BIRCH, chancellor and prebendary of Worcester, we know as little. He contributed No. 36, which he calls 'A Modest Apology for Punning.'

No. 25, Containing some sound criticisms upon Lord Bacon's History of Henry VII., and No. 31, upon the various kinds of happiness, are from the pen of BUDGELL*.

No. 37, A critical review of Othello, with some excellent moral strictures on the passion of jealousy, is by HUGHES.

No. 56, The Vision of Reproof and Reproach; and No. 66, the Vision of Common Fame, are the contributions of PARNELL.

* For accounts of BUDGELL, HUGHES, PARNELL, and PEARCE, see Preface to the SPECTATOR.

No. 16, On Songs and Lyric Poetry, was written by Mr. AMBROSE PHILIPS, celebrated for his pastoral compositions. Dr. AIKIN calls it elegant and ingenious, but superficial; and DRAKE praises it even more than AIKIN*. It is extolled beyond its merits. PHILIPS was more ambitious than talented. His tragedy of the 'Distrest Mother,' which is almost entirely a translation of the *Andromaque* of Racine, still keeps the stage. He was most successful in his songs and translations from Sappho. The *Hymn to Venus* was first printed in No. 223 of the SPECTATOR; and the fragment, commencing *Blest as the immortal gods is he*, appeared in No. 229 of the same work. To him, also, is ascribed the translation of a Lapland love-song, in No. 366 of the SPECTATOR. The life of PHILIPS has been written by Dr. JOHNSON.

No. 86, A curious paper on the Poetical descriptions of the War-horse, is given by the Annotators to Dr. EDWARD YOUNG, now principally remembered for his immortal poem of the 'Night Thoughts.' Dr. YOUNG's life is also to be found in JOHNSON.

No. 93, which consists of two letters; *one*

* Just as this sheet is going to press, the death of Dr. AIKIN is announced in the public prints. JOHN AIKIN, Esq. M.D. whose name is frequently recurrent in these prefaces, closed a long and useful life at Stoke-Newington, near London, on Saturday, December 7, 1822, aged seventy-five.

As a physician, Dr. AIKIN, did not press forward for that celebrity, which his talents had easily ensured; but as a critic, and a biographer, his name will be long distinguished.

'The public,' says the *Examiner*, 'will sympathize with his private friends, in an event which has separated for ever from mortal concerns, a man whose literary life was devoted, with undeviating consistency, to the support of the best interests of mankind.'

containing a translation from XENOPHON, and the *other*, instituting a comparison between the Pharisees and the Sadducees, is the composition of Dr. WILLIAM WOTTON. He was the son of the Rev. HENRY WOTTON, rector of Wrentham in Suffolk, where he was born on the 13th of August, 1666. He studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated, and became a Fellow. He was a prebendary of Sarum, and a *pluralist*, but he wanted economy, and was distressed with all his emoluments. He died on the 13th of February, 1726, leaving behind him, says DRAKE, perhaps no competitor, with regard to strength of memory, and variety of acquisition as a linguist.

Three communications in the GUARDIAN are ascribed to Mr. LAWRENCE EUSDEN. The first, is a letter in No. 124, entitled 'More Roarings of the Lion,' and which DRAKE honours with the epithet *Addisonian*; the second, is a translation of Claudian's 'Court of Venus,' in No. 127; and the third, is a version from the same poet, of the *Speech of Pluto to Proserpine*, in No. 164. From the complimentary termination of the last piece, it could not have been entirely EUSDEN's, unless, as his biographer insinuates, he had a way of shewing his modesty quite peculiar to himself. EUSDEN succeeded to the laurel on the death of ROWE, but no laurels have survived for EUSDEN.

For the letter signed *Ned Mum*, in No. 121, we are indebted to ZACHARY PEARCE. His sketch of the *Silent Club* is humorous and original.

Mr. NICHOLAS ROWE was the author of a

letter in No. 118, signed with his own initials. He was the son of JOHN ROWE, Esq. serjeant at law, and was born at Little Berkford in Bedfordshire, in 1673. He studied at Westminster under the celebrated Dr. BUSBY, and rapidly made himself master of the classics, but being destined by his father for the law, he was entered when sixteen, as a student of the Middle Temple. His father dying when he was only nineteen, ROWE became independent of a profession which he never liked, and turned with alacrity from musty parchments to the cultivation of elegant literature. At the age of twenty-five he produced his first tragedy under the title of the ‘Ambitious Step-mother,’ which being received with great applause, determined him ever afterwards to the stage. He wrote seven tragedies, four of which are now fallen into oblivion; and three, *Jane Shore*, *The Fair Penitent*, and *The Ambitious Step-mother*, continue to be received with popularity, and belong to the standard drama. He tried a comedy, which he called the *Biter*, but it was so signally damned, that he did not even give it a place in his works. His edition of SHAKESPEARE is indifferent, but the highest praise is due to his translation of the *Pharsalia*. ROWE’s life is well written by JOHNSON: he held several places of profit under the government, and is one of those who have conferred distinction upon the post of Laureate.—ROWE died on the 6th of December, 1718, aged forty-four, and was buried on the 19th of the same month in Westminster-abbey.

MARTYN, CAREY, and INCE, have all been mentioned among the contributors to the GUARDIAN, but not one of their pieces can be identified.

Of the prefatory address, entitled, 'The Publisher to the Reader,' which has been generally ascribed to STEELE, the assignment is extremely questionable. The manner in which POPE's Iliad is forced upon the public attention, savours strongly of a bookseller's puff; ADDISON is awkwardly complimented, and STEELE mentioned with discredit. Now we know that TONSON, who published the GUARDIAN, was at variance with STEELE for discontinuing it so suddenly, which may account for this contemptuous treatment of his name: but how STEELE, so situated, could condescend to write the dedications, which the Annotators insist are *his*, appears to be quite unexplainable. Mr. CHALMERS will not allow the 'Publisher to the Reader' to be STEELE's, neither can we. It must have been written *after* the dedications, which were probably finished by STEELE before his rupture with TONSON, and turned to a subsequent account by the bookseller. It is, besides, too *inelegant* and *vulgar* to be STEELE's, who retained none of his early slovenliness at that period, but was often with difficulty distinguished from ADDISON by the best judges. If we compare the style of the dedications with that of the preface in question, we be satisfied that they could not emanate the same pen.

It is said, on the authority of POPE, that STEELE was bound in articles of penalty to his bookseller for all the Guardians; and it is left for us to infer, that he got rid of these not altogether by the most creditable means. We have seen that STEELE abruptly laid aside the GUARDIAN, only to commence the ENGLISHMAN; but if the mere change of a *title* could enable one party to elude the other, the contract could not have been very definite. It is chiefly objected to STEELE, however, that not content with evading his obligations, he inflicted a wilful detriment upon the property from which he withdrew, by entitling his new paper, '*The Englishman, being the sequel of the Guardian.*' But the direct injuriousness of this title was not all; he followed it up by a statement in his first number, that he had 'for valuable considerations purchased the lion, desk, pen, ink, and paper, and all other goods of NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq. who has thought fit to write no more himself, but has given *me* full liberty to report any sage expressions, or maxims which may tend to the instruction of mankind, and the service of his country.'

There must have been more in this than survives to posterity: such an aggravation of the circumstances of secession is out of all probability. It is more likely that there was a mutual dissolution of the agreement.

It is impossible to close this preface, without recurring to the elegant and copious commentator, whose volumes we have so frequently quoted throughout this and our former es-

says*. We have used him so unsparingly upon all occasions, that we do not *desire* to be considered original; holding it of paramount importance to disseminate the knowledge of his criticisms as widely as the essayists themselves. All persons who possess a copy of the one, should not rest till they have procured the other. It is not only a disadvantage, but a positive *misfortune*, to be without the commentaries of DRAKE; for they do not place in a fuller light, merely, the national importance and high literary merits of our first periodical writers, but they abound with incidental beauties and fascinating passages of their own, and blend such a lovely morality with their enchanting criticisms, as uniformly to exalt the heart, in proportion as they enlarge the understanding.

The essays of DRAKE are divided into three volumes; of which the first and second are occupied with the biography, and relative moral and literary merits, of STEELE and ADDISON. A discriminated and masterly review of the state of letters in England previous to the appearance of these writers, is given in a preliminary discourse; and in the last volume will be found an ample biographical notice of all those occasional correspondents of the TATLER, SPECTATOR, and GUARDIAN, whose names have descended to posterity: an Au-

* 'ESSAYS, Biographical, Critical, and Historical, illustrative of the TATLER, SPECTATOR, and GUARDIAN. By NATHAN DRAKE, M. D. Author of "Literary Hours." In three volumes. London: 1805.'

gustan company of bards and sages; a body of wit and wisdom, such as time and accident may not soon incorporate—**APOLLINEO NOMINA DIGNA CHORO!**

The mass of anecdote and information, the accumulated and curious research, displayed in this work, its lucid order and admirable arrangement, are far beyond any praise of ours. We do our duty best, by indicating such a treasure to our readers; and while we forbear to make any farther transcript, it is in the confidence that they have seen enough, not to be contented with extract only.

**A Table of the Contributors to the GUARDIAN.
176 Papers.**

| <i>Contributors.</i> | <i>Entire Papers.</i> | <i>Letters and Parts of Papers.</i> |
|----------------------|-----------------------|---|
| Siecle | 82 | |
| Addison | 53 | |
| Berkeley | 14 | |
| Pope | 8 | |
| Tickell | 7 | |
| Bodgell | 2 | |
| Hughes | 2 | |
| Parnell | 2 | |
| Gay | 1 | |
| Young | 1 | |
| Phillips | 1 | |
| Wotton | 1 | |
| Birch | 1 | |
| Bartlett | 1 | |
| Easden | | 3 |
| Pearce | | 1 |
| Rowe | | 1 |
| Total 17 | 176 | 5 |

THE
GUARDIAN.

ORIGINAL DEDICATION TO VOL. I.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CADOGAN.

SIR,

IN the character of Guardian, it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy and manly qualities, in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way, than Mr. Cadogan; with a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it; thus has life risen to you, as fast as you resigned it, and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the preceding moments to the cause of justice and of liberty, has come home to you, improved with honour: this happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of industry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirst, and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your present fortune unenvied. For the public always reaped greater advantage, from the example of successful merit, than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of; your country knows how eminently you

with which nature and fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated with nobler views, and know that the distinction of wealth and plenteous circumstances, is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination, no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which that Heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen, and agreeable companion, a disinterested friend, and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

Sir, your most obliged,
and most obedient, humble servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

THE
PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is a justice which Mr. Ironside owes gentlemen who have sent him their assistances from time to time, in the carrying on of this Work, to acknowledge that obligation, though at the same time he himself dwindles into the character of a mere publisher, by making the acknowledgment. But whether a man does it out of justice or gratitude, or any other virtuous reason or not, it is also a prudential act to take no more upon a man than he can bear. Too large a credit has made many a bankrupt, but taking even less than a man can answer with ease, is a sure fund for extending it whenever his occasions require. All those papers which are distinguished by the mark of a Hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too sublime to admit that the Author of them should receive any addition to his reputation, from such loose occasional thoughts as make up these little treatises. For which reason his name shall be concealed. Those which are marked with a Star, were composed by Mr. Budgell. That upon Dedications, with the Epistle of an Author to Himself, The Club of little Men, The Receipt to make an Epic Poem, The Rape of the Gardens of Alcinous, and the Catalogue that against Barbarity to Animals, and so have Mr. Pope for their Author. Now for this gentleman, I take this opportunity,

affection I have for his person and respect to his merit, to let the world know, that he is now translating Homer's Iliad by subscription. He has given good proof of his ability for the work, and the men of greatest wit and learning of this nation, of all parties, are, according to their different abilities, zealous encouragers, or solicitors for the work.

But to my present purpose. The Letter from Gnatho of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of comparing Dress to Criticism, are Mr. Gay's. Mr. Martin, Mr. Philips, Mr. Tickell, Mr. Carey, Mr. Eusden, Mr. Ince, and Mr. Hughes, have obliged the town with entertaining Discourses in these volumes; and Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity-college in Dublin, has embellished them with many excellent arguments in honour of religion and virtue. Mr. Parnelle will I hope forgive me that without his leave I mention, that I have seen his hand on the like occasion. There are some Discourses of a less pleasing nature which relate to the divisions amongst us, and such (lest any of these gentlemen should suffer from unjust suspicion), I must impute to the right author of them, who is one Mr. Steele of Langunnor, in the county of Carmarthen, in South Wales.

THE
GUARDIAN.

N^o 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1713.

-----Ille quem requiris.—MART. Epig. ii. 1.

He, whom you seek.

THERE is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world: this is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy. Mr. Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image opposite to the title-page of his learned treatise, wherein he instructs the youth of his nation to arrive at a flourishing hand. The author of the Key to Interest, both simple and compound, containing practical rules plainly expressed in words at length for all rates of interest and times of payment for what time soever, makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chester, by following the example of the above-mentioned Airs, and coming up to town, over against his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle enclosed in a circle of foliages; below his portrait for our farther satisfaction as to the age of that un-

writer, is subscribed '*Johannes Ward de civitat. Cestriæ, ætat. suæ 58. An. Dom. 1706.*' The serene aspect of these writers, joined with the great encouragement I observe is given to another, or what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at shall be nameless, but his countenance is communicated to the public in several views and aspects drawn by the most eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artists by way of mezzo-tinto, etchers, and the like*. There was, I remember, some years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whose face became generally known, and the artists employed their skill in delineating his features, because every man was a judge of the similitude of them. There is little else, than what this John Gale arrived at, in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourselves in such things, as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler considerations. But I think it is no great matter to the public what is the incentive which makes men bestow time in their service, provided there be any thing useful in what they produce; I shall proceed therefore to give an account of my intended labours, not without some hope of having my vanity at the end of them, indulged in the sort above-mentioned.

I should not have assumed the title of Guardian, had I not maturely considered, that the qualities necessary for doing the duties of that character, proceed from the integrity of the mind, more than the excellence of the understanding. The former of these qua-

* Dr. Sacheverell, who was highly honoured in this way, being placed in effigy on handkerchiefs, fans, urinals, &c.

fications it is in the power of every man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the advantages of the latter; to be faithful, to be honest, to be just, is what you will demand in the choice of your Guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleasant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow satisfactions which make for the ornament, if not so immediately to the use of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what assistance I shall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my history to be delivered in ensuing discourses. The main purpose of the work shall be, to protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to condemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preserving a strict regard, not only to the duties but civilities of life, with the utmost impartiality towards things and persons. The unjust application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the source of all calamity both public and private; the correction, therefore, or rather admonition, of a Guardian, in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent spirit would certainly be of general service.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I shall publish in respective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumstances relating to those who excel in mechanics, shall be considered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by such as have not turned themselves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the neces-

sity of social life, has given one man's hands to another man's head, and the carpenter, the smith, the joiner, are as immediately necessary to the mathematician, as my amanuensis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myself. I am so well convinced of this truth, that I shall have a particular regard to mechanics; and to shew my honour for them, I shall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but as to his conception, his spirit, and design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be, from these considerations, useful to make the world see, the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer, than the illiberal arrogance of scholars will at all times allow. But I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads, and shall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet-street, to Bat. Pigeon*, the hair-cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. How my head is accomplished for this employment towards the public, from the long exercise of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpose. They are most of them histories, or advices of public transactions; but as those representations affect the passions of my readers, I shall sometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongst us are too violent to make it possible to pass them by without observation. As to these matters, I shall be impartial,

* A shop was kept under this name, till very lately, almost opposite Arundel-street.

though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a Tory; with regard to the state, a Whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digesting my thoughts in proper style, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a half-penny above all other half-sheets*. And all persons who have any thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their letters (postage-paid) to Nestor Ironside, Esq. at Mr. Tonson's in the Strand. I declare, before-hand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other way than by letter: for as I am an ancient man, I shall find enough to do to give orders proper for their service, to whom I am by will of their parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a scene for me to pass my whole life in. But I have got my wards so well off my hands, and they are so able to act for themselves, that I have little to do but give a hint, and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My design upon the whole is no less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert in the care of piety, justice, and virtue; for I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity. All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain; if I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy, and revenge, are excrescences of the mind, which I have cut off long ago: but as they are excrescences which do not only deform, but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have.

* Price two-pence. Guard. in Folio.

N° 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1713.

THE readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myself that promise to give the town a daily half-sheet: I shall therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middlesex; my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal education, and of a humour to think that a great happiness even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep me above want. In my sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our Universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Josiah Pullen*, of our hall above-mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy to my constant morning walks up Hedington-hill, in his cheerful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr. Lizard, of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr. Ambrose knew no-

* See Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. II. p. 215. edit. 1691.

thing of it till he came to Lizard-hall, on Saturday night; saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married, by order of his father, Sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be Sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellingborough*. My friend was married in the year 62, and every year following for eighteen years together I left the college (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln), and sojourned at Sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopped of a sudden, observing he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' said he, 'and let us take a turn in the grass-walk, for I have something to say to you.' After a silence for about forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak a matter of great importance, Sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: 'My good friend,' said he, 'you may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers at University college, I ever after sought and courted you: that inclination towards you has improved from similitude of manners, if I may so say, when I tell you I have not observed in any man a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of a family. You see within, my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxi-

* This is a mixture of truth and fiction! A.

eties upon me concerning him, the greater part of which I would transfer to you, and when I do so, I would make it, in plain English, worth your while.' He would not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As soon as we went into the house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith* in London, of two thousand pounds, and told me with that he had purchased me, with all the talents I was master of, to be of his family, to educate his son, and to do all that should ever lie in my power for the service of him and his to my life's end, according to such powers, trusts, and instructions, as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and, without doubt, suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship: but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time, or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I should never enter into any alliance which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. Sir Ambrose told me, he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was, in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this pur-

* A banker was called a goldsmith in 1713.

pose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most excellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the numerous descendants of my old friend, will make, possibly, a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of Sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year: about which time she lost her husband Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity. He left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue in ready money as a portion to each younger child. My lady's Christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say Lady Lizard or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of. When she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her household affairs, we

use the more familiar name ; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use the word *Aspasia*. *Aspasia* is a lady of great understanding and noble spirit. She has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will be abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family, to supply my readers with diverting, and perhaps useful, notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practised by my Lady Lizard with the best skill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests, and diversions, shall be represented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady Lizard.

N° 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1713.

Quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget,
 caeleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est.
 CICERO.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills
 which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and, upon that
 account, must necessarily be eternal.

I AM diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by casting my eye upon a treatise, which I could not overlook without an inexcusable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious, interests of mankind. This piece has for its title, A Discourse of Freethinking, occasioned by the rise and growth of a Sect called Freethinkers*. The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and says, 'By freethinking, I mean the use of the understanding in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering the nature of the evidence for, or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming force or weakness of the evidence.' As soon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not design to shew a particular inclination for or against any thing before he had considered it, he gives up all title to the character of a freethinker, with the most apparent prejudice against a body of men, whom of all other a good man would be most careful not to violate, I mean men in holy orders. Persons who have devoted themselves to the service of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain characteristic

* By Anthony Collins.

of a dissolute and ungoverned mind, to rail or speak disrespectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in so great a crowd of men some will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function: but because ambition and avarice are sometimes lodged in that bosom, which ought to be the dwelling of sanctity and devotion, must this unreasonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the least care to disguise his being an enemy to the persons against whom he writes, nor any where granted that the institution of religious men to serve at the altar, and instruct such who are not as wise as himself, is at all necessary or desirable; but proceeds, without the least apology, to undermine their credit, and frustrate their labours: whatever clergymen, in disputes against each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in such a manner as to affect religion itself, by wresting concessions to its disadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as sure any man that reads the discourse must allow it is; and if religion is the strongest tie of human society; in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of such a sect as he calls freethinkers? He that should burn a house, and justify the action by asserting he is a free agent, would be more excusable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a freethinker. But there are a set of dry, joyless, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongst mankind upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to surmount their own natural meanness, by laying offences in the way of such as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honest arts of life. If it were possible to laugh at so melancholy an affair as what hazards salvation, it would be no unpleasant inquiry to ask what satisfactions they reap, what extraordi-

nary gratification of sense, or what delicious libertinism this sect of freethinkers enjoy, after getting loose of the laws which confine the passions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing sect are sober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themselves fire enough to be any farther debauchees, than merely in principle? These sages of iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept safe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapsodies, without tasting the pleasures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals only gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the interests of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this: but it is certain there are a sort of men that can puzzle truth, that cannot enjoy the satisfaction of it. This same freethinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which possess great minds when they are turned for religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such sensation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of these scorers may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a sense of piety towards heaven, as well as the sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be assured he has not a taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an atheist. I must repeat, that he wants capacity to relish what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehensions of things, and at the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their contradiction to what is

urged by others, is a necessary consequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheistical fellows who appeared in the last age did not serve the devil for nought, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles; while in these unhappy days mischief is done for mischief's sake. These freethinkers, who lead the life of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such writers, as this, who has no spirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, mockers and cut-throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some instances of the ill intention of this freethinker, to support the treatment I here give him. In his 52d page he says,

‘Secondly, The priests throughout the world differ about Scriptures, and the authority of Scriptures. The Bramins have a book of scripture called the Shaster. The Persees have their Zundavastaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the “God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all men’s sin.” The Talapoins of Siam have a book of scripture written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, was “born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe.” The Dervises have their Alcoran.’

I believe there is no one will dispute the author’s great impartiality in setting down the accounts of these different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air which betrays that the history of ‘one born of a virgin’ has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom

as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philosophy, he tells you, p. 136, ' Cicero produces this as an instance of a probable opinion, that they who study philosophy do not believe there are any gods ;' and then, from consideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, ' that there can be nothing after death.'

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of Scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of A Discourse of Freethinking.

N° 4. MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1713.

It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: So shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep.—HUTCHESON.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in the

single word Custom ; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by the people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned ; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving : nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise, or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services. As they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post ; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the pa-

tron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him, as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dauber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterward for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity, at once, think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications but will give us cause to wonder how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons? I have known a hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tiptoed every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is

used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance* begs a young man's permission to pay him her 'kneeling adorations,' I am far from censuring the expression, as critics would do, as deficient in grammar or so; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter, do but as they would be done unto: for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumny as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so it is certain none are so guilty of injury to others, as those who most ardently desire to flatter themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances of remains of ingenuity with respect, in what place soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of the Lady Elizabeth's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What

* Mrs. Manley, authoress of the *Memoirs from the Nymph of Atlantis*.

was most legible was the dedication ; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows :

‘*** Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine command,*** upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate***. It is impossible to behold you without adoring ; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. *** The shrine is worth the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK !’

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial ; that is, when the most sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others,

since it has not a word but what the author seriously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has been, is, or may be, published, and might run in this manner:

The Author to Himself.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

These labours, upon many considerations, properly belong to none as to you. First, as it was my most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public. Then as I am secure (that constant indulgence you have ever shewn me, which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. However, there is none can so soon discover the faults; and there are some parts, which it is possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them, and doubt not but those persons are actuated by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public: but you may believe me to be no more than I have a thousand times thought you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric. But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you that there is nothing so much I desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do

some real service ; but till then can only assure you
that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any
man alive, Dearest Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and
the greatest of your admirers.

N° 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1713.

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ.— HOR. 4 Od. v. 23.

The mother's virtues in the daughters shine.

I HAVE in my second paper mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth ; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved effect, and if it were possible for a man who has never entered into the state of marriage to know the instincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations, have been more useful than those of a father ; and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and from custom and opinion for less offences more exposed to the latter ; I shall begin with the more delicate

part of my guardianship, the women of the family Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambrose, has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only of visits of her own family. The observation, that people remember best those things which entered in their thoughts when their memories were in their strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation; I choose indeed to go thither, to dispel any anxiety or weariness which at any time I may grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said that a little mirth and diversion are what create the spirits upon those occasions: but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones, the passages of the times when we were in fashion with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, and present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than a brother to me; a husband that was dearer than life to her: and discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the dispatch of some necessary business, which regards the remainder of my numerous descendants, of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady, which was that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with respect to this) as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her: whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others.

and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marmaduke is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days. In this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship, and the grateful persecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers; but she is an excellent mother and great economist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses, to which perhaps we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskilfully, in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be; but it is possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to greater circumstances: for Mrs. Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her household, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters towards her,

as well as the diligence and cheerfulness of her servants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management, that whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is composed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestic affairs, or any other avocation, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation but small fortune at the same time, that men of very great estates are her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence must give way to passion: so that Mrs. Jane, if she cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more than one passion, and out of prudence banish the man she loves, and marry the man she hate.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her; she can see through all things, but is blind and careless, and full of herself only, and entertains with twenty affected vanities, whilst she is conversing all the company, laying up store for ridicule and in a word, is selfish and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what shall I do with this girl!

Mrs. Cornelia passes away her time very much in reading, and that with so great an attention, that it gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her, as she is a fine young woman; the good part of the sex will have it she is in love; none will allow that she affects so much being alone, but if I want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into the deep studies: she has fallen in with my humour this way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity, and I am afraid she is better read than I know of, for

she said of a glass of water in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, 'It is crystalline.' - I shall examine farther, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my Lord Such-a-one's leading my Lady Such-a-one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world, and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument, 'Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?' I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rilly and call Mrs. Ironside, because I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good-nature and generosity; she is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead!) but I cannot resist my partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather; how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me! I am sure the child has no skill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my Lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house on a double consideration. The knight is willing (for so he very gallantly expresses him-

marry the mother, or he will consent, whether he be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt of the same county, who gives an estate much larger, and his family more anxious to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from the country, that he also is much inclined to advance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady; she shewed it this morning.

‘MADAM,

‘I have heard your daughters very well and though I have very great offers in my neighbourhood, and heard the small-pox is very common in London, I will send my eldest son to see you, provided that by your ladyship’s answer, and the value of the rent-roll which I send herewith, you shall assure me he shall have one of them, for I do not think to have my son refused by any woman, so, Madam, I conclude,

Your most humble servant,

HENRY PA

Nº 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18

I HAVE dispatched my young women, and have had them among them; it is necessary for the foundation of my future discourses, which I shall be denominated, as they are the precepts of the Guardian, Mr. Ironside’s Precautions; I say what has been already declared, in the

necessary to give an account of the males of this worthy family, whose annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domestic, and not made up of so many circumstances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot dispatch the account of the males under my care, in so few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, son and heir of the late Sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his age, and is now at his seat in the country.

The estate at present in his hands is above three thousand a year after payment of taxes, and all necessary charges whatsoever. He is a man of good understanding, but not at all what is usually called a man of shining parts. His virtues are much greater than his accomplishments, as to his conversation. But when you come to consider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it will be a very great injury not to allow him [to be] a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he should be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings; and in a much shorter time than is usual with men who are not versed in business, he is master of the question before him, and can instantly inform himself with great exactness in the matter of profit or loss that shall arise from any thing proposed to him. The same capacity, joined to an honest nature, makes him very just to other men, as well as to himself. His payments are very punctual, and I dare answer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his house, garden, park, or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, wherewith he is to pay for such undertaking. He is too good to purchase labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at

an under rate; but he has by this means what he thinks he deserves from his superior prudence and choice of all who are most knowing and able to serve him. With his ready money the builder, mason, carpenter, are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who inconsiderately employ them; and often pay their undertaker the sale of some of their land: whereas, were the land on which those improvements are made, sold to artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchase. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income to extend his charity, serve his pleasures, or regale his friends. His servants, his cattle, his goods speak their master a rich man. Those about his person, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and butler, have a cheerful, not a gay air: the servants below them seem to live in plenty, but not in wantonness. As Sir Harry is a young man, and of an active disposition, his best figure is on horseback. But before I speak of that, I should acquaint you that during his infancy all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of his house, which was called the school; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar-master, a plain sober man, maintained (with a salary, beside his diet, of fifty pounds a year) to instruct all such children of gentlemen or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horses. There were always ten or twelve for the saddle in readiness to attend him and his favourites, in the choice of whom he shewed a good disposition, and distributed his kindness among them, by turns, with great good-nature. All horses both for the saddle and swift draught, were very well bitted, and a skilful rider, with a riding-house, wherein he (the riding-master) commanded, had it in order to teach

any gentlemen's son of the county that would please to learn that exercise. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in esteem and power in the country; for as the whole shire is now possessed by gentlemen, who owe Sir Harry a part of education which they all value themselves upon (their horsemanship), they prefer his horses to all others, and it is 10 *per cent.* in the price of a steed, which appears to come out of his riding-house.

By this means it is, that Sir Harry, as I was going to say, makes the best figure on horseback, for his usual hours of being in the field are well known; and at those seasons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and school-fellows, take a pleasure in giving him their company, with their servants well behaved, and horses well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his horses. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but also all which are for the coach or swift draught, for grace adds mightily to the price of strength; and he finds his account in it at all markets, more especially for the coach or troop horses, of which that county produces the most strong and ostentatious. To keep up a breed for any use whatever, he gives plates for the best performing horse in every way in which that animal can be serviceable. There is such a prize for him that trots best, such for the best walker, such for the best galloper, such for the best pacer; then for him who draws most in such a time to such a place, then to him that carries best such a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dress of the riders; some admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop, when they are out-trotted by a rival; some known country wit to come upon the best pacer; these and the like little joyful arts, gain him the love of all

do not know his worth, and the esteem of all do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse; he is of opinion it is inhuman, that animals should be put on their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However not to be particular, he puts in the Queen's plate every year, with orders to his runner never to win or be distanced; and, like a good country gentleman, says, it is a fault in all ministries that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are slow.

As I write lives, I dwell upon small matters, he is of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances shew the real man better than things of greater importance. But good economy is the characteristic of Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament; for he is a landed man and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent woollen draper, what he gave for his shop, [at] the corner of Change-alley? The shop is I believe fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was answered, Nine pounds a year. I took no notice, but the thought descended into the breast of Sir Harry, and I saw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports; the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced such commodities. The whole of his working was to know why so few yards near the Change were so much better than so many acres in Northamptonshire; and what those acres in Northamptonshire would be worth, were there no trade at all in this island.

It makes my heart ache, when I think of this young man, and consider upon what plain maxims, and upon

what ordinary methods men of estate may do good wherever they are seated; that so many should be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchase wealth or fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the splendour and long continuance of this family to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old Sir Harry, the great-grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds which he ever signed, in the humour of that sententious age, this sentence, 'There are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; truth begets hatred, happiness pride, security danger, and familiarity contempt.'

N° 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1712-13.

———*Properat cursu*

Vita citato——— *Sensc. Trag.*

With speedy steps life posts away.

I THIS morning did myself the honour to visit Lady Lizard, and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the Graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celestial who owes her being to poetry.

The discourse we had there, none being present but our own family, consisted of private matters, which tended to the establishment of these young ladies in the world. My lady, I observed, had a mind to make mention of the proposal to Mrs. Jane, of which she is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally

against it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies should observe we ever dissent; therefore I turned the discourse, by saying, 'it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three-and-twenty, ten years hence.' The whole table was alarmed at the assertion, and the Sparkler scalded her fingers, by leaning suddenly forward to look in my face: but my business at present, was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the resentment in the looks of the children, 'Madam,' said I, 'there is a petulant and hasty manner practised in this age, in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to those years wherein reason and discretion are most feeble, humour and passion most powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has first appeared in the drawing-room, raised a whisper and curiosity of the men about her, had her health drunk in gay companies, and been distinguished at public assemblies; I say, Madam, if within three or four years of her first appearance in town, she is not disposed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are disarmed, and we seldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occasion is, that the more discreetly the lady behaves herself, the sooner is her glory extinguished. Now, Madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts, when we form to ourselves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of such as would take care of, as well as supply children for, the nursery. It was not thus in the illustrious days of good Queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called The Complete Ambassador, consisting chiefly of letters from Lord Burleigh, Earl of Leicester, and Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you

may observe he promises himself the French King's brother (who it seems was but a cold lover) would be quickened by seeing the Queen in person, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain sobriety in thoughts, words, and action, which was the praise of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt so equally, that it warmed and preserved, without tormenting and consuming our beings. The letter I mention is as follows :

“ *To the Right Worshipful Mr. FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, Ambassador, resident in France.*

“ SIR,

“ I am sorry that so good a matter should, upon so nice a point, be deferred. We may say that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains once to see his love; but she must first say yea, before he see her, or she him: twenty ways might be devised why he might come over, and be welcome, and possibly do more in an hour than he may in two years, ‘*Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculis insidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculos utriusque videndo non solum, ut ait poeta, fœmina virum, sed vir fœminam;*’ that powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, resides in the eyes, he sends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes (according to the poet) not only the woman captivates the man, but also the man the woman. What force, I pray you, can hearsay, and ‘I think, and I trust,’ do in comparison of that ‘*cùm præsens præsentem tuctur et alloquitur, et furore forsitan amoris ductus, amplectitur,*’ when they face to face see and converse with each other, and the lover in an ecstasy, not to be commanded, snatches an embrace, and saith to himself, and openly that she may hear, ‘*Teneone te, mea? an etiamnum somno volunt fœminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum cupiunt?*’ Are you in my arms, my fair

one, or do we both dream, and will women even in their sleep seem forced to what they most desire? If we be cold, it is our part, besides the person, the sex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a young man's part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? If he should have, he should have but '*honorificam repulsam*;' even a repulse here is glorious: the worst that can be said of him is but as of Phaëton, '*Quam si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis*:' though he could not command the chariot of the sun, his fall from it was illustrious. So far as I conceive, '*Hæc est sola nostra anchora, hæc jacienda est nobis alea*;' this is our only anchor, this die must be thrown. In our instability, '*Unum momentum est uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictum stabilitatem facere potest*;' one lucky moment would crown and fix all. This, or else nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulness, so far as I can see.

Your assured friend, THOMAS SMITH."

From Killingworth, Aug. 22, 1572.

Though my lady was in very good humour, upon the insinuation that, according to the Elizabeth scheme, she was but just advanced above the character of a girl; I found the rest of the company as much disheartened, that they were still but mere girls. I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are solemnized in our days to the importunity of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan*, a grave philosopher and physician, confesses

* The account of Cardan given here cannot be reconciled to

in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the railery he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of women. He adds in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expenses to support her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of professing I am not surprised that the author has expressed himself after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chastity so frequently professed by humorists of the fair sex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the inclinations of the sexes to each other. Daily experience shews us, that the most rude rustic grows humane as soon as he is inspired by this passion; it gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new visage to our persons. Whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or address in our exercise, our improvement is hastened by a particular object whom we would please. Cheerfulness, gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn men, the truth of his character, which was, from the most authentic accounts of it, a very bad one.

which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in lovers. I speak of love as when such as are in this company are the objects of it, who can bestow upon their husbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all its joys without any of its anxieties.

N° 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1712-13.

———Animum rege——— Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 62.

Govern the mind.

A GUARDIAN cannot bestow his time in any office more suitable to his character, than in representing the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions. I think I speak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I observe that they make men do things unworthy of those very passions. I shall illustrate this by a story I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppressor a most contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a person he oppressed so wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the pursuit of it he utterly neglected his own safety; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a sense of danger, in such a manner as to be unable to lay hold of occasions which offered themselves for certain security, and expose himself from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I speak of are not indeed so much to be called passions, as ill habits arising from passions, such as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are methinks but scorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my story:

Licenciado Esquivel, governor of the city Potocsi,

commanded 200 men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucuman, with strict orders to use no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within few days after he was in arrest, he was sentenced to receive 200 stripes. Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate, with vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive; and, though a gentleman, and from that quality not hable to suffer so ignominious a death, humbly besought his excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding with a haughty tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit, the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when t'

came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, stripped and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, 'Take him off! take him off!' and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and said, 'All my endeavours have been to keep myself from mounting this beast, and from the shame of being seen naked; but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears and apprehensions I shall have in these eight days ensuing; besides, I shall not need to give farther trouble to my friends for intercession on my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already passed.' After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gauntlet according to the sentence. The calm manner in which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be persuaded (though the inhabitants of Potocsi often importuned him from the spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, 'that after such a shame as his was, death must be his only remedy and consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible.'

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which, the office of Esquivel expired; after which like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel,

being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguire would not pursue him at such a distance; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguire's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took was to the city of Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant; but in less than fifteen days Aguire was there with him; whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cosco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also Aguire, travelling all the way on foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, 'that it became not the condition of a whipped rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men.' In this manner did Aguire haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journeys, resolved to fix his abode at Cosco, where he believed that Aguire would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which were weapons not agreeable to his profession. However Aguire followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at

last he came into his study, where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguire stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was sated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the street, frantic and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal by crying out, 'Hide me! hide me!'

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.'

N° 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1712-13.

*In tantas brevi creverant opes, seu maritimis seu terrestribus
fructibus, seu multitudinis incremento, seu sanctitate disciplinae.*
Liv.

They rose in a short time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extensive commerce both by sea and land, by an increase of the people, and by the reverence of their laws and discipline.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman, who has been very conversant in our family, by name

Mr. Charwell*. This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who, by exact economy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the estate which we usually call a plum†. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town, and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant from the country seat of my Lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood, our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with equal application on both sides. Mr. Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer time are visits to my Lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as soon as these are dispatched, he is sure to dine at her house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The estate then consisted of a good large old house, a park of 2000 acres, 8000 acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and these the only consumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premises. A river running by the house, which was in the centre of the estate, but the same not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been opposed

* The person here alluded to under the name of Mr. Charwell, is said have been the charitable Edward Colston of Bristol, member of Parliament for that city, who died unmarried in October, 1721, about the close of his 85th year, 'without decay in his understanding, without labour or sorrow.'

† 100,000*l*.

by the generality of the whole country. The roads excessive bad, and no possibility of getting off the tenants' corn, but at such a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all destroyed, to lay the country open to my lord's pleasures; but there was indeed the less want of this fuel, there being large coal-pits in the estate, within two miles of the house, and such a plenty of coals* as was sufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made these also a mere drug, and also every man's for fetching. Many timber trees were still standing only for want of chapmen, very little being used for building in a country so thin of people, and those at a greater distance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they must be at the charge of land carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; so was every acre of land in the park; and as for the tenants they were all racked to extremity, and almost every one of them beggars. All these things Mr. Charwell knew very well, yet was not discouraged from going on with his purchase.

But in the first place he resolved that a hundred in family should not ruin him, as it had done his predecessor. Therefore pretending to dislike the situation of the old house, he made choice of another at a mile distance higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expense of 4 or 5000*l.* and all the ornaments of the old house, he built a new one, with all convenient offices more suitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal less than his lordship's stables.

* The scene is ill-chosen, for the country yields none; in Northamptonshire the inhabitants are supplied with coals from other countries.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these enclosed only 200 acres of it near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their corn; and with the disparking so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged themselves to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should be soon undone by the economy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just; and that, if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town just below the old house; he therefore presently set himself about the execution of his project.

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years he is so fortunate as to see 1000 new houses upon his estate, and at least 5000 new people, men, women, and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably subsisted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people

can be subsisted at less than 5l. per head, or 25,000l. per annum, the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr. Charwell are nearest of all others to the market, they have the best prices for their goods by all that is saved in the carriage.

But some provisions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands; and I think I have been told that for the single article of milk, at a pint every day for every house, his tenants take from this town not much less than 500l. per annum.

The soil of all kinds, which is made every year by the consumption of so great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200l. per annum. If this be true, the estate of Mr. Charwell is so much improved in this very article, since all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of those very carts which were loaden by his tenants with provisions and other necessities for the people.

A hundred thousand bushels of coal are necessary to supply so great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as these are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every bushel; so that this very article is an addition of 400l. per annum to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increasing, the revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increasing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predecessor. The consumption of 5000 people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest families in Great Britain. The tenants stand in no need of distant markets, to take off the product of their farms. The people near their own doors are already more than they are able to supply; and what is wanting at home for this purpose is supplied

from places at greater distance, at whatsoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an easy carriage for their corn to so good a market. The tenants of Mr. Charwell, that they may have the whole market to themselves, are almost the only persons against it. But they will not be long able to oppose it: their leases are near expiring: and as they are grown very rich, there are many other persons ready to take their farms at more than double the present rents, even though the river should be made navigable, and distant people let in to sell their provisions together with these farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himself, he is in no manner of pain lest his lands should fall in their value by the cheap carriage of provisions from distant places to his town. He knows very well the cheapness of provisions was one great means of bringing together so great numbers, and that they must be held together by the same means. He seems to have nothing more in his thoughts than to increase his town to such an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about shall be little enough to supply it. He considers that at how great a distance soever provisions shall be brought thither, they must end at last in so much soil for his estate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragements and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what sort of people he has invited to live upon his estate, and how he has enabled them to subsist by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the subjects of some of my future précautions.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

'SIR,

March 16.

'By your paper of Saturday last, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poison vented under a pretence of free-thinking. If you can spare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the same subject, these are at your disposal.

'I happened to be present at a public conversation of some of the defenders of this discourse of free-thinking, and others that differed from them; where I had the diversion of hearing the same man in one breath persuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next offer to demonstrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men should blush to find themselves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the discourse ridicules. This principle of free fatality or necessary liberty is a worthy fundamental of the new sect; and indeed this opinion is an evidence and clearness so nearly related to transubstantiation, that the same genius seems requisite for either. It is fit the world should know how far reason abandons men that would employ it against religion; which intention, I hope, justifies this trouble from, Sir,

Your hearty well-wisher,
MISATHUS.'

N° 10. MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1712-13.

Venit ad me sæpè clamitans——

Vestitu nimium indulges, nimium ineptus es.

Nimium ipse est durus præter æquumque et bonum.

TER. Adelph. act i. sc. 1.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him so much in the article of dress: but the fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable severity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation in order to give my wards proper precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which those of no merit raise to themselves an esteem: of this nature is the business of dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit; as this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholders' eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business, when my Lady Lizard's youngest daughter, Miss Molly, is making clothes, to consider her from head to foot, and cannot be easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dress, which by its darkness or liveliness might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you pos-

sibly can; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shews us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration, and I shall consider it in my future precautions as such. As to the female world, I shall give them my opinion at large by way of comment upon a new suit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I design it a model for the ladies; she and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln-college, that there is at last in one of our universities arisen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own clothes as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardness in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of these less matters. For this reason I shall authorize and support the gentleman who writes me the following letter; and though, out of diffidence of the reception his proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ridiculous a figure, I doubt not but, from his notices, to make men, who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant; and such as can, truly knowing without appearing bookish.

‘ TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR,

Oxford, March 18, 1712-13.

‘ I foresee that you will have many correspondents

in this place; but as I have often observed, with grief of heart, that scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the science I profess, I flatter myself that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my study, Sir, in these seats of learning, to look into the nature of dress, and am what they call an academical beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, since by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce fashions amongst our young gentlemen; and so am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met with some success in the projects I have communicated to some sparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot without a secret triumph confess, that the sleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flourish throughout the university, sprang originally from my invention.

‘As it is necessary to have the head clear, as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men (for I abhor wine), but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dress, and can name all their things by their names. I am consulted about every ornament they buy; and, I speak it without vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots and the like. Sometimes I take a needle, and spot a piece of muslin for pretty Patty Cross-stitch, who is my present favourite, which she says, I do neatly enough; or read one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a sort of petty tyrant amongst them, for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiss, they are sure Mr. Sleek will find fault; if any hoity-toity things make a fuss, they are sure to be taken to pieces the next visit. I am the dread of poor Celia, whose wrapping-gown is right India; and am avoided by Thalestris

second-hand mantua, which several masters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been scoured with half an eye.

‘ Thus have I endeavoured to improve my understanding, and am desirous to communicate my innocent discoveries to those, who like me, may distinguish themselves more to advantage by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken, in these my studies, thrown away, since by these means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not disagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I say, they would take care to make the best of themselves; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead should be a sloven. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one’s power to wear a pretty periwig; let him who cannot say a witty thing, keep his teeth white at least; he who hath no knack at writing sonnets, may however have a soft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, who hath not strength of genius for the mathematics.

‘ After the conclusion of the peace, we shall undoubtedly have new fashions from France; and I have some reason to think that some particularities in the garb of their abbés may be transplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dress I hope I may, without the imputation of being popishly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmless design. I would not hereby assume to myself a jurisdiction over any of our youth, but such as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the awkward creatures that mind their studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the afore-mentioned order of men, I desire a commission from you to exercise full authority. Hereby I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce several pretty oddnesses in the taking and

tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I shall think most for the public good.

'I have prepared a treatise against the cravat and berdash*, which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together some hasty observations upon stockings, which my friends assure me I need not be ashamed of. But I shall not offer them to the public, until they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, because I am sure of their praise; for they own I understand these things better than they do. I shall herein be very proud of your encouragement: for, next to keeping the university clean, my greatest ambition is to be thought, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,
SIMON SLEEK.'

N° 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1712-13.

—Hac propius me, &
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Hor. 2 Sat. III. 80.

Attend my lecture, whilst I plainly shew,
That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the sharpness of it; and an address in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never so gross: but of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues he does it for your sake; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners

* A kind of neckcloth so called, whence such as sold it were styled haberdashers.

I speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit: those who are far gone in admiration of themselves need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letters put this matter in a pleasant and uncommon light: the author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

‘ TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR,

‘ As you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad-doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove frenzies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

‘ I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age, or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my Obsequium Catholicon, or the Grand Elixir to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful to the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as

properly given at a ball or playhouse as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependance upon their own capacities.

'Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him not to despair; even though he has been troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

'I could, as farther instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my grand universal restorative, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

'Cures in the month of February, 1712-13.

'George Spondee, Esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's Covent-garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frightened into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare proav

ciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper ; and by the prescription of a dose of my Obsequium, prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words, Ill taste of the town, Envy of critics, Bad performance of the actors, and the like. He is so perfectly cured that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

‘ A lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St. James’s Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

‘ Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles’s-in-the-Fields a coquette of long practice, was, by the reprimand of an old maiden, reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes, unawares, fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few innocent freedoms, with occasional kisses, prescribed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furl’d her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

‘ Andrew Terror, of the Middle Temple, Mohock, was almost induced, by an aged benchman of the same house, to leave off bright conversation, and pore over Coke upon Littleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last

term at Westminster-hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

‘I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take, as soon as possible, of this my intellectual oil; which, applied at the ear, seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chambermaids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take the coach to go a-visiting.

‘But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave, then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish; therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of, Sir, your most obedient,

most faithful, most devoted,

most humble servant and admirer,

GNATHO.’

• • * Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

‘N. B. I teach the arcana of my art, at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to you lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

‘I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses:



N° 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1713.



*Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt :
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus—* HOR. 2 Ep. i. 84

IMITATED.

You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should match his father's skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.—POPE.

WHEN a poem makes its first appearance in the world, I have always observed, that it gives employment to a greater number of critics, than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that most men, at some time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making shrewd observations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be some jealousy and caution in bestowing applause upon those who write chiefly for fame. Whatever the reasons be, we find few discouraged by the delicacy and danger of such an undertaking.

I think it certain that most men are naturally not only capable of being pleased with that which raises:

agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false applications of some rules ill understood, or out of deference to men whose opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain schemes and systems of satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are not critics themselves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of perusing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know just as much of the several species of poetry, as those who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. These gentlemen deliver their opinions sententiously, and in general terms, to which it being impossible readily to frame complete answers, they have often the satisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young persons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aside by these tyrants in wit, I shall examine two or three of the many stratagems they use, and subjoin such precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The first I shall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, viz. 'that such a poem hath indeed some good lines in it, but it is not a regular piece.' This, for the most part, is urged by those whose knowledge is drawn from some famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot subsist without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epistles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthusiasm in odes, and the freedom of epistles, is rarely disputed: but I have often heard the poems upon public occasions, written in heroic verse, which I choose to call panegyrics, severely censured upon this account; the reason whereof I cannot guess, unless it be, that because they are written in the same

kind of numbers and spirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the same regularity. Now an epic poem consisting chiefly in narration, it is necessary that the incidents should be related in the same order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reason that such order should be observed, than that an oration should be as methodical as a history. I think it sufficient that the great hints, suggested from the subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and so on: and that their places cannot be changed without disadvantage to the whole. I will add farther, that sometimes gentle deviations, sometimes bold and even abrupt digressions, where the dignity of the subject seems to give the impulse, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main design are marks of address and dexterity.

Another artifice made use of by pretenders to criticism, is an insinuation, 'that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients.' This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too: but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to describe the General's horse at the battle of Blenheim as my fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the Duke of Marlborough for fighting like Æneas. All that the most exquisite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beau-

tiful; and to place images in such views and lights as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases of holy writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired writings (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit: in like manner an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

The last observation I shall make at present is upon the disgust taken by those critics, who put on their clothes prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written with ease. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned world to understand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in language suitable to it, is written with ease. There are some things which must be written with strength, which nevertheless are easy. The statue of the gladiator, though represented in such a posture as strains every muscle, is as easy as that of Venus; because the one expresses strength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and softness. The passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This often requires a raised figurative style; which rears

low apprehensions or soft and languid dispositions (having heard of the words fustian and bombast) are apt to reject as stiff and affected language. But nature and reason appoint different garbs for different things ; and since I write this to the men of dress, I will ask them if a soldier who is to mount a breach, should be adorned like a beau, who is spruced up for a ball ?

N° 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1713.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos

Retinere, satius esse credo, quàm metu.

TER. *Adelph. act i. sc. 1.*

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had some account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houses, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as those from whence they are derived. For this reason it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of these with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with

whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four-and-twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his playfellows or friends.

His thoughts and present applications are to get into a court life: for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed: for he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women: he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts. For you see it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it by this manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are ma-

ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference, and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed by each opposite, in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have began a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship, to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and, consequently, confer a greater measure of their good-will upon the interposer. I must repeat, that above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch, that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law,

and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success, and not to the real causes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his first appearance, when it is not well even for the sergeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with a hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his study in the Temple.

The youngest son, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be chosen last election fellow of All-Soul's College in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person; has height, strength, vigour, and a certain cheerfulness and serenity that creates a sort of love, which people at first sight observe is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himself to the vice of his Creator; and with an aptitude to

agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man shine in a court, or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with a true sense of that function, when chosen from a regard to the interests of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to achieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world, is, that his invention, his memory, judgment, and imagination, are always employed in this one view; and I do not doubt but in my future precautions to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations compiled by this young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

N° 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1713.

Nec scit, quâ sit iter, nec si sciat, imperet—

OVID. Met. l. ii. 170.

—Nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.—ADDISON.

‘ TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR,

‘ You having in your first paper declared, among other things, that you will publish whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the con-

versation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young masters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives, and who, though I say it, are as docile as any youths in Europe, a lesson which they very much want, to restrain them from the infection of bad company, and squandering away their time in idle and unworthy pursuits. A word from you, I am very well assured, will prevail more with them than any remonstrance they will meet with at home. The eldest is now about seventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and also a governor, but come very seldom (except against their wills) in the sight of any of them. That which I observe they have most relish to, is horses and cock-fighting, which they too well understand, being almost positive at first sight to tell you which horse would win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you please on their own, and it is odds but you lose. What I fear to be the greatest prejudice to them, is their keeping much closer to their horses' heels than their books, and conversing more with their stablemen and lackeys than with their relations and gentlemen: and I apprehend, are at this time better skilled how to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to translate a verse in Virgil or Horace. For the other day, taking a walk abroad, they met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whose conversation they were very much pleased with, and being desirous to ingratiate themselves farther into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never seen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's which waited for them at the end of Gray's-inn-lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait

at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themselves for, and so galloped off. What these mean entertainments will end in, it is impossible to foresee; but a precaution upon that subject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might perhaps be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this subject. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

T. S.'

' TO THE GUARDIAN.

' SIR,

' I writ to you on the 21st of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of; it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, because I am confident the father of the young lads, whom I mentioned, would have considered how far what was said in my letter concerned himself; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious son, the coachman, aged seventeen years, has since that time ran away with, and married, one of the girls I spoke of in my last. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almost sixteen, still a bachelor, was as follows. One of the young women whom they met in the fields seemed very much taken with my master the elder son, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-house not far off the town. The girl, it seems, acted her part so well, as to enamour the boy, and make him inquisitive into her place of abode, with all other questions which were necessary towards farther intimacy. The matter was so managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no possibility of conversing with her, by reason

of a very severe mother, but with the utmost caution. What, it seems, made the mother, forsooth, the more suspicious was, that because the men said her daughter was pretty, somebody or other would persuade her to marry while she was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn, from pretences as shallow as this, she appeared so far from having a design upon her lover, that it seemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much secrecy and skill. Many were the interviews these lovers had in four-and-twenty hours' time; for it was managed by the mother, that he should run in and out as unobserved by her, and the girl be called every other instant into the next room and rated (that she could not stay in a place) in his hearing. The young gentleman was at last so much in love, as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who surprised the lovers together in private, and banished the youth her house. What is not in the power of love! the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a sudden friendship with a lad of their own age, by the force of ten shillings*, who drove a hackney-coach, the elder brother took his post in the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of skill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the street where his mistress lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that disguise. The whole day was spent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a distant window, which was answered by a brandish of his whip, and a compass taken to drive round and shew his activity, and readiness to convey her where she should

* Then probably the common fare for a day.

command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his mistress and her mother should take coach exactly at seven o'clock; but that the mother was to be set down, and the daughter to go farther, and call again. The happy minute came at last, when our hack had the happiness to take in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had first met her. The mother was set down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when she came from her cousin's an hour afterward. The mother was not so unskilful as not to have instructed her daughter whom to send for, and how to behave herself when her lover should urge her consent. We yet know no farther particulars, but that my young master was married that night at Knightsbridge, in the presence of his brother and two or three other persons; and that just before the ceremony he took his brother aside, and asked him to marry the other young woman. Now, Sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only observe, that if the education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been so forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a husband. However, as the whole town will in a day or two know the names, persons, and other circumstances, I think this properly lies before your Guardianship to consider for the admonition of others; but my young master's fate is irrevocable.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant.'

N^o 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1713.

—sibi quivis

Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustra que laboret,
Ausus idem—— HOR. Ars Poet. v. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceived.—ROSCOMMON.

I CAME yesterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterward found, contained a copy of verses upon love and friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and disposition of the lines might distinguish that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confusion in her face, she told me I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew. By the hand, at first sight, I could not guess whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found by some peculiar modes in spelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a correspondent in the country, who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the names of Astrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their easy lines. As I should be loath to have a poetess in our family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the bent of a young lady's genius, I chose rather to throw together some thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is distinguished by the name of Easy, than to risk the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by exposing her work to public view.

I have said, in a foregoing paper*, that every

* No. 12.

H 2

thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in a language suitable to it, is written with ease: which I offered in answer to those who ask for ease in all kinds of poetry; and it is so far true, as it states the notion of easy writing in general, as that is opposed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an easy mien, and easy dress, peculiarly so called; so there is an easy sort of poetry. In order to write easily, it is necessary in the first place to think easily. Now, according to different subjects, men think differently; anger, fury, and the rough passions, awaken strong thoughts; glory, grandeur, power, raise great thoughts; love, melancholy, solitude, and whatever gently touches the soul, inspire easy thoughts.

Of the thoughts suggested by these gentle subjects, there are some which may be set off by style and ornament. Others there are, which the more simply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expressed, give the soul proportionably the same pleasing emotions. The figures of style added to them serve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here not only liveliness of fancy is requisite to exhibit a great variety of images; but also niceness of judgment to cull out those, which, without the advantage of foreign art, will shine by their own intrinsic beauty. By these means, whatsoever seems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be easy and natural will come in; and so art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of easy writing.

I will suppose an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself. This I take to be the safest way to form a judgment of him: since if he be not truly moved, he must at least work up

his imagination as near as possible to resemble reality. I choose to instance in love, which is observed to have produced the most finished performances in this kind. A lover will be full of sincerity, that he may be believed by his mistress ; he will therefore think simply ; he will express himself perspicuously, that he may not perplex her ; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undisturbed ; and points of wit and fancy are the work of a heart at ease ; these two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The selecting proper circumstances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the finest secrets of all poetry ; but the recollection of little circumstances is the lover's sole meditation, and relating them pleasantly, the business of his life. Accordingly we find that the most celebrated authors of this rank excel in love-verses. Out of ten thousand instances I shall name one, which I think the most delicate and tender I ever saw.

To myself I sigh often, without knowing why ;
And when absent from Phillis, methinks I could die.

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines ; and every one who now feels that passion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced, it appears, how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hand of an ordinary reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks, indeed simply, but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgment, are not beautiful : he, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it into his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo, when bright points of wit

occur to his fancy ! How difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments of style ! So true it is, that simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied, and ease to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Flame looked, when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black suit. And, I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day, that any man might write easy, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that Squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did ? He made me a very handsome bow, and answered with a smile, 'Mr. Ironside, you have convinced me.'

I shall conclude this paper by observing that pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, has the oftenest been attempted with ill success, of any sort whatsoever. I shall, therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

N° 16. MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1713.

—————Ne fortè pudori
 Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.
 HOR. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Blush not to patronise the muse's skill.

Two mornings ago a gentleman came in to my Lady Lizard's tea-table, who is distinguished in town by the good taste he is known to have in polite writings, especially such as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had something odd and grotesque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and easy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies, in com-

plaisance to him, turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave him an occasion of producing two new songs to the company; which, he said, he would venture to recommend as complete performances. 'The first,' continued he, 'is by a gentleman of an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing* ; and the second by a lady who does me the honour to be in love with me, because I am not handsome.' Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets slip an occasion of doing sprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and thumb, and snatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then casting her eye over it with a seeming impatience, she read us the songs; and in a very obliging manner, desired the gentleman would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgment upon songs in general; 'that I may be able,' said she, 'to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it should be my fortune to have a poetical lover.' The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella, the very next morning, when she was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a spruce valet de chambre.

THE FIRST SONG.

I.

On Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
The cold regardless maid to move,
With unavailing prayers I sue:
'You first have taught me how to love,
Ah teach me to be happy too!'

II.

But she, alas! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern,
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you shall learn,
You quickly would forget to love.'

* Probably Addison.

THE SECOND SONG.

I.

Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdued my heart,
Another may despise.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

III.

Vain youth, to your confusion know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

IV.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire:
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

‘ TO MRS. ANNABELLA LIZARD.

‘ MADAM,

‘ To let you see how absolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good sense, I shall, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon Song-writing, in the same order as they have occurred to me, only allow me, in my own defence, to say, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticism upon this subject; so that if I err, or seem singular in my opinions, you will be the more at

liberty to differ from them, since I do not pretend to support them by any authority.

‘In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in fashion, the tribe of sonneteers hath been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress. What a world of insipid productions in this kind have we been pestered with since the Revolution, to go no higher ! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great measure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of these little compositions. It is true, they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge ; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmost nicety ; an exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers : an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversights, and they are in them pardonable ; but a song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes, which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand gives all the grace.

‘Since you may have recourse to the French and English translations, you will not accuse me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in some of his shorter lyrics, are the completest models for little odes or sonnets. You will find them generally pursuing a single thought in their songs, which is driven to a point, without those in-

terrutions and deviations so frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do justice to the French, there is no living language that abounds so much in good songs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, seems adapted to compositions of this sort. Our writers generally crowd into one song, materials enough for several; and so they starve every thought, by endeavouring to nurse up more than one at a time. They give you a string of imperfect sonnets, instead of one finished piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whose beauties cannot be too much admired) sometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their songs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley. In them one point of wit flashes so fast upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of their imagination; you find a new design started almost in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing any one of them executed.

‘A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions; whereas the business of the other, for the most part, is to express (as my Lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)

Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.

‘I shall conclude what I have to say upon this subject, by observing, that the French do very often confound the song and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An instance of which I shall give you in a remarkable epigram which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

Tu parles mal par-tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par-tout de toi;
Quel malheur est le nôtre?
L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre.

‘For the satisfaction of such of your friends as may not understand the original, I shall venture to translate it after my fashion, so as to keep strictly to the turn of thought, at the expense of losing something in the poetry and versification.

Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee :
But spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t’other.

‘Thus, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands; not out of vanity of erecting myself into a critic, but out of an earnest desire of being thought, upon all occasions,

Your most obedient servant.’

N° 17, TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1713.

—Minimumque libidine peccant.—JUV. Sat. vi. 134.

Lust is the smallest sin they own.—DRYDEN.

If it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things, a man might say that the time we now are in* is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well bred, told his congregation at White-hall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman. I would, if possible, represent the errors of

* Viz. Lent.

life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read me. In this case I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if, therefore, I should call my present precaution A Criticism upon Fornication; and, by representing the unjust taste they have who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay it down for a rule, that he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight in pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the stews, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the sex who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake, who without sense of character or decency wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases: but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit; to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumstances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any sense of honour very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it; when it is thoroughly considered he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant? Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little,

and the criminal will find that those whom they most esteemed are of a sudden become the most disagreeable companions ; nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, people who have the plague have a delight in communicating the infection ; in like manner, the sense of shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the destruction of others. And women are pleased to introduce more women into the same condition, though they can have no other satisfaction from it, than that the infamy is shared among greater numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the burden of each particular person.

It is a most melancholy consideration, that for momentary sensations of joy, obtained by stealth, men are forced into a constraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impossibility in this case to be faithful to one person, without being false to all the rest of the world. The gay figures in which poetical men of loose morals have placed this kind of stealth are but feeble consolations, when a man is inclined to soliloquy or meditation upon his past life ; flashes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Disease, sickness, and misfortune, are what all men living are liable to ; it is therefore ridiculous and mad to pursue, instead of shunning, what must add to our anguish under disease, sickness, or misfortune. It is possible there may be those whose bloods are too warm to admit of those compunctions : if there are such, I am sure they are laying up store for them : but I have better hopes of those who have not yet erased the impressions and advantages of a good education and fortune ; they may be assured, that whoever wholly give themselves up to lust, will soon find it the least fault they are guilty of.

Irreconcilable hatred to those they have injured,

mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praiseworthy when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices or virtues, tells the following story :

‘ Our knight,’ says he, ‘ was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him but “ The rascal,” or, to him, but “ Sirrah.” One morning when he was dressing, “ Sirrah,” says he, “ be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench.” The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother’s extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lackey concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the entreaties and representations of the mother to gain her child’s consent to an action, which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it ; “ but child,” says she, “ can you see your mother die for hunger ?” The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master’s lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home. The

knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet, and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his lackey met him with a saucy and joyful familiarity, crying out, "She is as handsome as an angel" (for there is no other simile on these occasions); "but the tender fool has wept till her eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a maid and a gentlewoman." With that he conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired. The knight when he saw her bathed in tears, said in some surprise, "Do not you know, young woman, why you are brought hither?" The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him, "I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but would it would please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches who live without honour!" With this reflection she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight, stepping back from her, said, "I am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will."

'The novelty of the accident surprised him into virtue; and, covering the young maid with a cloak, he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was a maid? The mother assured him, that when she delivered her to his servant, she was a stranger to man. "Are not you then," replied the knight, "a wicked woman to contrive the debauchery of your own child?" She held down her face with fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. "Far be it," s

gentleman, "that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature; do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?" The mother answered, "There is an honest man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred pounds." The knight ordered his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride-clothes, and fifty more as a help to her mother.'

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleasure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man?

Though all men who are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making such atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good season*. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good consequences upon the wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and miserable of mankind to the charity of all in prosperous conditions under the same guilt with those wretches. The Lock Hospital in Kent-street, Southwark, for men; that in Kingsland for women, is a receptacle for all sufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents should in their own hearts take upon them all the shame and sorrow they have escaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes, by charity to those upon whom vice appears in that utmost misery and deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our

* Viz. Lent.

compassion in this case, if we considered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with transport: and as we are men of honour (for I must not speak as we are Christians) let us not desert our friends for the loss of their noses.

N° 18. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1713.

—————Animæque capaces
Mortis————— LUCAN.

Souls, undismay'd by death.

THE prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes, it would embitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us inquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution; and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this i

riously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment : but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be !

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect : ‘ The consideration,’ said the good man, ‘ that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him ? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God’s works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety ; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking is become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen ; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart, so my conversation is pleasant, and my countenance serene ; I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, in the midst of which there is heaviness.’

Of all the professions of men, a soldier’s chiefly, should put him upon this religious vigilance. His duty exposes him to such hazards, that the evil which to men in other stations may seem far distant, to him

is instant and ever before his eyes. The consideration, that what men in a martial life purchase is gained with danger and labour, and must perhaps be parted with very speedily, is the cause of much licence and riot. As moreover it is necessary to keep up the spirits of those who are to encounter the most terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury. The secret assurance that all is right within, that if he falls in battle, he will the more speedily be crowned with true glory, will add strength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the most successful stratagems whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the assurance that impostor gave his votaries, that whoever was slain in battle should be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradise his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the same effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, that the souls of the slain should transmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his usual spirit.

' You teach that souls, from fleshy chains unbound,
Seek not pale shades and Erebus profound,
But fleeing hence to other regions stray,
Once more to mix with animated clay;
Hence death's a gap (if men may trust the lore)
Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.
A blest mistake ! which fate's dread power disarms ;
And spurs its vot'ries on to war's alarms ;
Lavish of life, they rush with fierce delight
Amidst the legions, and provoke the fight ;
O'er-matching death, and freely cast away
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.

Our gallant countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion.

particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse. A friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuscript by him, which is said in the title to have been done 'By the most noble and virtuous Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knight.' They having been never printed, I shall present the public with one of them, which my correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

PSALM CXXXVII*.

Nigh seated where the river flows,
That watereth Babel's thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
Did help to water with the rain :
The thought of Sion bred such woes,
That though our harps we did retain,
Yet useless and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged so,
The men whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did say ;
You that of music make such show,
Come sing us now a Sion's lay :
Oh no ! we have nor voice nor hand
For such a song in such a land.

III.

Though far I be, sweet Sion hill,
In foreign soil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his skill
If ever thou forgotten be ;
And let my tongue fast glued still
Unto my roof, lie mute in me ;
If thy neglect within me spring,
Or aught I do, but Salem sing.

* Dr. Donne's Poems, &c. Ps. 137, p. 284, edit. 1719, 24mo.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget
 To quit the plains of Edom's race,
 Who causelessly, yet hotly set
 Thy holy city to deface,
 Did thus the bloody victors whet,
 What time they enter'd first the place,
 ' Down, down with it at any hand,
 Make all a waste, let nothing stand.'

V.

And Babylon, that didst us waste,
 Thyself shall one day wasted be:
 And happy he, who what thou hast
 Unto us done, shall do to thee ;
 Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
 Like woful objects make thee see :
 Yea, happy who thy little ones
 Shall take and dash against the stones.



N^o 19. THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1713.

Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido ;
 Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 98.

Lest avarice, still poor, disturb thine ease ;
 Or fear should shake, or cares thy mind abuse,
 Or ardent hope for things of little use.—CREECH.

It was prettily observed by somebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleasure, as covetousness, gluttony, and lust ; one, which tastes of nothing but pain, as envy ; the rest have a mixture of pleasure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man considers the state of his own mind, about which every member of the Christian world is supposed at this time to be employed, he

will find that the best defence against vice is preserving the worthiest part of his own spirit pure from any great offence against it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourselves with disdain, after we have been betrayed by sudden desire, opportunity of gain, the absence of a person who excels us, the fault of a servant, or the ill-fortune of an adversary, into the gratification of lust, covetousness, envy, rage, or pride ; when the more sublime part of our souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities until they become vicious habits.

The vice of covetousness is what enters deepest into the soul of any other ; and you may have seen men, otherwise the most agreeable creatures in the world, so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves from a remote fear of expense. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness, but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my precautions as a Guardian, is, that there is a universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendour have taken up the place of it ; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas this despicable spirit debases our very being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance hap-

pened in the scene of distress betwixt Percy and Anna Bullen. One of the sentinels who stood on the stage, to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Percy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greatest part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion of the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Percy had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearances of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praiseworthy, as well as pure religion (according to a book too sacred for me to quote), 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' Every step that a man makes beyond moderate and reasonable provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit; and he that is entirely set upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite engrosses

whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite ; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition and shews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune !

I have just now recorded a foot soldier for the politest man in a British audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit that is not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a prayer of Harry the Fourth of France just before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

‘O Lord of hosts, who canst see through the thickest veil and closest disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life ; if thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory and the safety of thy people ; if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state ; favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign : but, if thy good providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.’

The King uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard

and beheld him with like magnanimity ; then turning to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to charge, ‘ My fellow-soldiers,’ said he, ‘ as you run my fortune, so do I yours ; your safety consists in keeping well your ranks ; but if the heat of the action should force you to disorder, think of nothing but rallying again : if you lose sight of your colours and standards, look round for the white plume in my beaver ; you shall see it wherever you are, and it shall lead you to glory and victory.’

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was supported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inspired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as it consisted with the service of God, and good of his people, is an instance, that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

N° 20. FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1713.

———Minuti

Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas

Ultio——

Juv. Sat. xiii. 189.

——Revenge, which still we find

The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.—CREECH.

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail ; but, alas ! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A Christian

and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person : you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries ; and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder in resentment for an affront : for good sense, as well as religion, is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance ; so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pitch human nature can arrive at. A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but ‘ a coward never forgave.’ The power of doing that flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force ; whence it draws a certain safety, which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt ; for it is peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so intense a forgiveness as the love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined moral, introduced by him who died for those that persecuted him ; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving ; for who can ask what he will not bestow, especially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruellest slavery, to the most acceptable freedom ? For when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation ; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation. At such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other’s faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear

in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them : and perhaps those very actions, which, when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things, were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them : and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good-will. For the neglected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so transcendent and heroic a manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence ; for the Christian is as much inclined to your service when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must root out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit ; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthily of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues. We must learn, and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they rise from a great, not a grovelling idea of things ; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering, are our deepest resolves and counsels. And as to a well-taught mind, when you have said a haughty and proud man, you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage ; so when you

have said a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in a universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself; you have also given us to understand, than to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully, is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms as to angels: and as nothing is above these, so is nothing below those. It keeps our understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of Heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Christian virtues: it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the same way, and make all their lives a uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day*, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities and death itself for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemen's consideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge, and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us 'shall descend from heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory.' How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him,

* Viz. Good-Friday.

at 'whose presence nature shall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obscured; when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of heaven shaken; when the heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements dissolve with fervent heat; when the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up!'

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his judge; that is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition? Could we but suppose it has just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair, how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain!

The Scriptures are full of pathetical and warm pictures of the condition of a happy or miserable futurity; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to a happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorpt in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue: and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire?

N° 21. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1713.

—————Fungar inani
Munere————— VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 885.

An empty office I'll discharge.

DOCTOR TILLOTSON, in his discourse concerning the danger of all known sin, both from the light of nature and revelation, after having given us the description of the last day out of holy writ, has this remarkable passage :

‘ I appeal to any man, whether this be not a representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein he who made the world shall come to judge it? And whether the wit of men ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the majesty of God, and the solemn judgment of the whole world? The description which Virgil makes of the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal Regions, how infinitely do they fall short of the majesty of the holy Scripture, and the description there made of heaven and hell, and of the great and terrible day of the Lord! so that in comparison they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most governed imagination of any man that ever lived, and observed the greatest decorum in his characters and descriptions. But who can declare the great things of God, but he to whom God shall reveal them?’

This observation was worthy a most polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man of a just taste and judgment, or advanced it merely for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the gospels, with

a heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force than any episode in either of those wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the xxivth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, joined with two disciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as such to inquire of them, what occasioned a sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cause? Their wonder that any man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what had passed there; their acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day, after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope, which occasioned the heaviness he took notice of; are all represented in a style which men of letters call 'the great and noble simplicity.' The attention of the disciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the manifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a Christian reader; and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they said one to another, 'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially considering the effect which the sacred writ-

ings will have upon the soul of an intelligent reader; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the just disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject. The evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown into their faces; the huddled group of those who stand most distant are admirable representations of men abashed with their late unbelief and hardness of heart. And such endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be despised by the ministers of the gospel.

It is with this view that I presume upon subjects of this kind; and men may take up this paper, and be caught by an admonition under the disguise of a diversion.

All the arts and sciences ought to be employed in one confederacy against the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no small step in the progress of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best sense a man can have, who is cold to the 'Beauty of Holiness.'

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpse of a friend to his interment, and have seen a graceful man at the entrance of a churchyard, who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die:' I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances

that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream ; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter, ‘ I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another.’ How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next sentence which the holy man has spoken ! ‘ We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out : the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord !’

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read these expressions of Scripture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these loose papers. However, I will not despair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of the sacred writings,—and, old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much in fashion among men of politeness to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace,—and to see a well dressed young man produce an evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of distinguished faculties, to praise and adore the author of their being with a spirit suitable to those faculties, and rouse slower men by their words, actions, and writings, to a participation of their transports and thanksgivings.

N° 22. MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1713.

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.*

VIRG. Georg. ii. 485.

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life,
A country cottage near a crystal flood;
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.—DRYDEN.

PASTORAL poetry, not only amuses the fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of fairy land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling streams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and springing greens; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream, it is a vision, which we wish may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was so far turned with these imaginations, when we were last in the country, that she lost her rest by listening to the nightingales; she kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all gentle methods to bring her to herself; as having had a design heretofore of turning shepherd myself, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me against any temptation to the pastoral life, I can now with the greater safety consider it; and shall lay down such rules as those of my readers who have the aforesaid design ought to observe, if they would follow the steps of the shepherdesses of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of pastoral poetry it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world. For since that way of life is not now in being, we must inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body, and serenity of mind. The abundance they were possessed of, secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could scarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love, indeed, might occasion some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers fix upon one subject, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Otherwise it was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again.

Thus happy was the first race of men, but rude withal, and uncultivated. For before they could make any considerable progress in arts and sciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious spirits; who, having built cities, raised armies, and studied policies of state, made vassals of the defenceless shepherds, and rendered that which was before easy and unrestrained, a mean, laborious, miserable condition. Hence, if we consider the pastoral period before learning, we shall find it unpolished.

The use that I would make of this short review of the country life shall be this. An author that would amuse himself by writing pastorals, should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country : he must give us what is agreeable in that scene; and hide what is wretched. It is indeed commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly please the imagination ; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole truth, but that part which is only delightful. We must sometimes shew only half an image to the fancy ; which if we display in a lively manner, the mind is so dexterously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing pastorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanness of it ; represent its simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is irksome or unpleasant should have a place in these writings : I only mean that this state of life in general should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes, as the loss of a favourite lamb, or a faithless mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his foot ; or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing ; but these being small torments, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils. Again, I would not seem so strict in my notions of innocence and simplicity, as to deny the use of a little railing, or the liberty of stealing a kid or a sheep-hook. For these are likewise such petty enormities, that we must think the country happy where these are the greatest transgressions.

When a reader is placed in such a scene as I have

described, and introduced into such company as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion; and since every one doth not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first reason is, because all mankind love ease. Though ambition and avarice employ most men's thoughts, they are such uneasy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from some necessity, real or imaginary. We seek happiness, in which ease is the principle ingredient, and the end proposed in our most restless pursuits is tranquillity. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

A second reason is our secret approbation of innocence and simplicity. Human nature is not so much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and we love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity.

A third reason is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleasing objects are the growth of the country; and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scene which supplies us with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradise; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their Elysium.

N° 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1713.

———Extrema per illos

Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.—VIRG. Georg. ii. 473.

From hence Astrea took her flight, and here

The prints of her departing steps appear.—DRYDEN.

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I shall, in this day's paper, give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the pastoral life, we may discover that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce shepherds with good sense, and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined. For all men, both rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way (truth being eternally the same to all), though they express them very differently. For here lies the difference. Men, who, by long study and experience have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their

sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind. And though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may say to his mistress,

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground hath prest;
Thou e'en from dungeons darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply :

Come, Rosalind, oh ! come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me ?

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance Corydon tells Alexis that he is the finest songster of the country :

Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damoetas gave :
And said, ' This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
For only thou deserv'st it after me.'

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him :

As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

If ever a reflection be pardonable in pastorals, it is where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to come easily to the mind ; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus :

Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
 If liquid fountains flatter not. And why
 Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet shew
 The bordering flow'rs less beauteous than they grow*?

A second characteristic of a true shepherd is simplicity of manners or innocence. This is so obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I shall only remind the reader, that as the pastoral life is supposed to be where nature is not much depraved, sincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illustrate this rule than by the following example of a swain who found his mistress asleep:

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
 Her lovely limbs half-bare, and rude the wind:
 I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:
 Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss†.

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition is part of his character. For we find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of Nature, live in the greatest awe of their author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old. Our peasants sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witch-crafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I

* From the first pastoral of Mr. A. Philips, entitled Lobbin, l. 90, &c.

† From the sixth pastoral of Mr. A. Philips, entitled, Geron, Hobbinol, and Langrett, l. 73, *et seqq.* The four lines in the preceding page, relative to Lydia, are quoted from the same pastoral, l. 81, &c.

observe with great pleasure that our English author* of the pastorals I have quoted hath practised this secret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and nearly allied to superstition, I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar style, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wish, 'God rest his soul,' is finely turned :

Then gentle Sydney liv'd, the shepherd's friend,
Eternal blessings on his shade attend !

N° 24. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1713.

—Dicenda tacendaque calles?—PERS. Sat. iv. 5.

—Dost thou, so young,
Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue?
DAYDEN.

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he was first entered in the university, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in

* Mr. Ambrose Philips, whose pastorals must have been published before the year 1708, because they are evidently prior to those of Pope. See Dr. Johnson's *Lives of English Poets*, &c Vol. iv. p. 295. 8vo. 1781.

company ; but at the same time so little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table-talk. He told us upon the appearance of a dish of wild fowl, that according to the opinion of some natural philosophers they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars ; and after every interrogation would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point ; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterward prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribands were of the same colour ; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him ; for having accidentally burnt her fingers as she was lighting the lamp for her teapot, in the midst of her anguish, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

That part of his conversation which gave me the most pain, was what passed among those country gentlemen that came to visit us. On such occasions

Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd sayings and absurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination; which he never considered was not the case of the rest of the company, until after many repeated trials he found that his stories seldom made any body laugh but himself.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting out into blossoms before its time: the redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to foretell an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule which I had myself learned from a very great author*, 'To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar.' Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him the next morning the following rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he is now.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason,

* B. Gratian. See *L'Homme de Cour*, or, *The Courtier*, maxim 3.

and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the goodwill of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. (The beauty of most things consisting not so

much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, a handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse: besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable only while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

Though good humour, sense, and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours, into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that, coming full charged into company, you shall resolve to unload whether a handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receive an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call 'speaking their minds.' A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere

pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that, besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

N. B. In the second paragraph of this paper, it is said, that 'Lady Lizard burnt her fingers as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot.' Silver tea-pots, with lamps under them, are still preserved among the college-plate.

N° 25. THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1713.

—Quis tam Lucilî fautor ineptè est,
Ut non hoc fateatur?—HOR. 1 Sat. x. 2.

—What friend of his*
So blindly partial, to deny me this?—CREECH.

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of passing slightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance, that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

* Of the poet Lucilius.

I went home last night full of these reflections from a coffee-house, where a great many excellent writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it seemed to me) upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinsic value or demerit. The conversation ended with great encomiums upon my Lord Verulam's History of Henry the VIIth. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public (so great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whose writings are the glory of our nation), but that the authority of so leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taste amongst us, and betray future historians to copy after a model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the history, I have nothing to say : to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and leisure. But as to the composition of it, and sometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A complete historian should be endowed with the essential qualifications of a great poet. His style must be majestic and grave, as well as simple and unaffected ; his narration should be animated, short and clear, and so as even to out-run the impatience of the reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in words, by retrenching all cold and superfluous circumstances in an action, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impossible to read without the warmest emotions,

But my Lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever, in the tedious style of declaimers, using two words for one ; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way similies as some of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phrases, beneath the dignity of history, and often condescends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently false, almost every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry ; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a recluse scholar, than of a man versed in the world.

After passing so free a censure upon a book which for these hundred years and upwards has met with the most universal approbation, I am obliged in my own defence to transcribe some of the many passages, I formerly collected for the use of my first charge, Sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endless should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do (as it were) rarify instead of condensing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy ; of which I shall put down two or three examples.

‘ That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king’s attainder, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file.—Divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, &c. to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars—to assail, sap, and work into the constancy of Sir Robert Clifford.’

I leave the following passages to every one’s consideration, without making any farther remarks upon them.

‘ He should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away this swarm of bees with their king.—The rebels took their

towards York, &c. but their snow-ball did not gather as it went—So that (in a kind of *mattacina** of human fortune) he turned a broach† that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy—The queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old christening that had stayed long for god-fathers—Desirous to trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fish the better, casting the net not out of St. Peter's, but out of Borgia's bark—And therefore upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was smoked away—This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first—It was observed, that the great tempest which drove Philip into England, blew down the Golden Eagle from the spire of St. Paul's; and in the fall, it fell upon a sign of the Black Eagle, which was in St. Paul's churchyard, in the place where the school-house now standeth, and battered it, and broke it down: which was a strange stooping of a hawk upon a fowl—The king began to find where his shoe did wring him—in whose bosom or budget most of Perkins's secrets were laid up—One might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds—Bold men, and careless of fame, and that took toll of their master's grist—Empson and Dudley would have cut another chop out of him—Peter Hialas, some call him Elias; surely he was the forerunner of, &c.—Lionel, Bishop of Concordia was sent as nuncio, &c. but, notwithstanding he had a good ominous name to have made a peace, nothing followed—Taxing him for a greater taxer of his people, not by proclamations, but by court-fames, which commonly print better than printed proclamations—Sir Edward Poynings was enforced to make a wild

* A frolicsome dance.

† A spit.

chase upon the Wild Irish—In sparing of blood by the bleeding of so much treasure—And although his own case had both steel and parchment more than the other; that is to say, a conquest in the field, and an act of parliament—That Pope knowing that King Henry the Sixth was reputed in 'the world abroad but for a simple man, was afraid it would but diminish the estimation of that kind of honour, if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints.'

Not to trouble my reader with any more instances of the like nature, I must observe that the whole work is ill conducted, and the story of Perkin Warbeck (which should have been only like an episode in a poem) is spun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abstract of his history than a character. It is tedious, and diversified with so many particulars as confound the resemblance, and make it almost impossible for the reader to form any distinct idea of the person. It is not thus the ancients drew their characters; but in a few just and bold strokes gave you the distinguishing features of the mind (if I may be allowed the metaphor) in so distinct a manner, and in so strong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from a hundred.

After all, it must be considered in favour of my Lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaste and correct writing was not in fashion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court; so that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though superior in force perhaps to any of our countrymen, that have either gone before or succeeded him.

N° 26. FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1713.

Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et sedatam cupidinem.—PLAUT.

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is not that which is usually so called ; but virtue, modesty, and restrained desires.

A HEALTHY old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only, men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is ; we speak the downright truth, and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them, that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration ; and, having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them, as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a pother with ' Bright eyes, the fair sex, the charms, the air,' and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman all of them ' the ladies.' Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and at the meanest artificer's, and the word is, ' Well, who takes care of the ladies?' I have taken notice that ever since the word Forsooth was banished for Madam, the word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of women without offence to the ladies. What puts me in this present disposition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy

week I very civilly desired all delinquents in point of chastity to make some atonement for their freedoms, by bestowing a charity upon the miserable wretches who languish in the Lock Hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter ; and I am informed, that they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and say, I do not understand the world. It is not, it seems, within the rules of good breeding to tax the vices of people of quality, and the commandments were made for the vulgar. I am, indeed, informed of some oblations sent into the house, but they are all come from the servants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out of her hush-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her mistress's secret; but says she dares not ask her ladyship for any thing, for she is not to suppose that she is locked up with a young gentleman, in the absence of her husband, three hours together, for any harm ; but as my lady is a person of great sense, the girl does not know but that they were reading some good book together ; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns she has had dreams of a fine gentleman that comes to their house, who gave her half-a-crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town ; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the thimble, because she does not hate him as she ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an occamy spoon from some other unknown poor sinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of sin in London and Westminster. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaste ; and if that be a modest computation, how great a number are those who make no account of my admonition ! It might be expected

one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honest, might out of mere charity and compassion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done something upon so good a time as that wherein they were solicited. But Major Crabtree, a sour pot-companion of mine, says, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaste woman—I would say lady. It is certain, that we are infested with a parcel of jilflirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men, for the infant partakes of the temper and disposition of its mother. We see the unaccountable effects which sudden frights and longings have upon the offspring; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has its influence upon what she bears about her nine months. Thus from the want of care in this particular of choosing wives, you see men after much care, labour, and study, surprised with prodigious starts of ill-nature and passion, that can be accounted for no otherwise but from hence, that it grew upon them *in embryo*, and the man was determined surly, peevish, froward, sullen, or outrageous, before he saw the light. The last time I was in a public place I fell in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality. Her father was a gentleman of as noble a disposition, as any I ever met with. The widow, her mother, under whose wing she loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to persons of condition. Good-sense, heightened and exerted with good-breeding, is the parent's distinguishing character; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we shall think we have a much better purchase than others, who without her good qualities, may bring into theirs the greatest accession of riches. I sent Sir Harry by last night's post the following letter on the subject.

‘ DEAR SIR HARRY,

‘ Upon our last parting, and as I had just mounted the little roan I am so fond of, you called me back; and when I stooped to you, you squeezed me by the hand, and with allusion to some pleasant discourse we had had a day or two before in the house, concerning the present mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a smile and a blush you bid me look upon some woman for you, and send word how they went. I did not see one to my mind till the last opera before Easter. I assure you I have been as unquiet ever since, as I wish you were till you had her. Her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my satisfaction: there is an ingenuous shame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body; neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accomplishments already attained by the possessor, but they certainly shew an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumstance of this young woman’s age, I am reconciled to her want of years, because she pretends to nothing above them; you do not see in her the odious forwardness to I know not what, as in the assured countenances, naked bosoms, and confident glances, of her contemporaries.

‘ I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; she is in no familiarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet out of her own hand, and her brother’s face is the only man’s she ever looked in steadfastly.

‘ When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and education, I may speak a little freely to you as you are a young man. There is a dignity in the young lady’s beauty, when it shall become her to receive your

friends with a good air and affable countenance; when she is to represent that part of you which you must delight in, the frank and cheerful reception of your friends, her beauties will do as much honour to your table, as they will give you pleasure in your bed.

‘It is no small instance of felicity to have a woman, from whose behaviour your friends are more endeared to you; and for whose sake your children are as much valued as for your own.

‘It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead, the soft pulp of her lips, or to describe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks, and neck, made to the beholders that night, but shall leave them to your own observation when you come to town; which you may do at your leisure, and be time enough, for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and
most humble servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.’

N° 27. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1713.

Multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 332.

Struck with compassion of so sad a state.

In compassion to those gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those impressions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious festival* naturally leaves on the mind of a Christian, I shall in this paper endeavour

* Viz. Easter.

to evince that there are grounds to expect a future state without supposing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a Deity. Let the most steadfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion, and adjustment, and exact and constant order discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible, then, that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective natures; and yet the spirits or souls of men be neglected, or managed by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every other passion be rightly placed by nature, and shall that appetite of immortality natural to all mankind be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meanest vocations be answered by the ends we propose, and shall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, shall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual discord and confusion? He who is bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural rule, of 'reasoning from analogy;' must run counter to that maxim of common sense, 'that men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced, from what they have experienced.'

If any thing looks like a recompense of calamitous virtue on this side the grave, it is either an assurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in '

another life meet with a just return ; or else that applause and reputation, which is taught to attend virtuous actions. The former of these, our freethinkers, out of their singular wisdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to erase from the minds of men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this life, where so many ill actions are reputable, and so many good actions disesteemed or misinterpreted ; where subtle hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging light, and modest virtue lies concealed ; where the heart and the soul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's sense in relation to this point is contained in his *Georgias*, where he introduces Socrates speaking after this manner :

‘ It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law, which the gods have continued down to this time, that they who had lived virtuously and piously upon earth, should after death enjoy a life full of happiness, in certain islands appointed for the habitation of the blessed : but that such as have lived wickedly should go into the receptacle of damned souls, named Tartarus, there to suffer the punishments they deserved. But in all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom each person was judged, in his lifetime, in the same day on which he was to die. The consequence of which was, that they often passed wrong judgments. Pluto, therefore, who presided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the blessed islands, finding that on the other side many unfit persons were sent to their respective dominions, complained to Jove, who promised to redress the evil. He added, ‘ The reason of these unjust proceedings are that men are judged in the body. Hence many conceal the blemishes and imperfections of their minds by beauty, birth, and riches ; not to

mention, that at the time of trial there are crowds of witnesses to attest their having lived well. These things mislead the judges, who being themselves also of the number of the living, are surrounded each with his own body, as with a veil thrown over his mind. For the future, therefore, it is my intention that men do not come on their trial till after death, when they shall appear before the judge disrobed of all their corporeal ornaments. The judge himself too shall be a pure unveiled spirit, beholding the very soul, the naked soul of the party before him. With this view I have already constituted my sons, Minos and Rhadamanthus, judges, who are natives of Asia; and Æacus, a native of Europe. These, after death, shall hold their court in a certain meadow, from which there are two roads, leading the one to Tartarus the other to the Islands of 'the Blessed.'

From this, as from numberless other passages of his writings, may be seen Plato's opinion of a future state. A thing, therefore, in regard to us so comfortable, in itself so just and excellent, a thing so agreeable to the analogy of nature, and so universally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that should move a few men to reject? Surely, there must be something of prejudice in the case. I appeal to the secret thoughts of a freethinker, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: 'The senses and faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed to repair or preserve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its present circumstances. But in an eternal state, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced against, where there are no flesh and bones, nerves or blood-vessels, there will certainly be none of the senses: and that there should be a state of life without the senses is inconceivable¹¹.'

But as this manner of reasoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowness of soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those defects, and open their views, by laying before them a case which, being naturally possible, may, perhaps, reconcile them to the belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose a person blind and deaf from his birth, who, being grown to man's estate, is by the dead palsy, or some other cause, deprived of his feeling, tasting, and smelling, and at the same time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste, and smell, were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception; as in a modern freethinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us farther suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music. Behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.

N. B. It has been observed by the Christians, that

a certain ingenious foreigner*, who has published many exemplary jests for the use of persons in the article of death, was very much out of humour in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery.

N° 28. MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1713.

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*—HOR. 3 Od. vi. 46.

Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours : next age will see
A race more profligate than we.—ROSCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, Bion, and Moschus, are the most famous amongst the Greek writers of pastorals. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of Theocritus, whom I shall speak of more largely, because he rivals the greatest of all poets, Virgil himself. He hath the advantage confessedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for pastoral. The softness of the Doric dialect, which this poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity. It is true that the great Roman, by the niceness of his judgment, and great command of himself, has acquitted himself dexterously this way. But

* M. Deslandes, who came about this time from France with the Duke D'Aumont, was a freethinker, and had published an historical list of all who died laughing. He had the small-pox here in England, of which he recovered.

a penetrating judge will find there the seeds of that fire which burned afterward so bright in the *Georgics* and blazed out in the *Æneid*. I must not, however, dissemble that these bold strokes appear chiefly in those *Eclogues* of Virgil, which ought not to be numbered amongst his pastorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the pastoral kind; but by the best judges are only called his select poems, as the *Eclogue* originally means.

Those who will take the pains to consult Scaliger's comparison of these two poets, will find that Theocritus hath outdone him in those very passages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in short, more innocence, simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing marks of pastoral, in the Greek than the Roman: and all arguments from the exactness, propriety, conciseness, and nobleness of Virgil, may very well be turned against him. There is, indeed, sometimes a grossness and clownishness in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greatest beauties from him, hath avoided. I will however add, that Virgil, out of the excellence of genius only, hath come short of Theocritus: and had possibly excelled him, if in greater subjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the first, amongst the moderns, that fell into pastoral writing. It is observed, that the people of that nation are very profound and abstruse in their poetry as well as politics; fond of surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From persons of this character, how can we expect that air of simplicity and truth which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the *Aminta* of Tasso, and Guarini's

Pastor Fido. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral, and the Sylvan Gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs, appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, sentiments, passions, or designs, like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in pastoral. Sylvia in Tasso's poem enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, 'She doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed.' In the *Pastor Fido*, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods, 'for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires.' Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.

When I am speaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannasarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean: introduces sea-calves in the room of kids and lambs, sea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or, if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and so are lost and forgotten.

The French are so far from thinking ~~that~~ that they often seem not to think at all. run of numbers, common-place descriptio

floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write the most accurately fall into the manner of their country; which is gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author, 'The shepherds,' says he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedges and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quivers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.' 11

N° 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1713.

Ride, si sapis—— MART. 2 Epig. xli. 1.

If you have taste, shew it by your laugh.

IN order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased: and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

—Smiles from reason flow, to brains denied,—
And are of love the food.——

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them: but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre. I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock*; and so far shewn their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's or the actor's.

As the playhouse affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful (for the direction of those who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless in-

* Three comic actors in vogue at the time when this paper was written.

dolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile, at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the starchness and awkward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop; and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads :

The Dimplers.

The Smilers. *A smile*

The Laughers.

The Grinners.

The Horse-laughers.

The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of most delicate address. This tender motion of physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The laugh among us is the common risus of the ancients.

The grin by writers of antiquity is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficient in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason, is always received

with great applause in coffee-house disputes; and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh or dimple: she looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as excesses of levity; and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a smile. Her lips are composed with the primness peculiar to her character, all her modesty seems collected into her face, and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit: she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rules of decency is never allowed the smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The Ionics are those ladies that take a greater liberty with their features; yet even these may be said to smother a laugh, as the former to stifle a smile.

The beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the smile the better to sympathize with the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of universal use to men of power at their levées; and is esteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of distinction than

the whisper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himself upon his success, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author some years since published a collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called *Laugh and be Fat*; or, *Pills to purge Melancholy*: I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural 'squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. The story of the sick man's breaking an imposthume by a sudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses' milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and restoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally represented to us as a man of the largest size, which we may attribute to his frequent exercise of his risible faculty. I remember Juvenal says of him,

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.—Sat. x. 33.

He shook his sides with a perpetual laugh.

That sort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally stocked with so much good-humour, as to strike in with the gaiety of conversation, though some innocent blunder of his own be the subject of the raillery.

I shall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners; when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recall youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit : but he very frequently calls in the horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of grinners, which the ancients call Megarics ; and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their merit at the expense of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric ; and in visits the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her ; but, in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features ; she subdues the formal lover with the dimple, accosts the fop with a smile, joins with the wit in the downright laugh ; to vary the air of her countenance frequently rallies with the grin ; and when she has ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse-laugh.

The horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural hoyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs, I should, ~~methinks~~ advise all my countrymen of consumptive

tical constitutions to associate with the most facetious punsters of the age. Persius hath very elegantly described a Sardonic laughter in the following line :

Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.—Sat. iii. 82.

Redoubled peals of trembling laughter burst,
Convulsing every feature of the face.

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremour of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, The Chorus of Conversation.



N° 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1713.



—redeunt Saturnia Regna.—VIRG. Ecl. iv. 6.

—Saturnian times
Roll round again.—DRYDEN.

THE Italians and French being dispatched, I come now to the English, whom I shall treat with such meekness as becomes a good patriot; and shall so far recommend this our island as a proper scene for pastoral, under certain regulations, as will satisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed interest.

I must in the first place observe, that our countrymen have so good an opinion of the ancients, and think so modestly of themselves, that the generality of pastoral-writers have either stolen all from the

Greeks and Romans, or so servilely imitated their manners and customs, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up a hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed most of the occasional pastorals we have, are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow, 'Why he is so pale? if his favourite sheep hath strayed? if his pipe be broken? or Phyllis unkind?' He answers, 'None of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Damon (or sometimes the god Pan) is dead.' This immediately causes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shews him a track of light in the skies to confirm it; then invites him to chesnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforesaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be serviceable, I shall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are some things of an established nature in pastoral, which are essential to it, such as a country scene, innocence, simplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, such as habits, customs, and the like. The difference of the climate is also to be considered, for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very absurd in a colder country. By the same rule the difference of the soil, of fruits and flowers, is to be observed. And in so fine a country as Britain, what occasion is there for that profusion of hyacinths and Pæstan roses, and

that cornucopia of foreign fruits which the British shepherds never heard of? How much more pleasing is the following scene to an English reader!

This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
 So lovingly these elms unite their shade;
 Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
 Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!
 The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
 Thro' which the springing flow'r up-rears its head!
 Lo here the king-cup of a golden hue
 Medley'd with daisies white, and endive blue!
 Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush,
 With tuneful warblings fill the bramble bush!
 In pleasing concert all the birds combine,
 And tempt us in the various song to join*.

The theology of the ancient pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity entirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be made up out of our own rustical superstition of hobthrushes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining persons, as they are described by several of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope:

About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursue;
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
 In circling dauces gambol'd on the green,
 While tuneful springs a merry concert made,
 And airy music warbled through the shade.

What hath been said upon the difference of climate, soil, and theology, reaches the proverbial sayings, dress, customs, and sports of shepherds. The following examples of our pastoral sports are extremely beautiful:

Whilome did I, tall as this poplar fair,
 Up-raise my heedless head devoid of care,
 'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
 Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.

* Philips's Fourth Pastoral, *ab initio*.

Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
 To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
 How deftly to mine oaten reed, so sweet,
 Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?
 And wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
 Some well devised tale from me to learn?
 For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
 To chase the lingering sun a-down the sky.

————— O now! if ever, bring
 The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
 And tender branches from the mantling vine,
 The dewy cowslip that in meadow grows,
 The fountain violet, and garden rose:
 Your hamlet stréw, and every public way,
 And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
 Myself will lavish all my little store,
 And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
 Old Moulin there shall harp, young Mico sing,
 And Cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
 And Hobbinol his antic gambols play*.

The reason why such changes from the ancients should be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs which are most familiar or universally known, since no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is easy to be observed that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spenser and Philips have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a pastoral style according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not say they have excelled Virgil! but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty rusticity than Latin. To their works

* Philips's First Pastoral, l. 31, &c. Third Part, l. 106, &c.

I refer my reader to make observations upon the pastoral style : where he will sooner find that secret than from a folio of criticisms.

N^o 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1713.

Fortem posce animum— Juv. Sat. x. 357.

Ask of the gods content and strength of mind.

My Lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semicircle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow-chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs. Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but observe, that in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniencies

of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of temper, in one whom she should pitch upon for a husband. In short, though the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune, and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echoes, and rivulets, to make up the concert: she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her *summum bonum* in equipages, assemblies, balls, and birth-nights, talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my Lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks shewed that she did not approve such a redundancy of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy: for, as Mr. Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here, and happy hereafter; at the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My Lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look the thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same

justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is; and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point; which I conceive cannot be made up but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow Virtue the first place, as she is the mother of Content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision of all the necessaries of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoic cry out, 'that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.'

But, besides this, virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in pity, love, and friendship. In the two last

passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man, therefore, who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a 'strength of mind,' as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependant upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure, be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that strength of mind I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said, it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that strength of mind and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude, and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a,

very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the same time, I must own, that as a mind thus furnished, feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of its own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try its force, a lively imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first, therefore, may not be improperly called, 'the heaven of a wise man,' the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it 'a fool's paradise.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune that arise at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the Prince of Conde), when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself,

and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at least command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune. *

N° 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1713.

———ipse volens, facilisque sequetur,
 Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
 Vincas——— VIRG. Æn. vi. 146.

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
 Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not, no labour can the tree constrain:
 And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.

DRYDEN.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon pastoral poetry, after a didactic manner, in some foregoing papers, wherein I have taken such hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the best of my judgment, and substituted others in their place, I shall close the whole with the following fable or allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt, in a pleasant vale of Arcadia, a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas; who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air: but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceeding sweet, yet had a rusticity in its tone, which however to most who

heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of his musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers: and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore

a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and told her*, 'Madam, you need not to consult your glass to adorn yourself to-day; you may see the greatness of your beauty in the number of your conquests.' She having never heard any compliment so polite, could give him no answer, but presented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her† 'he had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter.' The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with some difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all, that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most

* See Fontenelle.

† See Theocritus.

craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and stately pace, and said*, 'Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed.' As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood stock-still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skilful master in Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forward was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her, and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and after he had em-

* See Tasso.

braced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him*. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was? He told them, he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore, that his substance consisted in sea calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' said Menalcas; 'to them then shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spenser; and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

N° 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1713.

—*Dignum sapiente, bonoque est.*—Hos. 1 Ep. iv. 5.

Worthy a wise man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a rule to myself, not to ~~publish any~~ thing on a Saturday, but what shall have

* Sannazarius, mentioned No. 28.

logy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the play-house. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention the tragedy of Cato. The principal character is moved by no consideration but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the word Public Spirit. All regards to his domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as having, by this motive, subdued instinct itself, and taken comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cause of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it: the other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary, as the principal; the conduct of the lovers (who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of a heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds: I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is

so circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves ; but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak, on this occasion, rather as a Guardian than a critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African ; and the scene between Juba and his general, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction. Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends, by men who abuse their talents ; and Juba sets the lesser excellences of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind. But this play is so well recommended by others, that I will not for that, and some private reasons, enlarge any farther. Doctor Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age in the epilogue, by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new scene of passion and transport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the prologue. I shall take the liberty to gratify the im-

patience of the town by inserting these two excellent pieces, as earnest of the work itself, which will be printed within a few days.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age ;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
In pitying Love we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes :
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was.
No common object to your sight displays ;
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;
The world's great victor past unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons attend : be wroth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song :
Dare to have sense yourselves, assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do !
Who would not listen when young lovers woo ?
What ! die a maid, yet have the choice of two !
Ladies are often cruel to their cost :
To give you pain, themselves they punish most,
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd :
Too oft they're cancell'd, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say ;
We hate you when you're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears !
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell ;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix ;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you :
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warm ;
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms :
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state !
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow ;
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now :
There golden idols all your vows receive ;
She is no goddess who has nought to give.
Oh may'once more the happy age appear
When words were artless, and the soul sincere

When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
 And crowns less coveted than groves and springs.
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel transport in its chains;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy but Time:
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

N° 34. MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1713.

———Mores multorum vidit———

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 142.

He many men and many manners saw.

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation, for the first half-hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last this modish way of shining, and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon fine gentlemen. From the several characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a

laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennoble a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of Sir William Hearty, because he wore a frieze coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those awkward healthy gentlemen, that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mutton. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would dispatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while his antagonist was piddling at a marshbroom, or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends by virtue of a maxim I always observe, never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon what had passed: and though in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing mark of a fine gentleman.

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form ; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight, of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained ; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps ; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies

and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercise, most in vogue : neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity ; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters, are frequent : but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination ; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish ; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the benefit of my female readers.

N. B. The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman ; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a day.

N° 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1713.

O vitz Philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix !—CICERO.

O Philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue !

‘ To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

‘ SIR,

‘ I AM a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries, which young gentlemen usually pass at the university ; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the manners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendship ; after some pause, he conducted me into his closet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of snuff ; which, he said, was given him by an uncle of his, the author of The Voyage to the World of Descartes ; and with many professions of gratitude and affection made me a present of it, telling me, at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences, than that same snuff rightly applied.

“ You must know,” said he, “ that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body.” He added, that the same phi-

philosopher having considered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter ; and that after much meditation on that subject the above-mentioned *virtuoso* composed the snuff he then gave me ; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. “ Your soul,” continued he, “ being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the pineal gland of the most learned philosopher, and being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods.” I returned him thanks, and accepted his present, and with it a paper of directions.

‘ You may imagine it was no small improvement and diversion, to pass my time in the pineal glands of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and statesmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns, and subtleties of thought ; another to be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehensive views of a philosopher, without any fatigue or wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enamelled meadows, in the fancy of a poet : at others to be present when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering palace rose in his imagination ; or to behold the pleasures of a country life, the passion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture. Or (to use the words of a very ingenious author) to

Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Behold his business while he works the mine,
Behold his temper when he sees it shine.

Essay on the different styles of poetry.

‘ These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was it an unpleasant entertainment, sometimes to descend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry schemes of a coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And, as in order to frame a right idea of human happiness, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different pursuits were affected, I one day entered into the pineal gland of a certain person, who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes the happiness of him who is called a Man of Pleasure. But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notion of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

‘ His intellectuals, I observed, were grown un-serviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to sensual gratifications; and the out-running natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and roused by some powerful object, the effect was not to delight or soothe the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite, and satiety. I saw a wretch racked, at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity. And I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions, and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned he had almost quenched

that light which his Creator has set up in his soul, yet in spite of all his efforts, I observed at certain seasons frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

‘I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a free-thinker, and believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that phenomenon was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it.

I am, in the mean time,

Your most obedient, humble servant.

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

‘N. B. Mr. Ironside has lately received out of France ten pounds avoirdupois weight of this philosophical snuff, and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.’

N° 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1713.

Punnica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!—VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 49.

What Rebus's exalt the Punnic fame*!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter, saith as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find, that in his apology for punning he only celebrates

* The double pun in the motto of this paper is adapted to the subject of it.

the art, as it is a part of conversation. I look upon premeditated quibbles and puns committed to the press as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt these and the starts in common discourse as betwixt casual rencounters, and murder with malice prepense.

‘ To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

‘ SIR,

‘ I have from your writings conceived such an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I trust you will not suffer any art to be vilified, which helps to polish and adorn us. I do not know any sort of wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the pun: and I persuade myself that I shall merit your esteem, by recommending it to your protection; since there can be no greater glory to a generous soul, than to succour the distressed. I shall, therefore, without farther preface, offer to your consideration the following Modest Apology for Punning: wherein I shall make use of no double meanings or equivocations: since I think it unnecessary to give any other praises than truth and common sense, its professed enemies, are forced to grant.

‘ In order to make this a useful work, I shall state the nature and extent of the pun; I shall discover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and ease of mind.

‘ The pun is defined by one, who seems to be no well-wisher to it, to be “ A conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense.” Now if this be the essence of the pun, how great must we allow the dignity of it to be, when we consider that it takes in most of the considerable parts of learning? For is it not most certain, that all learned disputes are rather about sounds

than sense? Are not the controversies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the disputations of philosophers about words, and all the pompous distinctions only so many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever lost his estate in Westminster-hall, but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of equivocation? In short, so great is the excellence of this art, so diffusive its influence, that when I go into a library, I say to myself, "What volumes of puns do I behold!" When I look upon the men of business, I cry out, "How powerful is the tribe of the quibblers!" When I see statesmen and ambassadors, I reflect, "How splendid the equipage of the quirk! in what pomp do the punsters appear!"

‘But as there are serious puns, such as I have instanced in, so likewise there are puns comical. These are what I would recommend to my countrymen; which I shall do by displaying the advantages flowing from them.

‘The first advantage of punning is, that it gives us the compass of our own language. This is very obvious. For the great business of the punster is to hunt out the several words in our tongue that agree in sound, and have various significations. By this means he will likewise enter into the nicety of spelling, an accomplishment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by persons of great, and no quality. This error may produce unnecessary folios amongst grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed: a man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages; as indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning? If the pun fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to the Latin, or the Greek, and so on. I have known wonders performed by this secret. I have heard the French

assured by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath seemed desperate as the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My friend Dock Babel hath often, to shew his parts, started a conceit at the equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees of latitude: and after he had panned round the globe, hath sat down like Alexander, and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

Another advantage in punning is, that it ends disputes, or, what is all one, puns comical destroy puns serious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well that about twelve, people that do not kiss, or cry, are apt to debate. This often occasions heats and heart-burnings, unless one of the disputants vouchsafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Aristotle and Cartesius been reconciled by a merry conceit! how often have whigs and Tories shook hands over a quibble! and the clashing of swords been prevented, by the jingling of words!

Attention of mind, is another benefit enjoyed by punsters. This is discoverable from the perpetual gaze of the company where they are, and the earnest desire to know what was spoken last, if a word escapes any one at the table. I must add, that quick apprehension is required in the hearer, readily to take some things which are very far fetched; as likewise great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile distant and even hostile ideas by the mere mimicry of words, and energy of sound.

Mirth or good-humour is the last advantage, that, out of a million, I shall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonstrate its operation upon the mind and body. I shall now discover what moral virtues it promotes; and shall content myself with instancing in those which every reader will allow of.

' A punster is adorned with humility. This our adversaries will not deny; because they hold it to be a condescension in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I must however confess, for my own share, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity that seemed to be troubled with the thirst of glory.

' The virtue called urbanity by the moralists, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this science. For the whole spirit of urbanity consists in a desire to please the company, and what else is the design of the punster? Accordingly, we find such bursts of laughter, such agitations of the sides, such contortions of the limbs, such earnest attempts to recover the dying laugh, such transport in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating assemblies, as men of common sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

' But nothing more displays itself in the punster, than justice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath its due. The soul is struck at once, and the body recognises the merit of each joke, by sudden and comical emotions. Indeed how should it be otherwise, where not only words, but even syllables, have justice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but with perfect innocence; and good nature takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy, as in his own?

' From what hath been advanced, it will easily appear, that this science contributes to ease of body, and serenity of mind. You have, in a former precaution, advised your hectical readers to associate with those of our brotherhood, who are, for the most part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural the next moment, to reflect how we behaved before: and I appeal to any or not occasion greater peace of mir

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he hath only been waging harmless war with words, than if he had stirred his brother to wrath, grieved the soul of his neighbour by calumny, or increased his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a nostrum, a *medicina gymnastica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occasions such a brisk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and constant flame. I speak, as all physicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this spring, was, after the failing of several medicines and charms, advised by me to enter into a course of quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took Abracadabra off from his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himself into a fine breathing sweat, and a quiet sleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery, and says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

‘ Sir, this is my Modest Apology for Punning; which I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we have a learned university where it is in request, and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement, I shall write a vindication of the rebus, and do justice to the conundrum. I have indeed looked philosophically into their natures, and made a sort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the several subordinations, and divisions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not understand; but I shall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of shewing their learning.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your most obedient, humble servant.’

N^o 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1713.

Me duce dannosas, homines, compescite caras.

OVID. Rem. Amor. v. 69.

Learn, mortals, from my precepts to control
The furious passions that disturb the soul.

It is natural for an old man to be fond of such entertainments as revive in his imagination the agreeable impressions made upon it in his youth: the set of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with, the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the music and actors he heard and saw, when his life was fresh, and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his esteem to any succeeding pleasures that present themselves when his taste is grown more languid. It is for this reason I never see a picture of Sir Peter Lely, who drew so many of my first friends and acquaintance, without a sensible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr. Henry Lawes, long before Italian music was introduced into our nation. Above all, I am pleased in observing that the tragedies of Shakspeare, which in my youthful days have so frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank still, and are the great support of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepossession of mind, I went, some time ago, to see the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promised them a little before to carry them to the first play of Shakspeare's which should be acted. Mrs. Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruse the play-bills, which are brought to her

every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my Lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all dressed, and expecting the performance of my promise. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myself by them in a corner seat. As I have the chief scenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the stage, but formed to myself a new satisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and observing, as it were by reflection, the different passions of the play represented in their countenances. Mrs. Betty told us the names of several persons of distinction, as they took their places in their boxes, and entertained us with the history of a new marriage or two, till the curtain drew up. I soon perceived that Mrs. Jane was touched with the love of Desdemona, and in a concern to see how she would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for some time was more taken up with observing what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticising the dress of the ladies, than with any thing that passed on the stage. Mrs. Cornelia, who I have often said is addicted to the study of romances, commended that speech in the play in which Othello mentions his 'hair-breadth scapes in th' imminent deadly breach,' and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Desdemona. The Sparkler looked several times frightened: and as the distress of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the stage, till I saw them all, with a secret satisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often considered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius, who had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are strong and masterly; but the economy of the fable, and

in some particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe terms, I should say as Waller does of the *Alcedon Tragedy*,

Great are its faults, but greater is its fame.

But it would be a poor entertainment if a critic to observe upon the faults and show no taste for the beauties, in a work that has always struck the most sensible part of our audiences in a very terrible manner.

The chief subject of this piece is the passion of jealousy, which the poet hath represented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid consequences. From this passion, and the innocence and simplicity of the person suspected, arises a very moving distress.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, 'that the most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred.' *The Moor* is furious in both these extremes. His love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How savage, yet how ardent, is that expression of the raptures of his heart, when, looking after *Desdemona* as she withdraws, he breaks out,

Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

The deep and subtle villany of *Iago*, in working this change from love to jealousy, in so troubled a mind as that of *Othello*, pronounced with a confidence in the disinterested affection of the wife who is leading him on insensibly to his ruin is indeed drawn with a masterly hand. *Iago* is villainous and

questions, and seeming care to hide the reason of them; his obscure suggestions to raise the curiosity of the Moor: his personated confusion, and refusing to explain himself while Othello is drawn on, and held in suspense till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poison, and naming to him, in a caution, the passion he would raise,

———O beware of jealousy!———

are inimitable strokes of art, in that scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his strife of passions, his starts, his returns of love, and threatenings to Iago, who puts his mind on the rack, his relapses afterward to jealousy, his rage against his wife, and his asking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abused for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the sentiments of human nature, or has considered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor suffers are so exquisitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compassion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Desdemona, as the innocent person herself who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more shewn his judgment in this play, than in the circumstance of the handkerchief, which is employed as a confirmation to the jealousy of Othello already raised. What I would here observe is, that the very slightness of this circumstance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakspeare expressed the nature of jealousy in those lines, which, on this occasion, he puts into the mouth of Iago,

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

It would be easy for a tasteless critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule ; but such a one would only betray a mechanical judgment, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not arising from any true discernment in human nature, and its passions.

As the moral of this tragedy is an admirable caution against hasty suspicions, and the giving way to the first transports of rage and jealousy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, distraction, and ruin, I shall farther enforce it, by relating a scene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened some years ago in Spain ; and is an instance of the most tragical hurricane of passion I have ever met with in history. It may be easily conceived that a heart ever big with resentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourselves for acting with reason and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will, on a sudden, flame too high to be extinguished. The short story I am going to tell is a lively instance of the truth of this observation, and a just warning to those of jealous honour, to look about them, and begin to possess their souls as they ought, for no man of spirit knows how terrible a creature he is, till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for some years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults usually imputed to his nation ; he was proud, suspicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she

was observed by her; she therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his lady, having some hasty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time she had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but, following him into the apartment, struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his lady by the hair, without inquiring farther, he instantly killed her.

Here he paused, looked on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a demon of revenge; when the wench who had occasioned these terrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the consequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant, and uttered the broken voices and emotions of each of them for a moment, till at last he recollected himself enough to end his agony of love, anger, disdain, revenge, and remorse, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himself.

N° 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1713.

—Prodire tenùs, si non datur ultrà.—HOR. 1 Ep. i. 32.

Thus far at least, though here we stop.

I HAVE lately given a precaution concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be esteemed a 'fine gentleman.' That character has been long wholly engrossed by well-dressed beaux, and men of sense have given up all pretence to it. The highest any of them contend for is, the character of 'a pretty gentleman;' for here the dress may be more careless, and some wit is thought necessary; whereas a fine gentleman is not obliged to converse farther than the offering his snuff-box round the room. However, the pretty gentleman must have his airs: and though they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that few who have understanding can bring themselves to be proficient in this way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but, if they fail here, they succeed with some difficulty in being allowed to have much of the gentleman in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of sense must arrive at a certain desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he should be encouraged in this attempt, since nothing can mend the general taste, but setting the true character in as public a view as the false. This, indeed, can never be done to the purpose, while the majority is so great on the wrong side; one of a hundred will have the shout against him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to assist old Ironside, as he is to promote them and their interest, a little time would give these things a new turn. How-

ever, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good sense in the nation to my assistance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of such as have hitherto pretended to engross the fashion. The university scholar shall be called upon to learn his exercise, and frequent mixed company; the military and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning, and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under officers to examine their qualifications, and, as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports recommending them to all companies as 'the Guardian's fine gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have, indeed, already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed searchers to attend at the inn, where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches stand, and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as soon as he lands, for I will take him, though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman;' for when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him a 'gentleman-like man.' As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by 'gentlemanly, gentleman-like, or much of a gentleman;' you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man;' you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some 'gentlemanly manner;' you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that did the injury, it must be allowed 'he is very much of a gentleman.' Here is a very pleasant fel-

low, a correspondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I must confess the gentleman he personates is very apparently such, though I did not look upon that sort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows :

• MR. IRONSIDE,

‘ I have been upon the highway these six years, in the Park, at the Play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, and at every other place where I could have any prospect of stealing a fortune ; but have met with no success, being disappointed either by some of your damned Ironside race, or by old cursed curs, who put more bolts on their doors and bars in their windows than are in Newgate. All that see me own I am “ a gentleman-like man ; ” and, whatever rascally things the grave folks say I am guilty of, they themselves acknowledge I am a “ gentlemanly kind of man,” and in every respect accomplished for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no business, am illiterate, have spent the small fortune I had in purchasing favours from the fair sex. The bounty of their purses I have received, as well as the endearments of their persons, but I have gratefully disposed of it among themselves, for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearless in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookish sort of fellows, your men of merit, forsooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I see a modest young woman blush at an assembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought scene in a tragedy. I have long forgot shame, for it proceeds from a consciousness of some defects : and I am, as I told you, “ a gentlemanly man.” I never knew any but your musty philosophers applaud blushes, and you yourselves will allow that they are caused either by some real imperfection, or

the apprehension of some defect where there is not any; but for my part I hate mistakes, and shall not suspect myself wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my person, estate, and character, I desire you would admit me as a suitor to one of the Lizards, and beg your speedy answer to this; for it is the last time my black coat will bear scouring; or my long wig buckling.

I am, Sir,

The fair ladies', and your humble servant,

WILL. BAREFACE.'

Those on the highway, who make a stand with a pistol at your breast (compelled perhaps by necessity, misfortune, or driven out of an honest way of life to answer the wants of a craving family), are much more excusable than those of their fraternity, who join the conversations of gentlemen, and get into a share of their fortunes, without one good art about them. What a crowd of these gentleman-like men are about this town? For from an unjust modesty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and industry in our nation, it happens that impudence suppresses all virtue, and assumes the reward and esteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthless rogues have the smiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dressed and in health, and very impudent in this licentious undistinguishing age, is enough to constitute a person 'very much of a gentleman;' and to this pass are we come, by the prostitution of wit in the cause of vice, which has made the most unreasonable and unnatural things prevail against all the suggestions of common sense. Nobody denies that we live in a Christian country, and yet he who should decline, upon respective opportunities, to commit adultery, or murder, would be thought very little of a gentleman.

N° 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1713.

——— *Ægri somnia.*—*HOR. Ars Poet. v. 7.*

A sick man's dreams.

MY correspondent who has acquired the faculty of entering into other men's thoughts, having, in pursuance to a former letter, sent me an account of certain useful discoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I shall communicate the same to the public in this paper.

• MR. IRONSIDE,

‘On the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up safe in my study, I repaired to the Grecian coffee-house, where entering into the pineal gland of a certain eminent freethinker, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there a comprehensive knowledge of all things human and divine; but to my no small astonishment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, insomuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophecy, or separate spirit.

‘This obliged me to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortless. I discovered Prejudice, in the figure of a woman, standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore-fingers stuck in her ears; many words in a confused order, but spoken with great emphasis, issued from her mouth. These, being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed a sort of mist, through which methought I saw a great castle with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the w—

peared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered the bones of men. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black, of a gigantic size, and most terrible forms. But, as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vanished; and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple with its clock and bell-ropes was mistaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black shrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults designed only for the habitation of the dead; and the fortifications proved to be a churchyard, with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone-wall round it.

‘ I had not been long here before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending thither I found a mob of the Passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who proposed the raising of a great army of notions, which she offered to lead against those dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occasioned all this uproar.

‘ Away posted Vanity, and I after her, to the storehouse of ideas; when I beheld a great number of lifeless notions confusedly thrown together, but upon the approach of Vanity they began to crawl. Here were to be seen, among other odd things, sleeping deities, corporeal spirits, and worlds formed by chance; with an endless variety of heathen notions, the most irregular and grotesque imaginable. And with these were jumbled several of Christian extraction; but such was the dress and light they were put in, and their features were so distorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was

likewise assembled no small number of phantoms in strange habits, who proved to be idolatrous priests of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and straightway the Talapoins, Faquirs, Bramines, and Bonzes, drew up in a body. The right wing consisted of ancient heathen notions, and the left, of Christians naturalized. All these together, for numbers, composed a very formidable army; but the precipitation of Vanity was so great, and such was their own inbred aversion to the tyranny of rules and discipline, that they seemed rather a confused rabble than a regular army. I could, nevertheless, observe, that they all agreed in a squinting look, or cast of their eyes towards a certain person in a mask, who was placed in the centre, and whom by sure signs and tokens I discovered to be Atheism.

‘Vanity had no sooner led her forces into the imagination, but she resolved upon storming the castle, and giving no quarter. They began the assault with loud outcry and great confusion. I, for my part, made the best of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Sometime after, inquiring at a bookseller’s for a Discourse on Freethinking, which had made some noise, I met with the representatives of all those notions drawn up in the same confused order upon paper. Sage Nestor, I am,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

‘N. B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit or a mathematician among them.’

I imagine the account here given may be useful in directing to the proper cure of a freethinker. In the first place, it is plain his understanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught the way to order and methodize his ideas; to which end the study of the mathematics may be useful. I am

farther of opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amusements, arising from prejudice, and the obscure or false lights in which he sees things, it will be necessary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right sense of religion, and wear off the ill impressions he has received. Lastly, I advise whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern freethinker, that above all things he be careful to subdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which prompts a little genius to distinguish itself by singularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the passion of vanity, as it is for the most part very strong in your freethinkers, cannot be subdued, let it be won over to the interest of religion, by giving them to understand that the greatest geni of the age have a respect for things sacred; that their rhapsodies find no admirers, and that the name *freethinker*, has, like *tyrant* of old, degenerated from its original signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to wit and reason. In fine, let them know that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppose the received opinions of Christians, yet that now the humour is worn out, and blasphemy and irreligion are distinctions which have long since descended down to lackeys and drawers.

But it must be my business to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late fit of sickness, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world,

the following advertisement got a place in the Post-boy.

“Whereas in the paper called the Guardian, of Saturday the eleventh of April instant, a corollary reflection was made on Monsieur D——, a member of the royal academy of sciences in Paris, author of a book lately published, entitled,

“A Philological Essay, or Reflections on the Death of Freethinkers, with the characters of the most eminent persons of both sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleasantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker, in Paternoster-row.” Suggesting, as if that gentleman, now in London, “was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery:” This is to assure the public, that the said gentleman never expressed the least concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a most heroical and philosophical resignation; of which a copy of verses he writ, in the serene intervals of his distemper, is an invincible proof.’

All that I contend for is, that this gentleman* was out of humour when he was sick; and the advertiser, to confute me, says, that ‘in the serene intervals of his distemper,’ that is, when he was not sick, he writ verses. I shall not retract my advertisement till I see those verses, and I will choose what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurse, nor then neither, except she is a housekeeper. I must tie this gentleman close to the argument: for, if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they heroic verses.

The point of being merry at the hour of death is a matter that ought to be settled by divines; but the

* M. Deslandes. See Guard. No. 27, *ad finem*.

publisher of the *Philological Essay* produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the Earl of Rochester, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or prove their assertion by saying or swearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a man should be facetious at his death, it would be very well if these gentlemen, Monsieur D——— and Mr. B——— would repent betimes, and not trust to a death-bed ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto they have only raised our longing to see their posthumous works.

The author of *Poetæ Rusticantis literatum Otium* is but a mere phraseologist, the philological publisher is but a translator: but I expected better usage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

N° 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

VIRG. Ecl. vii. 2.

Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains—
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.—DRYDEN.

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of pastorals; but, being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without apprehension of offending

that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterward.

I have laid it down as the first rule of pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; it is therefore plain that any deviations from that design degraded a poem from being true pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such. His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius*, Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewise observe that but eleven *Idyllia* of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded, for one or other of the reasons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select poems than pastorals, I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. 'They never meant them all for pastorals.' Which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of pastoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too closely

* See Rapin de Carm. Past. pars 3.

a style : his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric, as well, by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath the antiquated English. For example, might he not have said '*quoi*' instead of '*cui*;' '*quoijum*' for '*cujum*;' '*volt*' for '*vult*,' &c. as well as our modern hath '*welladay*' for '*alas*,' '*whilome*' for '*of old*,' '*make mock*' for '*deride*,' and '*witless younglings*' for '*simple lambs*,' &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenser?

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country. His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan : whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy ; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it), yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books ; it must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the happiness of a university education ; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of pastoral ; as his con-

tention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale, shews with what exactness he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Philips hath with great judgment described wolves in England, in his first pastoral*. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the nightingale.

Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, lilies, and daffodils, blow in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately:

Hobb. Come Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come, Rosalind, O come: my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

Lanq. Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

* Ossian has forgot them, as Mr. Pennant acutely observes. A.

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry.

Streph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove ;
But Delia always ; forc'd from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day ;
Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here :
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses.

Hebb. As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by ;
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye :
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

Lang. As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay ;
The wanton laugh'd and seem'd in haste to fly ;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows :

Streph. Me, gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green ;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes !

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of, than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook :

Of season'd elm ; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month and year,
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.

The other, of a bowl embossed with figures :

~~where~~ where wanton ivy twines;
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;
 And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffected would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

And what That height, which girds the Welkin sheen,
 Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former, with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shewn some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted:

O woful day! O day of woe, quoth he,
 And woful I, who live the day to see?

That simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of this sound, and the easy turn of the words, in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

Ah me the while! ah me, the luckless day!
 Ah luckless lad, the rather might I say;
 Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
 Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels. For example,

A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
 ———He that late lies down, as late will rise,
 And, sluggard like, till noon-day snoring lies,
 Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails;
 Whether we sleep or wake it nought avails.
 ———Nor fear from upright sentence, wrong.

Lastly his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian; I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties: Spenser seems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales, where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unusual and elegant manner.

Diggon Davey, I bid hur good-day;
 Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers,

Hur was hur while it was day-light:
 But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, A Pastoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this pastoral,

the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking :

Cicily. Rager go vetch tha *kee, or else tha zun
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.

Rager. Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our bull to bull tha parson's kee.

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy ; and his mentioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows :

Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, chez was sore avraid
When in yond vield you kiss'd tha parson's maid :
Is this the love that once to me you sed
When from the wake thou broughtst me gingerbread ?

Rager. Cicily thou charg'st me false—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha parson's maid is still a maid for me.

In which answer of his are expressed at once that 'spirit of religion,' and that 'innocence of the golden age,' so necessary to be observed by all writers of pastoral.

As to the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world :

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loath to shew my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral ; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenser and Philips have hit into the same road with this old west country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said.

'an

* That is the kine or

3 2

think it any injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a pastoral-writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry, they are by no means pastorals, but 'something better.'

N° 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1713.

Even churches are no sanctuaries now.—Epilogue to Cato.

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England, will have a just indignation against the person who could commit so great a violence, as that of which my correspondent complains.

' TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN:

' SIR,

' I claim a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your first appearance, and the very title you assume to yourself.

' If the circumstance which I am going to mention, is overlooked by one who calls himself Guardian, I am sure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.—The Examiner ends his discourse of Friday the twenty-fourth instant with these words :

" No sooner was D———* among the whigs, and

* Earl of Nottingham.

confirmed past retrieving, but Lady Char—te* is taken knotting in St. James's chapel during divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be entirely come over. I spare the beauty for the sake of her birth; but certainly there was no occasion for so public a proof, that her fingers are more dexterous in tying a knot, than her father's brains in perplexing the government."

"It is apparent that the person here intended is by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of Great Britain; and the treatment this author is pleased to give her, he makes no scruple to own she is exposed to, by being his daughter. Since he has assumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to his disadvantage, I hope his lordship will pardon me, that out of the interest which I, and all true Englishmen have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

"I am willing on this occasion, to allow the claim and pretension to merit to be such, as the same author describes in his preceding paper.

"By active merit," says the Examiner of the twenty-first, "I understand, not only the power and ability to serve, but the actual exercise of any one or more virtues, for promoting the good of one's country, and a long and steady course of real endeavours to appear useful in a government; or where a person, eminently qualified for public affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical juncture, and at the expense of his ease and fortune, or with the hazard of his person, exposes himself to the malice of a designing faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, and contributing to the safety, repose, and welfare, of a people."

* His daughter Lady Charlotte Finch, afterward Duchess of Somerset.

‘ Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this description. Upon the late glorious revolution, when it was in debate in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this lord, from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to his unhappy prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against King William’s accession to the throne. However, his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, “ Though he could not make a king he could obey him.” The whole course and tenor of his life ever since has been visibly animated, by a steady and a constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow-subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of Doctor Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the house of lords pronounced on that occasion. But, indeed, I have not heard that any of his lordship’s dependants joined Saint Harry* in the pilgrimage “ that meek man” took afterward round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations, to “ visit the churches.”— Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands as had no pretensions to popularity in either party, but from the distribution of the queen’s favours.

‘ During such, and other later transactions (which are too fresh to need being recounted) the Earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the lords who have the honour to be employed in the administration ; but even among these incidents he has highly distinguished himself in procuring an act of

* Dr. Henry Sacheverell.

parliament, to prevent that those who dissent from the church should serve in the state.

‘I hope there are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has shewn himself a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent manner as any other of his fellow-subjects. “He has at all times, and in all seasons, shewn the same steady abhorrence to all innovations.” But it is from this behaviour, that he has deserved so ill of the Examiner, as to be termed a “late convert” to those whom he calls factions, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th, with a servant, and a mad-woman. I think I have, according to the Examiner’s own description of merit, shewn how little this nobleman deserves such treatment. I shall now appeal to all the world, to consider whether the outrage committed against the young lady had not been cruel and insufferable towards the daughter of the highest offender.

‘The utmost malice and invention could go no farther than to forge a story of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a sacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no sense of the pang he must give a young lady to be barely mentioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man.

‘But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it strike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint sting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticism at the expense of a young lady’s quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her honour. Does he thus finish his discourse of religion? This is indeed “to lay at us, and make every blow fell to the ground.”

‘There is no party concerned in this

stance: but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his mistress, ought to receive this insolence as done to himself. "In the immediate presence of God and her majesty, that the family might appear to be entirely come over," says the fawning miscreant.—It is very visible which of those powers (that he has put together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he mistakes his way in making his court to a pious sovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for insulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.

'If life be (as it ought to be with people of their character, whom the Examiner attacks) less valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the Examiner worse than an assassin. We have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the disgraces of the brave and unfortunate. We have seen him double the anguish of the unhappy man, we have seen him trample on the ashes of the dead; but all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domestic interests; but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human society is assaulted. The highest person in the world is of that sex, and has the utmost sensibility of an outrage committed against it. She, who was the best wife that ever prince was blessed with, will, though she sits on a throne, jealously regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

'Lady Char—te's quality will make it impossible that this cruel usage can escape her majesty's notice; and it is the business of every honest man to trace the offender, and expose him to the indignation of his sovereign.'

N° 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1713.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

Hon. Ars Poet. ver. ult.

Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood.

Roscommon.

TOM LIZARD told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his inns-of-court-acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light, than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to ^{in the} same manner as they themselves ^{with}

them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack;' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule: for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet farther, and affirm, that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of na-

ture, are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories, but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it, is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars

are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John,—no! it was William, started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular.

Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but father,' saith the son, 'let us have the spirit in the wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' saith Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that: but it is a pleasant conceit to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order; and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my Lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says, with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day!'—'How so, Sir Harry?' replies my Lady. 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this, his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence: and I will lay it down as a maxim, that

if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment*.

N^o 43. THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1713.

Effutire leves indigna Tragedia versus,
Ut festis Matrona moveri jussa diebus.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 231.

—Tragedy shou'd blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAD for some days observed something in agitation, which was carried on by smiles and whispers, between my Lady Lizard and her daughters, with a professed declaration that Mr. Ironside should not be in the secret. I would not trespass upon the integrity of the Sparkler so much as to solicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an instance of her kindness to me, that as soon as she was at liberty, she was impatient to let me know it, and this morning sent me the following billet.

' SIR,

' My brother Tom waited upon us all last night to Cato; we sat in the first seats in the box of the

* The Bishop of Bangor was at a whig-feast, where John Sly, of facetious memory, being mellow, came into the room on his knees, with a frothing quart tankard in his hand, which he drank off 'to the immortal memory,' and retired in like manner. Hoadly was observing this with great gravity, when the author of this paper, No. 42, who sat next his Lordship, whispered him in the ear, 'laugh my good Lord, it is humanity to laugh.'

This anecdote of Steele is given on the written authority of the bishop's son, Dr. John Hoadly.

eighteen-penny gallery. You must come hither this morning, for we shall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia last night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's presence ; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no when I see you ; but I think it is a more difficult virtue to forbear going into a family, though she was in love with the heir of it, for no other reason but because her happiness was inconsistent with the tranquillity of the whole * house to which she should be allied. I say, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive, than in Marcia to suspend her's in the present circumstances of her father and her country ; but pray be here to settle these matters. I am,

Your most obliged,
And obedient humble servant,
MARY LIZARD.'

I made all the haste imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a sublime cheerfulness in their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once ; and before I could draw my chair, my lady herself repeated :

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire ;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex ;
True, she is fair ; (oh, how divinely fair !)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners.

I was going to speak, when Mrs. Cornelia stood

* 'Whole' ought to have been left out here, and the reason surely is a very strong one. A.

up, and with the most gentle accent and sweetest tone of voice succeeded her mother :

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shews.

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a chair ; but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmost delight pursue her admiration of Lucia in the words of Portius :

————— Athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms,
Loveliest of women ! Heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other ; thou art all divine !

When the ladies had done speaking, I took the liberty to take my place ; while Tom, who, like a just courtier, thinks the interest of his prince and country the same, dwelt upon these lines :

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood).
O let it never perish in your hands !
But piously transmit it to your children.

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart that Annabella, for whom I have long had some apprehensions, said nothing on this occasion, but indulged herself in the sneer of a little mind, to see the rest so much affected. Mrs. Betty also, who knows forsooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dresses of Syphax and Juba were prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been so warmly roused

by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanswerable instance of how great force the stage might be towards the improvement of the world, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this case, for the advantage of action, and the representation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are so irresistibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue or guard of innocence among its people. Speeches or sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the characters of those that make them; and mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the lives of those who speak in the cause of goodness, to keep themselves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the case of the stage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all insensibly won by personated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals or superiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged, in the prosecution of that virtue without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my Lady Lizard, with a look of some severity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling prepossession of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what circumstance in the family her ladyship alluded, when she made all the company look serious, and rehearsed, with a tone more exalted, those words of the heroine,

In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Bat Pigeon in the Strand, hair-cutter to the family of the Lizards, has attained to great proficiency in his art, Mr. Ironside advises all persons of fine heads, in order to have justice done them, to repair to that industrious mechanic.

N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of, young persons, before he thins the covering near the seat of the brain.



N° 44. FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1713.



——— Hoc iter Elysium nobis.—VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 542.

This path conducts us to th' Elysian fields.

I HAVE frequently observed in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a set of old fellows who appear to be humorists, and wrapped up in themselves; but have long been at a loss when I have seen them smile, and name my name as I passed by, and say, 'Old Ironside wears well.' I am a mere boy to some of them who frequent Gray's-inn, but am not a little pleased to find they are even with the world, and return upon it its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have against the petulency of young people. I am very glad to observe that these sages of this peripatetic sect study tranquillity and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of so much contention as is carried on among the students of Littleton. The following letter gives us some light into the manners and maxims of these philosophers.

‘ TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR,

‘ As the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, those persons who have resisted and disputed the tyranny of either of these, have employed the sublimest speculations of the writers in all languages. As these deceased heroes have had their places judiciously assigned them already in the temple of fame, I would immortalize some persons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exercised with the utmost tranquillity and pleasure to themselves, and as they are substantially happy on this side the grave, in opposition to all the Greek and Latin scraps to the contrary.

‘ As therefore I am naturally subject to cruel inroads from the spleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the east, as I am the weather-glass of every company I come into, I sometimes, according to Shakspeare,

Sit like my grandsire cut in alabaster,
Sleep while I wake, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish.—

‘ I would furnish out a table of merry fame in envious admiration of those jovial blades, who disappoint the strokes of age and fortune with the same gaiety of soul, as when, through youth or affluence, they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and achievement. There are, you may observe, in all public walks, persons who by a singular shabbiness of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dress. They are very sullen and involved, and appear in such a state of distress and tribulation as to be thought inconsolable. They are generally of that complexion which was in fashion during the pleasurable reign of Charles the

Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter brown, whose fortunes fell with that of King James. Now these, who are the jest of such as take themselves, and the world usually takes, to be in prosperity, are the very persons whose happiness, were it understood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the discovery of them in the following manner. One day last summer, being particularly under the dominion of the spleen, I resolved to soothe my melancholy in the company of such, whose appearance promised a full return of any complaints I could possibly utter. Living near Gray's-inn walk, I went thither in search of the persons above described, and found some of them seated upon a bench, where, as Milton sings,

—— the unpierced shade
Imbrowned their noontide bower.

‘I squeezed in among them, and they did not only receive my moanings with singular humanity, but gave me all possible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blackness of my spleen raised any imaginary distemper of body, some one of them immediately sympathized with me. If I spoke of any disappointment in my fortune, another of them would abate my sorrowing by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very same circumstances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole assembly seemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that particular. In short, I could not make myself so calamitous in mind, body, or circumstances, but some of them was upon a level with me. When I had wound up my discourse, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at first they crowned my narration with several piteous sighs and groans, but after a short pause, and a signal given for the onset, they burst out into a most incomprehensible fit of laughter.

You may be sure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occasion to a second explosion of the same mirth. What troubled me most was, that their figure, age, and short swords, preserved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refusal of battle, and their number from insult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but desiring I might be admitted into this fraternity. This was at first vigorously opposed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of a happy man, to be received into a society so proud of appearing the most afflicted. However, as I only seemed to be what they really were, I am admitted by way of triumph upon probation for a year: and if within that time it shall be possible for them to infuse any of their gaiety into me, I can, at Monmouth-street, upon mighty easy terms, purchase the robes necessary for my instalment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, shall be willing to appear as miserable, as any of this assembly. I confess I have ever since been ashamed, that I should once take that place to be sacred to the disconsolate, which I now must affirm to be the only Elysium on this side the Styx; and that ever I should look upon those personages as lively instances of the outrage of time and fortune, who disallowed their empire with such inimitable bravery. Some of these are pretty good classical scholars, and they follow these studies always walking, upon account of a certain sentence in Pliny's epistles to the following effect: "It is inconceivable how much the understanding is enlightened by the exercise of the body." If, therefore, their author is a little difficult, you will see them fleeting with a very precipitate pace, and when it has been very perplexed and abstruse, I have seen a couple of these students prepare their apprehensions by still quicker motions, till they run into

wisdom. These courses do not only make them go through their studies with pleasure and profit, but there is more spirit and vigour in their dialogues after the heat and hurry of these perambulations. This place was chosen as the peculiar resort of these sages: not only upon account of its air and situation, but in regard to certain edifices and seats therein raised with great magnificence and convenience: and here, after the toils of their walks, and upon any stress of weather, these blessed inhabitants assemble themselves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the most frequent conferences, not so much because of the loveliness of its eminence, as a sentence of literature encircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: '*Franciscus Bacon Eques Auratus Executor Testamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham Hujus Hospitii Viri Abstemii et Contemplativi Hanc Sedem posuit in Memoriam Ejusdem.*' Now this structure being erected in honourable memory of the abstemious, the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occasion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a person, who, according to their translation of the words, being confessed to have been of most splenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

'Lest they should flag in their own way of conversation, they admit a fair-one to relieve them with hers. There are two or three thin existences among them, which I think I may call the ghosts of departed beaux, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their passion never rises higher than a kiss, which is always

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.—MILTON.

'As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their

seeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence imaginable in these amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguish them.

‘During my year of probation, I am to prepare myself with such parts of history as have engaged their application during the leisure of their ill-fortune; I am therefore to read Rushforth and Clarendon, in the perusal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the justness of their reflections and characters, but am desired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marston-moor and Edgehill, in one of which every man of this assembly has lost a relation; and each has a story which none who has not read those battles is able to taste.

‘I had almost forgot to mention a most unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time since, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in search of these persons to their usual place of resort, and perhaps shall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that, notwithstanding they sucked in so condensed and poisonous an ether, I found them enjoying themselves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the serenity of Montpelier. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

J. W.’

N° 45. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1713.

I do not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, ‘Alas! whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.’ The circumstances of her story are

only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, 'She had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied. A gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because they were not used by him with the same distinction.' But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth. Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless; and oppression unpunished without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which, instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition, and taste of polite conversation, I have often known snares towards vice in some, while sullenness and disrelish of any thing that was agreeable, have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she says she is sure 'he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he

reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think.' Poor girl ! ' Cæsar ashamed ! Has not he seen Pharsalia ?' Does the poor creature imagine that a scrip of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasure which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood ; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them ; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science ; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses, under a stupor of faith, honour, and conscience ? No ; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire ; he is not surprised into it by frailty ; but arrives at it by care, skill, and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil : but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I do not, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode ; they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life ; but I know not how it is, that our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues, by which means females adventure all against those who have nothing to lose ; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears, and reproaches,

against those who reduced them to real sorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I shall venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is methinks very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very attempt is become ridiculous. But, in spite of all the railery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure he would carry him to visit her: but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said with a smile, 'If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I do not know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed.' But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the Scripture), 'He knew not aught he had save the bread which he did eat,' he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! 'Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to

my hand, there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife.' The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue, to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, cheerful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency, which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations, at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of *Cleomenes*, told him, in raillery against the continency of his prin-

cial character, 'If I had been alone with a lady I should not have passed my time like your Spartan;' 'That may be,' answered the bard with a very grave face, 'but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero.'

N° 46. MONDAY, MAY 4, 1713.

Sola est cœlesti digna reperta toro.

OVID, 3 Ep. de Ponto, i. 118.

Alone found worthy a celestial bed.

YESTERDAY, at my Lady Lizard's tea-table, the discourse happened to turn upon women of renown; such as have distinguished themselves in the world by surprising actions, or by any great and shining qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the envy of their own sex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable number, both in print and manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of Madam Maintenon; and, at the request of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together such circumstances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from conversation in my travels.

'Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman, her name is Frances Daubigné. Monsieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a person of condition, but likewise of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, in the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tombstone in the cloister of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be seen in Spon's history of that republic. He was a lead-

ing man among the Protestants in France, and much courted to come over to the opposite party. When he perceived there was no safety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magistrates and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and distinction: and he passed the remaining part of his life amongst them in great esteem. Mezeray (the French historian) says, that he was a man of great courage and boldness, of a ready wit, and of a fine taste in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

‘ The son of this Daubigné was father to the present Madam Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into prison when he was but a youth, for what reason I cannot learn; but his life, it seems, was in question, if the keeper of the prison’s daughter, touched with his misfortunes and his merit, had not determined with herself to set him at liberty. Accordingly a favourable opportunity presenting itself, she set the prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his flight. The lovers finding themselves now in no danger of being apprehended, Monsieur Daubigné acquitted himself of the promise he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide against their immediate want in a strange place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treasure lasted, our new-married couple thought themselves the happiest persons living. But their provision now began to fail, and Monsieur Daubigné, who plainly saw the straits to which they must be in a little time reduced, notwithstanding all his love and tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse condition, than that from which he had so lately escaped. But what most afflicted him was

to see that his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with child.

‘ Monsieur Daubigné, pressed with these difficulties, formed to himself a very hazardous resolution; and since the danger he saw in it was only to his person, he put it in execution, without ever consulting his wife. The purpose he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up some of his effects, and in a short time to have the pleasure of returning to his wife with some little means of subsistence. He flattered himself, that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for some time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwise, for he was betrayed by those in whom he confided; so that he was a second time cast into prison. I should have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave: and that the first notice she had of his design was by a letter, which he sent her from the place where he lay the first night. Upon reading of it, she was immediately alarmed for the life of a husband so very dear to her; but she fell into the last affliction when she received the news of his being imprisoned again, of which she had been apprehensive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, she considered that the afflicting of herself could give him no relief; and despairing ever to be able a second time to bring about the delivery of her husband, and likewise finding it impossible for her to live long separated from him, she resolved to share in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his prison. Therefore, without the least regard to the danger of a woman’s travelling in her condition (for she was now far gone with child) she entered upon her journey, and having found out her

husband, voluntarily gave herself up to remain a prisoner with him. And here it was that she was delivered of that daughter, who has since proved the wonder of her age.

‘ The relations of Monsieur Daubigné, dissatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting Madam Villette his sister, who used to visit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which she found him, entirely destitute of all the conveniences, and almost the very necessities, of life. But that which most moved her compassion was, to see, in the arms of a disconsolate mother, the poor helpless infant exposed amidst her cries, to cold, to nakedness, and hunger. In this extremity Madam Villette took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter’s nurse, with whom she was bred up for some time, as a foster-sister. Besides this, she sent the two prisoners several necessities. Some time after Monsieur Daubigné found means by changing his religion, to get out of prison, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he consented.

‘ Monsieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to see France more, got together what little substance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and so, with a small family, he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children (a son and a daughter) good education.

‘ These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as she grew up began to be very desirous of seeing her native country; this, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first oppor-

tunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first, to inquire out Madam Villette her aunt, who she knew very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madam Villette received her with great marks of affection; and after informing her, that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against him; she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit to live with her; where at least she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

‘ Mademoiselle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied by all means imaginable to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And, to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors; she was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to frequent their sermons; so that in a short time she began to take a great liking to the Protestant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that she would have openly professed this way of worship, if some of her father’s relations that were Papists, and who forsook him in his adversity, had not, to make their own court, been busy in advertising some great men of the danger Mademoiselle Daubigné was in as to her salvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of Catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and

orders were immediately given that she should be taken from her aunt Villete, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was soon executed; and Mademoiselle Daubigné was in a manner forced by violence from Madam Villete, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She shed abundance of tears at parting, and assured her aunt, and her cousin (who was now married to Monsieur Saint Hermine) that she should always preserve, with the remembrance of their kindness; the good impressions she had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a time and occasion proper for it.'

N° 47. TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1713.

' MADemoiselle Daubigné was conducted from Madam Villete's to a relation, who had a lawsuit then depending at Paris; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, she carried Mademoiselle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was lodged. She made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the meantime, to come and sit with him; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm. In consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from

the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of Mademoiselle Daubigné; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born; all which she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compassion towards her; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at ease, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expense. But upon farther deliberation he found himself very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which in all likelihood she never expected. One day, therefore, when she was left alone with him, as usual, he opened his intentions to her (as it is said) much after the following manner:—"I am, Mademoiselle," says he, "not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone. I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present; and I have now for some days been contriving with myself how to extricate you out of all your difficulties. At last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire; I leave you to determine according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other: or, if neither of them please you, to refuse them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, to make you a joint-partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you, at my own expense, in any convent you shall choose. I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agree-

able to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you ; I know, I make but an ungainly figure : but I am not able to new-mould it ; I offer myself to you such as I am ; and yet, such as you see me, I do assure you that I would not bestow myself upon another ; and that I must have a very great esteem for you, ever to propose a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the least in my thoughts hitherto. Consider, therefore, and take your final resolutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present condition, without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own choice."

' Mademoiselle Daubigné returned Monsieur Scaron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependant state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want. Finding therefore in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered Monsieur Scaron without hesitation, that " she had too great a sense of her obligations to him not to be desirous of that way of life, that would give her the most frequent occasions of shewing her gratitude to him." Scaron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person he liked so well, was charmed with her answer. They both came to a resolution, that he should ask her relation's consent that very evening. She gave it very frankly ; and this marriage, so soon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of Madam Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniences during his life ; but losing him, she lost all ; his pension ceased upon his death ; and she found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition in which she had been before her marriage.

‘ Upon this she retired into the convent in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of necessitous persons : where the friends of her deceased husband took care of her. It was here the friendship between her and Madam Saint Basile (a nun) had its beginning, which has continued ever since, for she still goes to visit her frequently in the Convent de la Raquette, where she now lives. And to the honour of Madam Maintenon, it must be allowed, that she has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom she had formerly been obliged. ’

‘ Her husband’s friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension which Monsieur Scaron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, “The widow Scaron most humbly prays your majesty,” &c. But all these petitions signified nothing; and the king was so weary of them that he has been heard to say, “Must I always be pestered with the widow Scaron?” Notwithstanding which, her friends were resolved not to be discouraged in their endeavours to serve her.

‘ After this, she quitted the convent, and went to live in the Hotel d’Albert, where her husband had always been very much esteemed. Here (it is said) something very remarkable happened to her, which I shall relate, because I find it so confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were masons at work in the Hotel d’Albert, not far from the apartment of Madam Scaron. One of them came into her chamber, and, finding two or three visitants of her own sex, desired he might speak with her in private; she carried him into her closet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge (continues my author) which time has so wonderfully ve-

rified, is a mystery still to me. As to Madam Scaron, she saw then so little appearance of probability in his predictions, that she hardly gave the least heed to them. Nevertheless, the company upon her return remarked some alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies said, "Surely this man has brought you some very pleasing news, for you look with a more cheerful air than you did before he came in."—"There would be sufficient reason for my doing so," replied she, "if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promised me. And I can tell you," says she, smiling, "that if there should be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your court to me beforehand." These ladies could not prevail upon her to satisfy their curiosity any farther; but she communicated the whole secret to a bosom friend after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to pass, and so scrupulous a secrecy in that point did no longer seem necessary.

'Some time after this, she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of Madam Mountespan, who was the king's mistress, and had an absolute influence over him. Madam Scaron therefore found the means of being presented to Madam Mountespan, and at that time spoke to her with so good a grace, that Madam Mountespan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said, "What, the widow Scaron again? Shall I never see any thing else?"—"Indeed, Sir," says Madam Mountespan, "it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more: and it is something extraordinary that your majesty has done nothing all this while for

a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband." The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please Madam Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroness; and Madam Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king, and after that proposed to him that she might be made governante to their children. His majesty consented to it; and Madam Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon the affections and esteem of Madam Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confidant.

‘ It happened one night that Madam Mountespan sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet of the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instant she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spirit. In the mean time the messenger waited for an answer, while she racked her invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender things, she needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but she had over and above the reputation of her style and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her false in so critical a juncture. This reduced her to the necessity of desiring Madam Scaron to help her out; and giving her the king's billet, she bid her make an answer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modesty, have excused herself; but Madam Mountespan laid her absolute commands upon her: so that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderness. Madam Mountespan was very much pleased with it,

she copied it, and sent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madam Mountespan had surpassed herself; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occasion to an increase of tenderness. The principal part of his amusement that night, was to read over and over again this letter, in which he discovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himself the happiest and the most extraordinary man living, to be able to inspire his mistress with such surprising sentiments and turns of wit.

‘Next morning, as soon as he was dressed, he went directly to make a visit to Madam Mountespan. “What happy genius, Madam,” says he, upon his first coming into her chamber, “influenced your thoughts last night? Never, certainly, was there any thing so charming, and so finely writ, as the billet you sent me! and if you truly feel the tenderness you have so well described, my happiness is complete.” Madam Mountespan was in confusion with these praises, which properly belonged to another; and she could not help betraying something of it by her blushes. The king perceived the disorder she was in, and was earnest to know the cause of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king’s curiosity still increasing, in proportion to the excuses she made, she was forced to tell him all that had passed, lest he should of himself imagine something worse. The king was extremely surprised, though in civility he dissembled his thoughts at that time, nevertheless he could not help desiring to see the author of the letter that had pleased him so much; to satisfy himself whether her wit in conversation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the mason; and from the desire the king had to see her, conceived no small hopes. Notwithstanding

she now had passed the flower of her age, yet she flattered herself that her destiny had reserved this one conquest in store for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh ruddy lips. She has, besides, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts in such a manner, that all she says goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepossessed in her favour: and after three or four times conversing with her, began visibly to cool in his affections towards Madam Mountespan.

‘The king in a little time purchased for Madam Scaron those lands that carry the name of Maintenon, a title which she from that time has taken. Never was there an instance of any favourite having so great a power over a prince, as what she has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the least favour, but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion that she has been the occasion of all the ill-treatment which the Protestants have met with, and consequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from those proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jesuits; and she has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Besides, it is not natural to think that she, who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well instructed in the Protestant faith and way of worship, should ever be the author of a persecution against those innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.’

N° 48. WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1713.

‘ It is the general opinion, that Madam Maintenon has of late years influenced all the measures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to sit with her till about ten o’clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his supper. The comptroller-general of the finances likewise comes to her apartments to meet the king. While they are in discourse, Madam Maintenon sits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not seeming to give the least attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the minister never makes a proposition to the king, but his majesty turns towards her, and says, “What think you, Madam, of this?” She expresses her opinion after a modest manner; and whatsoever she says is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public, except when she goes with the king to take the air; and then she sits on the same seat with the king, with her spectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not seem to be so much as sensible of the great fortunes and honours to which she has raised herself. She is always very modestly dressed, and never appears with any train of servants. Every morning she goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of a nursery founded by herself for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king rises, who never fails to pay her a morning visit. She goes to mass always by break of day, to avoid the concourse of people. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own sex. Whe-

ther it be, that she would by this conduct avoid envy, as some think; or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the rank which she thinks due to her should be disputed in all visits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occasions she declines the taking of any rank; and the title of Marquise (which belongs to the lands the king purchased for her) is suppressed before her name; neither will she accept of the title of a duchess, aspiring in all probability, at something still higher, as will appear by what follows.

‘ From several particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of Madam Maintenon, it has for some years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is said, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at last; and that she was resolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for some time resisted all her solicitations upon that head, but at length, in a fit of tenderness and good-nature, he promised her; that he would consult his confessor upon that point: Madam Maintenon was pleased with this, not doubting but that father La Chaise would be glad of this occasion of making his court to her; but he was too subtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in so nice an affair; and for that reason evaded it, by telling the king, that he did not think himself a casuist able enough to decide a question of so great importance, and for that reason desired he might consult with some man of skill and learning, for whose secrecy he would be responsible. The king was apprehensive lest this might make the matter too public; but as soon as father La Chaise named Monsieur Fenelon, the Archbishop of Cambray, his fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As soon as the confessor had communicated the business he came upon to the bishop, he said,

“What have I done, father, that you should ruin me? But 'tis no matter; let us go to the king.” His majesty was in his closet expecting them. The bishop was no sooner entered, but he threw himself at the king's feet, and begged of him not to sacrifice him. The king promised him that he would not; and then proposed the case to him. The bishop, with his usual sincerity, represented to him the great prejudice he would do himself by declaring his marriage, together with the ill consequences that might attend such a proceeding. The king very much approved his reasons, and resolved to go no farther in this affair. Madam Maintenon still pressed him to comply with her request; but it was now all to no purpose; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was father La Chaise who dissuaded him from it. He for some time refused to give her any answer; but at last, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had passed. She upon this dissembled her resentment, that she might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jesuit was to be forgiven; but the first marks of her vengeance fell upon the Archbishop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his bishopric; and there have no endeavours been spared to deprive him even of that. As a farther instance of the incontrollable power of this great favourite, and of her resenting even the most trivial matters that she thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called *La Fausse Prude*, which was supposed to reflect upon Madam Maintenon in particular.

‘It is something very extraordinary, that she has

been able to keep entire the affections of the king so many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the least disgrace ; notwithstanding the number of enemies she has had, and the intrigues that have been formed against her from time to time. This brings into my memory a saying of King William's, that I have heard on this occasion : " that the King of France was in his conduct quite opposite to other princes ; since he made choice of young ministers, and an old mistress." But this lady's charms have not lain so much in her person, as in her wit, and good sense. She has always had the address to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable parts of her conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious affairs of state into their hours of pleasure ; by telling his majesty, that a monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other men ; and that he, of all men living, knew best how to be always a king, and always like himself, even in the midst of his diversions. The king now converses with her as a friend, and advises with her upon his most secret affairs. He has a true love and esteem for her ; and has taken care, in case he should die before her, that she may pass the remainder of her life with honour, in the abbey of St. Cyr. There are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place ; she and all her domestics are to be maintained out of the rents of the house, and she is to receive all the honours due to a Foundress. This abbey stands in the park of Versailles ; it is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The design of it (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies, whose fortunes do not answer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place but such as can give sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the

father's side for a hundred and forty years ; besides which, they must have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their bishop. The age at which persons are capable of being admitted here is from seven years old until twelve. Lastly, it is required, that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind ; and for this reason there are persons appointed to visit and examine them before they are received into the college. When these young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themselves to any farther expense or trouble about them. They are provided with all necessaries for maintenance and education. They style themselves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to choose a state of life for themselves, they may either be placed as nuns in some convent at the king's expense, or be married to some gentleman whom Madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances ; and the lady receives besides, a portion of four hundred pistoles. Most of these marriages have proved very successful ; and several gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very considerable employments.

‘I must conclude this short account of Madam Maintenon with advertising my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the several particulars that I have related. All I can say is, that a great many of them are attested by several writers ; and that I thought this sketch of a woman so remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, until such a time as some pen, more fully instructed in her whole life and character, shall undertake to give it to the public.’

N° 49. THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1713.

—quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them so.—CREECH.

It is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures, are those which having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and cheerfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently best knows what those pleasures are, which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment, of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, 'that nothing is

made in vain,' much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing, than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousness of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money is fantastical: so is the desire of outward distinctions; which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men, who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on these truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncom-

mon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses, and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near the court.

In some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts and natural judgment, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim (viz. That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it), to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind

people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library, that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain ; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go to the price of history-painting, I have purchased, at easy rates, several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces, or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters ; my couches, bed, and window-curtains, are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my house ; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy, than thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of

trifles ; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation ; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of riband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul ; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground ; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches, then, are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss ? But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them till I see some symptoms of amendment.

N° 50. FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1713.

O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?—HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 60.

O! when shall I enjoy my country-seat?—CÆCÆCH.

THE perplexities and diversions, recounted in the following letter, are represented with some pleasantry; I shall therefore make this epistle the entertainment of the day.

‘TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

‘SIR,

‘The time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happiness when I was last there. In the recounting of which, I shall not dwell so much upon the verdure of the fields, the shade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon some particular satisfactions, which, though not merely rural, must naturally create a desire of seeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my passage I shall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleasure of being whirled along with six horses, the easy grandeur of lolling in a handsome chariot, the reciprocal satisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, passengers of such distinction. The gentleman’s seat (with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down) is the remains of an ancient castle which has suffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the several tarrets and strong holds, gave my imagination more pleasant exercise than the most magnificent structure could, as I look upon

the honourable wounds of a defaced soldier with more veneration than the most exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this desolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow desirous to know the history of the particular scene of action in this place of my abode. I here must beseech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who for his general knowledge of things and persons, may be had in equal estimation with any of that order among the Romans. This person was allowed to be the best historian upon the spot; and the sequel of my tale will discover, that I did not choose him so much for the soft touch of his hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the most authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this person. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous speaker could be. The first time he came to shave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flourish with it, very like the salutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend incision would as certainly ensue. The dexterity of this overture consists in playing the razor, with a nimble wrist, mighty near the nose without touching it. Convincing him, therefore, of the dangerous consequence of such an unnecessary agility, with much persuasion I suppressed it. During the perusal of my face, he gives me such accounts of the families in the neighbourhood as tradition and his own observation have furnished him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right hand corresponds, and the razor discovers on my face, at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody, incidents of his narrative. But I

had long before learned to expose my person to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very pestilential, and being obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations, I besought him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen, and mollify it with a breakfast. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dressed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-surgeon, we traversed the outworks about the castle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the besiegers, or the besieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very spot where the fact was done, howsoever dangerous (scaling part of the walls, or stumbling over loose stones) my approach to such a place might be ; it being conceived impossible to arrive at a true knowledge of those matters without this hazardous explanation upon them ; insomuch that I received more contusions from these speculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the most bold adventurer at the demolition of this castle. This, as all other his informations, the barber so lengthened and husbanded with digressions, that he had always something new to offer, wisely concluding, that when he had finished the part of an historian, I should have no occasion for him as a barber.

‘ Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly resembled any of those castles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where several unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made prisoners irrecoverably, until the “ Knight of the burning pestle,” or any other of equal hardness, should deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleasant beyond the most poetical description, one part of which is particularly private, by being inaccessible

to those that have not great resolution. This I have made sacred to love and poetry, and after having regularly invoked the goddess I adore, I here compose a tender conplet or two, which when I come home, I venture to shew my particular friends, who love me so well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuscript with my penknife ; while, with Rochester,

Here on a beech, like amorous sot,
I sometimes carve a true-love's knot ;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large spreading character.

‘ I confess once whilst I was engraving one of my most curious conceits upon a delicate smooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much skill, deserted me ; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river : I did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myself to some of the softest passages in Cassandra and Cleopatra.

‘ These are the pleasures I meet without doors ; those within are as follow :—I had the happiness to lie in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unquestionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the castle, for a communication betwixt the austere creatures of that place, with others not altogether so contemplative. And the keeper's brother assures me, that when he formerly lay in this room, he had seen some of the spirits of this departed brotherhood enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the utmost civility to flesh and blood, until they were oppressed by the morning air. If I do not receive his account with a very serious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a most ridiculous infidel. The most unaccountable

pleasure I take is with a fine white young owl, which strayed one night in at my window, and which I was resolved to make a prisoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could possibly admit of. I so insinuated myself into his favour, by presents of fresh provisions, that we could be very good company together. There is something in the eye of that creature, of such merry lustre, something of such human cunning in the turn of his visage, that I found vast delight in the survey of it. One objection, indeed, I at first saw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of raillery to the ingenious, especially when it shall be known, that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But notwithstanding this, I am so far from being ashamed of this particular humour, that I esteem myself very happy in having my odd taste of pleasure provided for, upon such reasonable terms. What heightened all the pleasures I have spoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the house entertained us; every one of us came into, or left the company, as he thought fit; dined in his chamber, or the parlour, as a fit of spleen or study directed him; nay, sometimes every man rode or walked a different way, so that we never were together, but when we were perfectly pleased with ourselves and each other. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant, R. B.*

P. S. I had just given my orders for the press, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a visit. She came to desire I would shew her the wardrobe of the Lizards (where the various habits of the ancestors of that illustrious family are preserved), in order to

* Perhaps Richard Bickerstaff, a signature of Steele, partly real and partly fictitious.

furnish her with a proper dress for the Wife of Bath. Upon sight of the little ruffs, she snatched one of them from the pin, clapped it around her neck, and turning briskly towards me, repeated a speech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the rest of the actors enter into their several parts with the same spirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: for very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact observation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

N° 51. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1713.

—Res antique laudis et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
 VIRG. Georg. ii. 174.

Of arts disclos'd in ancient days, I sing,
 And venture to unlock the sacred spring.

It is probable the first poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worship of their gods; the spirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other, devotion inspired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion; the most sublime capacities were put to the most noble use; purity of will, and fineness of understanding, were not such strangers as they have been in latter ages, but were most frequently lodged in the same breast, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy a far greater character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms

might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of poesy, but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with the misfortunes, of others, nay, more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful; it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of poesy are amiable; but sacred poesy should be our most especial delight. Other poetry leads us through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel: but sacred numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays, an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chastises: its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great presence we are in, where saints surround us, and angels are our fellow-worshippers:

O let me glory, glory in my choice:
Whom should I sing, but him who gave me voice!

This theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay,
 When arts, arms, kings, and kingdoms, melt away.
 And can it, Powers immortal, can it be,
 That this high province was reserved for me?
 Whate'er the new, the rash adventure cost,
 In wide eternity I dare be lost.
 I dare launch out, and shew the Muses more
 Than e'er the learned sisters saw before.
 In narrow limits they were wont to sing,
 To teach the swain, or celebrate the king:
 I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
 I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind;
 I sing to men and angels: angels join
 (While such the theme) their sacred hymns with mine.*

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from sacred poesy, it has another vast advantage above all other: when it has placed us in that imaginary temple (of which I just now spoke) methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an invisible hand, and secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why then should not every heart that is addicted to the muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived, 'I will magnify thee, O Lord, my king, and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.'

That greater benefit may be reaped from sacred poesy than from any other, is indisputable; but is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which

* Dr. Young's Last Day, Book II. 7, &c.

affects us most, and that affects us most which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern ; for this reason it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendants of Achilles ; and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage,

——Genus undè Latinum

Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.—Æn. i. 10.

From whence the race of Alban fathers come,

And the long glories of majestic Rome.—DRYDEN.

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind ; and in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which ‘ This world grows less and less, and all its glories fade away ? ’

All other poesy must be dropped at the gate of death, this alone can enter with us into immortality ; it will admit of an improvement only, not (strictly speaking) an entire alteration, from the converse of cherubim and seraphim. It shall not be forgotten, when the sun and moon are remembered no more ; it shall never die, but (if I may so express myself) be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How then can any other poesy come in competition with it ?

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the view of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring ! I look down
On all the splendours of the British crown ;
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around ;
Oh all ye spirits, howsoe'er disjoin'd
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays :
’Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

These verses, and those quoted above, are taken out of a manuscript poem on the Last Day*, which will shortly appear in public.

‘ TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR,

‘ When you speak of the good which would arise from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the sublime subjects of religion, it should, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would please to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandize the soul of him who writes with a true taste of virtue. I was just now reading David’s lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and that divine piece was peculiarly pleasing to me in that there was such an exquisite sorrow expressed in it without the least allusion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated by the fall of those great men in his way to empire. When he receives the tidings of Saul’s death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raises his sorrow, instead of giving him consolation :

“ The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places : how are the mighty fallen !

“ Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon : Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

“ Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings : For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

“ Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided :

* By Dr. Edward Young, first printed in 1714.

they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

“Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.”

‘How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul’s character, represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death ! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse.

“I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan ; very pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.”

‘In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majesty, and worldly power, were despicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them : and when he began to think of the great friendship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of how much they both loved, not how much Jonathan deserved.

‘Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the thing principally to be considered by a Guardian.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

C. F.’

N° 52. MONDAY, MAY 11, 1713.

———toto solus in orbe
 Cæsar liber erit——— LUCAN.
 Cæsar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I SHALL not assume to myself the merits of every thing in these papers. Wheresoever in reading or conversation, I observe any thing that is curious and uncommon, useful or entertaining, I resolve to give it to the public. The greatest part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuscript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell*. He tells me he has had it about these twenty years in his possession: and he seems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has pursued in the new settlement, I have heretofore spoken of upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what use of it I shall think fit: either to publish it entire, or to retail it out by pennyworths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have translated divers passages, rendering the words *livre*, *sous*, and many others of known signification in France into their equivalent sense, that I may the better be understood by my English readers. The book contains several memoirs concerning Monsieur Colbert, who had the honour to be secretary of state to his most Christian Majesty, and superintendent or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The passage for to-day is as follows:

‘ It happened that the king was one day expressing his wonder to this minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much trouble, that so great a

* Edward Colston, Esq. of Bristol, M. P. for that city.

monarch as he was should not be able to reduce so small a state, with half the power of his whole dominions. To which Monsieur Colbert is said to have made the following answer :

“ Sir, I presume upon your indulgence to speak what I have thought upon this subject, with that freedom which becomes a faithful servant, and one who has nothing more at heart than your Majesty’s glory, and the prosperity of your whole people. Your territories are vastly greater than the United Netherlands ; but, Sir, it is not land that fights against land, but the strength and riches of our nation, against the strength and riches of another. I should have said only riches, since it is money that feeds and clothes the soldier, furnishes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and answers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince, or state, are just so much as they can levy upon their subjects, still leaving them sufficient for their subsistence. If this shall not be left, they will desert to other countries for better usage ; and I am sorry to say it, that too many of your Majesty’s subjects are already among your neighbours, in the condition of footmen and valets for their daily bread ; many of your artisans too are fled from the severity of your collectors, they are at this time improving the manufactures of your enemies. France has lost the benefit of their hands for ever, and your Majesty all hopes of any future excises by their consumption. For the extraordinary sums of one year, you have parted with an inheritance. I am never able, without the utmost indignation, to think of that minister, who had the confidence to tell your father, his subjects were but too happy, that they were not yet reduced to eat grass : as if starving his people, were the only way to free himself from their seditions. But people will not starve in France, as long as bread is to be had

in any other country. How much more worthy of a prince was that saying of your grandfather of glorious memory*, that he hoped to see that day, when every housekeeper in his dominions should be able to allow his family a capon for their Sunday's supper? I lay down this therefore as my first principle, that your taxes upon your subjects must leave them sufficient for their subsistence, at least as comfortable a subsistence as they will find among your neighbours.

“ Upon this principle I shall be able to make some comparison between the revenues of your Majesty, and those of the States-general. Your territories are near thirty times as great, your people more than four times as many, yet your revenues are not thirty, no, nor four times as great, nor indeed as great again, as those of the United Netherlands.

“ In what one article are you able to raise twice as much from your subjects as the States can do from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the rents of the lands and houses? What are the yearly rents of your whole kingdom? and how much of these will your Majesty be able to take without ruining the landed interest? You have, Sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not above thirteen millions of subjects—eight acres to every subject; how inconsiderable must be the value of land, where so many acres are to provide for a single person! where a single person is the whole market for the product of so much land! And what sort of customers are your subjects to these lands? What clothes is it that they wear? What provisions do they consume? Black bread, onions, and other roots, are the usual diet of the generality of your people; their common drink the pure element; they are dressed in canvas and wooden shoes, I mean such of them as are not bare-foot, and half-naked. How very mean must be the

* Henry IV.

eight acres which will afford no better subsistence to a single person ! Yet so many of your people live in this despicable manner, that four pounds will be easily believed to exceed the annual expenses of every one of them at a medium. And how little of this expense will be coming to the land-owner for his rent ? or, which is the same thing, for the mere product of his land ? Of every thing that is consumed, the greatest part of the value is the price of labour that is bestowed upon it ; and it is not a very small part of their price that is paid to your Majesty in your excises. Of the four pounds expense of every subject, it can hardly be thought that more than four-and-twenty shillings are paid for the mere product of the land. Then if there are eight acres to every subject, and every subject for his consumption pays no more than four-and-twenty shillings to the land, three shillings at a medium must be the full yearly value of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands separated from the buildings, cannot be valued higher.

“ And what then shall be thought the yearly value of the houses, or, which is the same thing, of the lodgings of your thirteen millions of subjects ? What numbers of these are begging their bread throughout your kingdom ? If your Majesty were to walk incognito through the very streets of your capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar that asks you alms in a walk of one hour, you would have nothing left of a pistole. How miserable must be the lodgings of these wretches ! even those that will not ask your charity, are huddled together, four or five families in a house. Such is the lodging in your capital. That of your other towns is yet of less value ; but nothing can be more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six shillings for the lodgings of every one of your thirteen millions of subjects, at a medium, must needs be the full yearly value of all the houses.

So that at four shillings for every acre, and six shillings for the lodging of every subject, the rents of your whole kingdom will be less than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be, by the most exact survey that has been taken.

“The next question then is, how much of these rents your Majesty will think fit to take to your own use? Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy; and little enough for the support of three hundred thousand ecclesiastics, with all their necessary attendants; it is no more than twenty pounds a year for every one of the masters. These, Sir, are your best guards; they keep your subjects loyal in the midst of all their misery. Your Majesty will not think it your interest to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay subjects, will you be able to take more than five millions to your own use? This is more than seven shillings in the pound; and then after necessary reparations, together with losses by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners! These are gentlemen, who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures, they have no other way of living than by their rents; and when these shall be taken from them, they must fly to your armies, as to an hospital, for their daily bread.

“Now, Sir, your Majesty will give me leave to examine what are the rents of the United Netherlands, and how great a part of these their governors may take to themselves, without oppression of the owners. There are in those provinces three millions of acres, and as many millions of subjects, a subject for every acre. Why should not then the single acre there be as valuable as the eight acres in France, since it is to provide for as many mouths? Or if great part of the provisions of the people are fetched in by their trade

from the sea or foreign countries, they will end at last in the improvement of their lands. I have often heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty shillings, one with another, is less than the yearly value of every acre in those provinces.

“ And how much less than this will be the yearly value of lodging for every one of their subjects? There are no beggars in their streets, scarce a single one in a whole province. Their families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in comparison with those of Paris. Even the houses in their villages are more costly than in many of your cities. If such is the value of their three millions of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of subjects, the yearly rents of lands and houses are nine millions in those provinces.

“ Then how much of this may the States take without ruining the land-owners, for the defence of their people? Their lands there, by the custom of descending in equal shares to all the children, are distributed into so many hands, that few or no persons are subsisted by their rents; land-owners, as well as others, are chiefly subsisted by trade and manufactures; and they can therefore, with as much ease, part with half of their whole rents, as your Majesty's subjects can a quarter. The States-general may as well take four millions and a half from their rents, as your Majesty can five from those of your subjects.

“ It remains now only to compare the excises of both countries. And what excises can your Majesty hope to receive by the consumption of the half-starved and half-naked beggars in your streets? How great a part of the price of all that is eat, or drunk, or consumed by those wretched creatures! How great a part of the price of canvas cloth and wooden shoes, that are every where worn throughout the

country! How great a part of the price of their water, or their black bread and onions, the general diet of your people? If your Majesty were to receive the whole price of those things, your exchequer would hardly run over. Yet so much the greatest part of your subjects live in this despicable manner, that the annual expense of every one at a medium, can be no more than I have mentioned. One would almost think they starved themselves, to defraud your Majesty of your revenues. It is impossible to conceive that more than an eighth part can be excised from the expenses of your subjects, who live so very poorly, and then, for thirteen millions of people, your whole revenue by excises will amount to no more than six millions and a half.

“ And how much less than this sum will the States be able to levy by the same tax upon their subjects? There are no beggars in that country. The people of their great towns live at a vastly greater charge than yours. And even those in their villages are better fed and clothed than the people of your towns. At a medium, every one of their subjects live at twice the cost of those of France. Trade and manufactures are the things that furnish them with money for this expense. Therefore, if thrice as much shall be excised from the expense of the Hollanders, yet still they will have more left than the subjects of your Majesty, though you should take nothing at all from them. I must believe, therefore, that it will be as easy to levy thrice as much by excises upon the Dutch subject as the French, thirty shillings upon the former, as easily as ten upon the latter, and consequently four millions and a half of pounds upon their three millions of subjects; so that in the whole, by rents and excises, they will be able to raise nine millions within the year. If of this sum, for the maintenance of their clergy, which are not so nume-

rous as in France, the charge of their civil list, and the preservation of their dikes, one million is to be deducted; yet still they will have eight for their defence, a revenue equal to two-thirds of your Majesty's.

“Your Majesty will now no longer wonder that you have not been able to reduce these provinces with half the power of your whole dominions, yet half is as much as you will be ever able to employ against them; Spain and Germany will be always ready to espouse their quarrel, their forces will be sufficient to cut out work for the other half; and I wish too you could be quiet on the side of Italy and England.

“What then is the advice I would presume to give to your Majesty? To disband the greatest part of your forces, and save so many taxes to your people. Your very dominions make you too powerful to fear any insult from your neighbours. To turn your thoughts from war, and cultivate the arts of peace, the trade and manufactures of your people; this shall make you the most powerful prince, and at the same time your subjects the richest of all other subjects. In the space of twenty years they will be able to give your Majesty greater sums with ease, than you can now draw from them with the greatest difficulty. You have abundant materials in your kingdom to employ your people, and they do not want capacity to be employed. Peace and trade shall carry out their labour to all the parts of Europe, and bring back yearly treasures to your subjects. There will be always fools enough to purchase the manufactures of France, though France should be prohibited to purchase those of other countries. In the mean time your Majesty shall never want sufficient sums to buy now and then an important fortress from one or other of your indigent neighbours. But,

above all, peace shall ingratiate [your Majesty with the Spanish nation, during the life of their crazy king; and after his death a few seasonable presents among his courtiers shall purchase the reversion of his crowns, with all the treasures of the Indies, and then the world must be your own.”

‘ This was the substance of what was then said by Monsieur Colbert. The king was not at all offended with this liberty of his minister. He knew the value of the man, and soon after made him the chief director of the trade and manufactures of his people.’

N° 53. TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1713.

—————Desinant

Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.—TER. PROl. ad. Andr.

Let them cease to speak ill of others, lest they hear of their own misdeeds.

It happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill treated by the Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing the Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele, who put his name to the collection of papers called *Lucubrations*. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian for what is said in the Guardian; but since Steele owns the letter, it is the same thing. I apprehend, by reading the Examiner over a second time, that he insinuates, by the words close to the royal stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Considering he is so malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his answer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good sort of a man, and it is a

thousand pities he does not understand politics; but, if he is turned out, my Lady Lizard will invite him down to our country house. I shall be very glad of his company, and I'll certainly leave something to one of his children.

‘ To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq.

‘ SIR,

‘ I am obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady*. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusions to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironside), that our conduct would still be very widely different, though I should allow that there were particular persons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the Tatlers. When a satirist feigns a name, it must be the guilt of the person attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilty before the satire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of people's real names is used, things may be affixed to men's characters which are in the utmost degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the case of the Earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts to have left the church; though nothing

* See Guardian, No. 41.

is more evident than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them, or religion itself, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives against me. Old Downes is a fine piece of raillery, of which I wish I had been author. All I had to do in it, was to strike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition, and I did it out of regard to innocence. Powel of the Bath is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his show. Tun, Gun, and Pistol, from Wapping, laughed at the representation which was made of them, and were observed to be more regular in their conduct afterward. The character of Lord Timon is no odious one; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Ironside, when I writ it, I thought it more like me myself, than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illustrious person who had the same faults with myself, it is no new, nor very criminal, self-love to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of style, and embellishing the character, I made Timon a lord, and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have said of him. I do not remember the mention of Don Diego; nor do I remember that ever I thought of Lord Nottingham, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerstaff. Now as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the most odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is to men of business what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men of fashion. "He's knight of the shire, and represents you all." Whosoever seeks employment for his own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his prince and country, has his share in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the rule in examining that description, and I believe the Examiner will find others to

whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the person on whom I believe he bestows it, because he thinks he is the most capable of having his vengeance on me. But I say not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me; I speak it only to shew, that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on persons, but on vices. Alas! what occasion have I to draw people whom I think ill of, under feigned names? I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty, nor desire riches; if that be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see occasion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-subjects? I should scorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from instances as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will (whenever I think it my duty) inquire into the behaviour of any man in England, if he is so posted, as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expose him who is prompted by it to a great deal of ill-will; and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myself obnoxious to the resentment of any person or party. But, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of sense, the accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give to please a human soul, when they are put in competition with the interest of truth and liberty! Mr. Ironside, I confess I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my awkward apology (as the Examiner calls it) has produced in him so much remorse as to make any reparation to offended beauty. Though, by the way, the phrase of "offended beauty" is romantic, and has little of the compunction which should arise in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for saying of her unjustly, that she had affronted her God and her sovereign. However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition: but am now

heartily sorry I called him a miscreant, that word, I think, signifies an unbeliever. *Mescroyant*, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him : for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner ; others, who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny ; and it is nothing to me, whether the Examiner writes against me in the character of an estranged friend* or an exasperated mistress†.

‘ He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases ; but as you have begun to oppose him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you, never let the glory of our nation‡, who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleness to be unable§ to bear opposition from the meanest of his own countrymen, be calumniated in so impudent a manner, as in the insinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorship. Let not a set of brave, wise, and honest men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in so great a figure, as to shew mercy to the highest potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent such evils is a care worthy a Guardian. These are exercises worthy the spirit of a man, and you ought to condemn all the wit in the world against you, when you have the consolation that you act upon these honest motives. If you ever shrink from them, get Bat Pigeon to comb your noddle, and write sonnets on the smiles of the

* Dr. Swift.

† Mrs. D. Manley.

‡ The Duke of Marlborough, abused by the Examiner.

§ For ‘ unable’ to bear, read ‘ able’ to bear. Guard. in folio, No. 54, *ad finem*.

Sparkler; but never call yourself Guardian more in a nation full of the sentiments of honour and liberty.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

‘P. S. I know nothing of the letter at Morpew’s.’

N° 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1713.

Neque ità porrò aut adulatns aut admiratus sum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ pœniteret.—TULL.

I never flattered, or admired, another man's fortune, so as to be dissatisfied with my own.

It has been observed very often, in authors divine and profane, that we are all equal after death, and this by way of consolation for that deplorable superiority which some among us seem to have over others; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import, to establish an equality among the living; for the propagation of which paradox I shall hazard the following conceits.

I here must lay it down, that I do not pretend to satisfy every barren reader, that all persons that have hitherto apprehended themselves extremely miserable shall have immediate succour from the publication of this paper; but shall endeavour to shew that the discerning shall be fully convinced of the truth of this assertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accusations of Providence for the unequal distribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be sensible of this equality of happiness; if they were not made uneasy by appearances of superiority; there would be none of that subordination and subjection, of those

that think themselves less happy, to those they think more so, which is so very necessary for the support of business and pleasure.

The common turn of human application may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice, and whatever victories we gain in these our particular pursuits, there will always be some one or other in the paths we tread, whose superior happiness will create new uneasiness, and employ us in new contrivances; and so through all degrees there will still remain the insatiable desire of some seeming unacquired good, to imbitter the possession of whatever others we are accommodated with. If we suppose a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt necessity and superfluity, we shall find that the slavery which occasioned his first activity is not abated, but only diversified.

Those that are distressed upon such causes, as the world allows to warrant the keenest affliction, are too apt, in the comparison of themselves with others, to conclude, that where there is not similitude of causes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themselves with this consideration, that the little disappointments in a life of pleasure are as terrible as those in a life of business; and if the end of one man is to spend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both, an interruption in either of these pursuits, is of equal consequence to the pursuers. Besides, as every trifle raiseth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumstances, so do others as inconsiderable expose them to spleen and passion, and as Solomon says, 'according to their riches, their anger riseth.'

One of the most bitter circumstances of poverty has been observed to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may with more justice be appropriated to riches, since more

qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one; and there are several pretty persons, about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate, than they possibly could have been with the want of it.

I confess, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries; in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occasion to envy some of those that did; comforting myself with this contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we cannot name the person whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial inquiry into the pride, ill-nature, ill-health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour, of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakspeare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debating a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a common capacity, Whether his prison or palace was most eligible, and with very philosophical hesitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines:

—Sometimes am I a king,
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so indeed I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king,
Then I am king'd again——.

Prior says very prettily*:

* Prior's Poems, vol. i. The Ladle.

Against our peace we arm our will :
Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel something unpossessed
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with
another bit of wisdom from Juvenal, by Dryden :

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue !
How void of reason are our hopes and fears !
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone !

Even the men that are distinguished by, and envied for, their superior good sense and delicacy of taste, are subject to several uneasinesses upon this account, that the men of less penetration are utter strangers to; and every little absurdity ruffles these fine judgments, which would never disturb the peaceful state of the less discerning.

I shall end this essay with the following story :
There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune which may not only be called easy, but superfluous ; yet this person has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneasy, as the worst circumstances could have made him. By a free life he had swelled himself above his natural proportion, and by a restrained life had shrunk below it, and being by nature splenetic, and by leisure more so, he began to bewail this his loss of flesh (though otherwise in perfect health) as a very melancholy diminution. He became therefore the reverse of Cæsar, and as a lean hungry-looking rascal was the delight of his eyes, a fat sleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To support himself as

well as he could, he took a servant, for the very reason every one else would have refused him, for being in a deep consumption; and whilst he has compared himself to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have seen the master's features proportionably rise into a boldness, as those of his slave sunk and grew languid. It was his interest therefore not to suffer the too hasty dissolution of a being, upon which his own, in some measure, depended. In short the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his master, who, according to Horace,

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis;—2 Ep. i. 57.

Sickens thro' envy at another's good :

and as he took him only for being in a consumption, by the same way of thinking, he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him, for not being in one; and has told me since, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter, to furnish himself with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himself.

END OF VOL. XVI.

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~~SEP 21 1940~~ (23)

~~SUMMER
RESERVED~~

~~Ref Room
reserv
Fall 1940~~

MAY 1941

324.08 BERGUER, L.
B499

Spectator,

NAME

DATE

M. S. Carhart

Sept. 20, 1917

Meritor, A.T.
Bemmer Library

10-4-17

Bemmer Library

10-5-20

Res. Bk. H. C. H. 106

Oct 23, 23

RESERVED

12-26

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